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# **PRISON ANTHOLOGY**









A PRISON CELL

By courtesy of the War Resisters' International

# PRISON ANTHOLOGY

*Edited by*

A. G. STOCK AND  
REGINALD REYNOLDS

*With 9 Illustrations*

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# CONTENTS

	PAGE
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS	5
INTRODUCTION	15

## SECTION I: ON PRISONERS AND PRISONS

JAMES MONTGOMERY	FROM "PRISON AMUSEMENTS"	39
GEORGE WITHER	AN IMPROVEMENT, ETC.	39
" "	AN ANTIDOTE AGAINST FEAR	40
GEFFRAY MYNSHUL	FROM "CHARACTERS AND ESSAYES"	41
EDWARD GIBBON	LETTER FROM LANCASTER CASTLE	
WAKEFIELD	GAOL	42
JOHN MITCHEL	REFLECTIONS ON FOOD	43
COUNTESS MARKIEVICZ	CONSOLATIONS OF PRISON LIFE	43
KURT SCHWARTZ	FIVE STEPS	44
GEORGE CARTER	BALLADE OF MISERY AND IRON	44
UPTON SINCLAIR	THE MENAGERIE	45
ARTURO GIOVANITTI	THE WALKER	46
A GERMAN WOMAN	SUNBEAM ON THE PRISON WALL	49
RALPH CHAPLIN	ESCAPED !	50
ERNST TOLLER	ON HIS FELLOW PRISONERS	50
" "	ON THE EFFECTS OF LONG IMPRISON- MENT	52
JAWAHARLAL NEHRU	THE MIND OF A JUDGE	53
MARK BENNEY	COMMONSENSE AND THE CRIMINAL	58
JOHN MITCHEL	CONVICT ETHICS	58
PADDY QUIRK	KLEPTOCRACY	60
OSCAR WILDE	(FROM "DE PROFUNDIS")	
	(1) SUCCESS AS PUNISHMENT	64
	(2) CLAPHAM JUNCTION	64
MARK BENNEY	THE GOD OF UNITY	65
WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT	SONNET FROM "IN VINCULIS"	67
ALFRED BÖSTERLI	"A CHAIN HAS BEEN BROKEN"	67
ERICH MÜHSAM	IN THE CELL	68
THOMAS J. MOONEY	FATTENING FOR SLAUGHTER	68
PAUL VERLAINE	"AUTRE," FROM "PARALLÈLE- MENT"	70

## SECTION II. GENERAL CRITICISM

FEODOR DOSTOIEVSKY	THE PRIEST AND THE DEVIL	75
THOMAS ALDAM	LETTER TO LT.-GENERAL LAMBERT	76
JOHN LILBURNE	FROM "REGALL TYRANNIE DIS- COVERED"	77
VOLTAIRE	FROM "THE HENRIADE"	78
MADAME ROLAND	CHARACTER OF TOM PAINE	79
ERICH MÜHSAM	WAR SPRING : MAY 1918	80



	PAGE
WILLIAM LOVETT AND JOHN COLLINS THOMAS COOPER	80
ERNEST C. JONES	82
C. H. NORMAN	82
JOHN MITCHEL	86
“ ”	87
“ ”	88
COUNTESS MARKIEVICZ	90
“ ”	90
“ ”	92
“ ”	92
MICHAEL BAKUNIN	93
ALEXANDER BERKMAN	94
EUGENE DEBS	95
BARTOLOMEO VANZETTI	96
“ ”	98
“ ”	100
“ ”	102
“ ”	103
“ ”	104
“ ”	104
ERNST TOLLER	106
“ ”	107
“ ”	107
“ ”	108
“ ”	109
“ ”	110
“ ”	112
ROSA LUXEMBURG	113
MARIA SPIRIDONOVA	113
“ ”	113
WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT	117
TOM PAINE	117
E. ARMAND	118
A. BARRATT BROWN	120

## SECTION III. FACT

ROSA LUXEMBURG	123
ALEXANDER BERKMAN	124
LEON TROTSKY	126
ARTHUR KOESTLER	128

# CONTENTS

9

		PAGE
JOHN MITCHEL	ESCAPE	129
MARIA SPIRIDONOVA	THE ASSASSINATION OF LUZHENOVSKY	132
YEGOR SAZONOV	THE ASSASSINATION OF PLEHVE	136
" "	ORDER RESTORED	138
" "	AN UNEQUAL STRUGGLE	139
" "	THE COMMUNAL CELL	141
ERNST TOLLER	THE BAKER'S STORY	142

## SECTION IV. FICTION

SILVIO PELLICO	FROM " ESTHER OF ENGADDI "	147
O. HENRY	A WILD WEST WEDDING	147
MIGUEL CERVANTES	A QUIXOTIC ADVENTURE	148
JOHN BUNYAN	CHRISTIAN'S FIGHT WITH APOLLYON	151
" "	VANITY FAIR	155
JAMES I OF SCOTLAND	MINERVA'S ADVICE TO THE LOVER	155

## SECTION V. DEFIANCE

SIR WALTER RALEIGH	THE SOUL'S ERRAND	159
COLONEL LOVEFACE	TO ALTHEA FROM PRISON	160
GEORGE LOVELESS	LINES WRITTEN IN COURT	160
DANIEL DEFOE	HYMN TO THE PILLORY	161
RALPH CHAPLIN	MOURN NOT THE DEAD	164
W. LOVETT AND JOHN COLLINS	LETTER TO THE SECRETARY OF STATE	164
PRISONERS AT BELLE-ILE	REPUBLICAN DITTIES	165
LADY CONSTANCE LYTTON AND OTHERS	LETTER TO " THE TIMES "	166
TERENCE MACSWINEY	LETTER TO THE HOME SECRETARY	167

## SECTION VI. DOCK AND SCAFFOLD

JEREMIAH	JEREMIAH'S DEFENCE	171
J. LILBURNE	CONCLUSION OF DEFENCE	171
ALGERNON SIDNEY	STATEMENT FROM TOWER HILL	172
JOHN BROWN	FROM HIS LAST SPEECH	173
EDMUND WALLER	FROM HIS DEFENCE AT THE BAR OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS	174
LOUISE MICHEL	SPEECH BEFORE THE MILITARY COURT	175
WILHELM LIEBKNECHT	FROM HIS SPEECH AT HIS TRIAL FOR HIGH TREASON	176

		PAGE
DIMITROV	FROM HIS SPEECH AT THE REICHSTAG	
	FIRE TRIAL	178
WOLFE TONE	SPEECH FROM THE DOCK	178
ROBERT EMMET	FROM HIS SPEECH AFTER HEARING	
	SENTENCE	181
SIR ROGER CASEMENT	SPEECH FROM THE DOCK	183
DHINGRA	SPEECH FROM THE DOCK	188
AUGUSTE VAILLANT	ON ASSASSINATION	189
ALEXANDRE JACOB	A MODERN ROBIN HOOD ADDRESSES	
	THE JURY	189
ARTURO M. GIOVANITTI	ADDRESS TO THE JURY	190
BARTOLOMEO VANZETTI	STATEMENT AFTER SENTENCE	192
H. LESTER HUTCHINSON	STATEMENT IN HIS OWN DEFENCE	192
MAHATMA GANDHI	EXTRACT FROM STATEMENT READ AT	
	HIS TRIAL IN 1922	194
EUGENE DEBS	EXTRACT FROM STATEMENT TO THE	
	COURT	196
J. HEEMROTH	FRAGMENT OF A LETTER	199
EUGENE LEVINÉ	FROM HIS LAST SPEECH AT THE TRIAL	199
KARL LIEBKNECHT	LETTER TO THE KOMMANDATURGE-	
	RICHT	200
MARIA SPIRIDONOVA	SPEECH AT THE COURT-MARTIAL	201
FRANÇOIS VILLON	EPITAPH IN THE FORM OF A BALLADE	203

## SECTION VII. DOMESTIC

ST. PAUL	FROM HIS LETTER TO THE PHILIP-	
	PIANS	207
MOHANDAS KARAMCHAND	LETTER TO THE CHILDREN	207
GANDHI		
MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS	LETTER TO HENRY III OF FRANCE	208
SIR WALTER RALEIGH	LETTER TO HIS WIFE	208
WOLFE TONE	LETTER TO HIS WIFE	209
JOHN BROWN OF HARPER'S	LETTER TO A FRIEND	210
FERRY		
ALFRED DREYFUS	EXTRACTS FROM TWO LETTERS TO HIS	
	WIFE	210
EDGAR ANDRÉ	LETTER TO HIS BROTHER	211
" "	LETTER TO HIS WIFE	212
SOPHIA PEROVSKAIA	LETTER TO HER MOTHER	213
SIR ROGER CASEMENT	LETTER TO AN IRISH PEASANT WOMAN	214
SIR THOMAS MORE	LETTER TO HIS DAUGHTER, 1534	214
" " "	LETTER TO HIS DAUGHTER, 1535	215
THOMAS WENTWORTH,		
EARL OF STRAFFORD	LETTER TO HIS SON	216
ALBIN KÖBES	LETTER TO HIS PARENTS	218

# CONTENTS

11

NICOLA SACCO	LETTER TO MRS. JACK	218
" "	LETTER TO "AUNTIE BEE"	219
" "	LETTER TO HIS DAUGHTER	220
ERNST TOLLER	LETTER TO ELSE LASKER-SCHULER	221
COUNTESS MARKIEVICZ	LETTER TO HER SISTER, EVA GORE-BOOTH	223
BARTOLOMEO VANZETTI	LETTER TO DANTE SACCO	224

## SECTION VIII. RELIGION

ROBERT TASKER	PRISON RELIGION (FROM "GRIM-HAVEN")	229
C. H. NORMAN	COMMON PRAYER	229
EDWARD GIBBON	THE CONDEMNED SERMON	230
WAKEFIELD		

## SECTION IX. THE CONSOLATIONS OF PHILOSOPHY

AMICIUS MANLIUS	THE PRAYER OF THE MIND	235
SEVERINUS BOETHIUS		
SIR WALTER RALEIGH	ON THE FALL OF EMPIRES	235
ROGER BACON	ON ANGER	236
MIGUEL CERVANTES	NO SAUCE LIKE HUNGER	237
" "	ARMING FOR PEACE	238
SIR JOHN ELIOT	FROM "THE MONARCHY OF MAN"	238
BERTRAND RUSSELL	MAKING THE POINT CLEAR	240
" "	THE WORD "THE"	240
KURT SCHWARTZ	SOLILOQUY	241

## SECTION X. COMPLAINT

SIR THOMAS WYATT	EPIGRAMS, MAY 1536	245
" " "	EPIGRAM, 1541	245
ANDRÉ CHENIER	THE YOUNG CAPTIVE	245
TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE	LETTER TO GENERAL BONAPARTE	247
PAUL VERLAINE	"THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WALL"	247
FRANÇOIS VILLON	EPISTLE IN THE FORM OF A BALLADE TO HIS FRIENDS	248
HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY	WINDSOR MEMORIES	249
" " "	THE POET'S LAMENT	250
" " "	REFLECTIONS FROM THE TOWER	251
ERICH MÜHSAM	PRISON	252
BARON FREDERICK VON DER TRENCCK	LINES WRITTEN ON A GOBLET	252

## SECTION XI. MISCELLANY

	PAGE
LEIGH HUNT	257
LI SSŮ	257
TOMMASO CAMPANELLA	259
SIR WALTER RALEIGH	259
JOHN WILKES	259
MARCO POLO	260
ROSA LUXEMBURG	263
„ „	264
„ „	265
„ „	266
SAINT PERPETUA	266
CHARLES CHAPIN	267
„ „	268
ANONYMOUS	269

## SECTION XII. WHO'S WHO AND INDEX OF AUTHORS

# LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

A PRISON CELL	<i>Frontispiece</i>
JAWAHARLAL NEHRU	FACING PAGE 64
SOCIALISTS IN A NAZI JAIL	80
COUNTESS MARKIEVICZ	96
YEGOR SAZONOV IN PRISON	128
SPIRIDONOVA	196
BERTRAND RUSSELL	236
PAUL VERLAINE	252



## INTRODUCTION

Henry Nevinston, in his preface to Steinberg's book on Spiridonova, quotes "the Frenchwoman's reply to the question where, if ever, she had known the liberty she talked so much about." Her answer was : " Only in the Bastille."

How far this paradox has been verified by experience may be studied in these pages. Our contributors have, indeed, only one thing in common, which is that Authority, in its disapproval of their views or habits, endeavoured to render them harmless by imprisoning them. This plan does not appear to have been wholly successful.

It is true that in recent years Authority seems to have taken a more comprehensive view of the problem. Should the prisoners of to-day find this book in the prison library—which is extremely unlikely—they may well ask themselves what opportunity is theirs to emulate these great examples. This suppression of literary activity, which is particularly true of English prisons, is increasingly true of most other countries. Those prisoners of the future who, by paths as various as those which brought these authors within the scope of our research, are making themselves candidates for the same university, will probably find that the curriculum has become far stricter than it was in the past. They may dream like Campanella of a Utopia, or conceive as fine an allegory as ever Bunyan invented. They may be as lyrical as Lovelace, as philosophical as Boethius. But Authority will not, in most prisons of to-day, suffer such extravagances to be recorded. In England the modern jail-bird may sing only in prose, confining himself to a limited number of letters of restricted length, so written as to satisfy a censorship which would no more have permitted the *Pilgrim's Progress* than it would have sanctioned the *Age of Reason*.

That means have been found to evade such censorship this book clearly proves. The Mother of Invention was herself born in a prison. Our cerebrations may be recorded upon a prison slate and expunged like a child's sum, but ways are known and are continually being newly devised for their perpetuation. The freedom of the Bastille lasted as long as its stones remained standing, and this anthology cannot be completed until the last jail has been destroyed.

In our selection will be found as great a diversity of style and material as could be found in any library, and it was this very fact which first suggested to us the idea of an anthology. For it came to our minds that, as the most independent spirits of every age were likely to come into conflict with Authority, and lucky



if they escaped a halter, so the most original and varied writings might be expected to emanate from those jails which are, indeed, the "chambers of the great." The results of our research confirmed this theory completely.

Shades of the prison-house begin to close, not necessarily around every growing boy, but certainly around every boy who is given to the dangerous practice of thinking for himself. It is not merely to his conclusions, but to the fact that he thinks at all (particularly if he is given to translating thought into action) that Authority naturally objects. He may be an avowed revolutionary, like Erich Mühsam, or an unknown pacifist, or a religious leader who, like George Fox, dared to pose his own conception of spiritual truth against that of the professional theologians. State Authority as readily supported that of the Bible or the priesthood in crushing religious heresies in the past as its Totalitarian descendant destroys the political deviator of to-day. And as conformity narrows, so its nets are flung wider. What was it to Nero whether those who denied his divinity were of this sect or that? Yet, if there were a record of their last words, we might find that they often entered the arena fiercely debating some fine point regarding the Trinity.

So in modern times Quakers and Communists, Atheists and Plymouth Brethren, were all delivered at Wormwood Scrubs under one common label, because Authority had declared it from a certain date a moral duty to kill Germans, just as surely as Authority would have hanged any one of these men for killing a German the day before war was declared. In the concentration camps of modern Germany there are doubtless Stalinists and Trotskyists and even more terrible heretics to be found. Their common ground is that on which they stand. And this book, like some vast concentration camp of four dimensions, spreads its barbed wire around such mutually uncongenial characters as Bunyan and Wilde, Saint Paul and Rosa Luxemburg, Dimitroff and Mary, Queen of Scots.

Not all our authors—as will be observed from names already cited—were champions of liberty. It is the similarity of their circumstances that is interesting, and their various reactions to those circumstances. Whatever they thought of liberty in the abstract, they were all, at the time of writing, deprived of it so far as stone walls and iron bars could achieve that end. And it is significant that in most cases these prison authors react according to this rule: *that those who had striven most passionately for freedom maintained the greatest serenity in their imprisonment.* The true explanation of this paradox is simple enough, for the pioneers

of freedom are always those who are free in spirit ; and to these physical freedom is of less importance than that boundless vision of which the State is unable to deprive them.

The other important fact which emerges from such a selection as this is the extent to which imprisonment has often brought to light unexpected facets in the individual character. Thus a courtier like Raleigh, facing death in the Tower of London, can write like a modern revolutionary. Rosa Luxemburg, on the other hand, has left us the most exquisite and tender pictures of a mind that few who read her polemics would associate with an intimate love of nature. Nehru, in his enforced leisure a student of history, writes as he reads, and has given us that amazing series of letters to his daughter which forms the first history of the world written from an Asiatic standpoint, and one of the first ever written for children. Whatever India lost by the incarceration of her great leader, the world certainly gained in this instance, for an active politician would never have found time for such a work as this, even if he had the inclination.

In selecting our material we have often been forced into a position as arbitrary as that of Authority itself. Our first important decision was to eliminate most, but not all, of the literature produced by the prisoners of international war. We have made one or two notable exceptions to this rule, reprieving Marco Polo and his biographer upon some vague principle of class distinction which the Home Secretary will understand better than the public. It should be noted, however, that both Wolfe Tone and Roger Casement regarded themselves as prisoners of war—that is to say, not a civil war, but a national war fought between Ireland and England. Our exclusion of such prisoners in general is based upon a desire to make this anthology *in the main* a record of the thoughts of those whom the State imprisoned as individuals because of their individualism.

In such a selection it is clear that there is little place for those who found their way into prison merely by their blind obedience to Authority, at whose command they fought, becoming captives in the course of a war which was not of their own choice. The burglar and the blackmailer are as individuals more socially alive than these good citizens. In their own way they challenge the social order as much as any anarchist, and defy its moral codes as vigorously as Nietzsche. Even Hitler's book, *Mein Kampf*, is important from this standpoint, for it is the considered self-expression of a mind which was later to reverse the meaning of good and evil throughout Germany. No German conscript of past or future wars is likely to require so close a study as this

begetter of wars and re-writer of past history, who was imprisoned because he knew what he wanted and was prepared to destroy mankind in obtaining it. Our only reason for not including Hitler in our selection is the fear that any extract taken from its context might lay the editors open to the charge of misrepresentation. In short, the problem of choice is too invidious.

Rarely, however, do our Hitlers find their way behind the prison bars. For the most part, as this book will show, the political prisoners are of a very different type. Prophets of human liberation, their first great sacrifice to the freedom of their fellow-men has too often been the loss of their personal liberty. But, being prophets, their inspiration is often found at its highest point in the adversity of imprisonment or the supreme moment when they have faced death. Who can read without emotion the final speeches from the dock of Tone and Casement ; the last letters of John Brown and Edgar André ? To Vanzetti, as to many others, this was a conscious moment—the keystone of a career which might otherwise have missed its significance : “ If it had not been for this, I might have lived out my life talking at street corners to scorning men. I might have died unmarked, unknown, a failure. Now we are not a failure. This is our career and our triumph.” It is neither pride nor morbidity that compels such words as these, but the sudden insight that sent the Nazarene upon his fatal journey to Jerusalem. For the paradox of the crucifixion still contains this psychological truth : “ And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me.”

It is said that when Thoreau was imprisoned for refusing to pay taxes to a government which returned fugitive slaves to their owners, he was visited by Emerson, who asked : “ What are you doing here ? ” Thoreau’s reply, “ Waldo, what are you doing out of here ? ”, may almost be posed as an accusatory query to those writers who are ineligible for inclusion in the select company which we are honoured to present to the public. There have been few periods in the history of any State which have not called for vigorous protests against social iniquities : and sooner or later the circumstances have nearly always arisen in which such protests have involved the severest punishment of those who made them. A man may be imprisoned to-day in half the countries of Europe, and throughout the greater part of the British Empire, merely for holding, and certainly for propagating, opinions antagonistic to those of the ruling class. If he takes Christianity literally, including injunctions as to wealth and poverty, he may be imprisoned as a vagrant. If he tells the truth, he may be imprisoned for libel. If he kills a tyrant, in accordance

with many applauded precedents, he will certainly be put to death as a murderer. But if he refuses to pay taxes for organised murder, the jails are there for his correction as soon as he cares to test the issue.

In short, to quote Thoreau once more, "under a government which imprisons any man unjustly the true place for a just man is also in prison . . . the only house in a slave state in which a free man can abide with honour." That these words should be transcribed by the editors in enjoyment of their personal freedom is possibly an indictment of their own integrity. Many of us differ from Thoreau, however, in that we do not regard a jail as an end in itself. We are concerned, not with any moral obligation to be persecuted, but with social duties to perform : and while the odds are heavily in favour of prison, we are determined to remain at liberty as long as possible. This attitude typifies the approach of the political revolutionary as distinct from that of the religious reformer or the idealist ; and it is important that it should be understood in order to avoid any accusations of "seeking martyrdom" which may be made against those who have suffered imprisonment or death, not for their own sake, but as a mere incidental step in the fulfilment of a conscious purpose.

This does not mean, of course, that any hard line can be drawn between political revolt and religious non-conformity. Among the Abram Lawlinson Barclay MSS. at Friends House, London, there are some lines of uncertain authorship, possibly written in prison, which illustrate this point very well. Writing in 1662 this unknown Quaker said :

" Your goales we fear not, no nor Banishm<sup>t</sup>  
Terrors nor threats can ere make us Lament  
ffor such we are as fear ye liveing God  
Not being vexed by persecutions rod  
away hipocrisie, Adew false fear  
Imortal lifes ye crown w<sup>ch</sup> we doe bear  
W<sup>ch</sup> can not be remou'd from us away  
that makes us scorn your threatnings every day  
These are our prayers & thus our souls doe cry  
let Justice live & all oppression dy."

Thomas Aldam's letter to General Lambert, which comes from the same collection of manuscripts, is 'of a very similar temper, common to many writers of the seventeenth century. Above all, John Bunyan, who is far too little read in the present day, may be studied with advantage by social revolutionaries as a fierce critic of the social order. His description of Vanity Fair

betrays a bitter hatred, not only of the human body which his religion had taught him to consider evil, but also of the property-owning classes whose arrogance and injustice he had no doubt experienced for himself. What other meaning can we attach to the list of Prince Beelzebub's "honourable friends" who included "the Lord Luxurious, the Lord Desire of Vain Glory, my old Lord Lechery, Sir Having Greedy, *with all the rest of our nobility*"? Or who can doubt that the description of the famous trial was modelled upon one of personal memory, which had brought the Bedford tinker to "a certain place where was a Den"?

Bunyan appears to have been well aware of the intimate connection between the two Authorities whom he challenged. Christian and Faithful are charged, not so much with religious heresies as with being "disturbers of trade" who "made commotions and divisions in the town", all of which, it is alleged, was done "in contempt of the law". In the trial which follows the violently prejudiced judge might easily be taken for a caricature of some living ornament of the Bench; insomuch that if Bunyan were writing to-day even a declaration that all his characters were purely fictitious would scarcely save him from the danger of a libel suit. For this trial is on a class issue, and the judge has clearly made up his mind about it from the moment when he hears the indictment.

Naturally, satirical treatment invites exaggeration. Even in the seventeenth century it is doubtful whether any judge, with the possible exception of Jeffreys, would have told a man that he deserved "to be slain immediately", before the defence had even been heard. But even in the twentieth century it is not unknown for a judge (and more frequently a magistrate) to make it clear that such is his opinion, without saying it in so many words. This prejudice is only brought out more clearly by the judge's insistence on his "gentleness" and willingness to hear what the prisoners have to say. And finally, the prisoners who have attacked "the gentry of our town" are found guilty by a jury of urban tradesmen—Mr. Blindman, Mr. No-good, Mr. Malice, Mr. Lovelust, Mr. Live-loose, Mr. Heady, Mr. High-mind, Mr. Enmity, Mr. Liar, Mr. Cruelty, Mr. Hate-light and Mr. Implacable. Even before we have read the considered opinions of these gentlemen we can see them, individually and collectively, as a familiar gathering culled from memories of civic functions and suburban dinners, churches and charity bazaars. And those who are fated to face an English jury on any charge affecting the stability of private property will meet them again and recognise their expressions.

"I see clearly", said Mr. Blindman, "that this man is a heretic". . . . "Hang him, hang him", said Mr. Heady. "A sorry scrub", said Mr. High-mind. Even the intellectual snob was known to Bunyan and recognised among the enemy forces. We are also introduced, at a distance, to another familiar set of faces, in the description of Mr. By-ends' relations :

"my Lord Turn-about, my Lord Time-server, my Lord Fair-speech (from whose ancestors the town first took its name). Also Mr. Smoothman, Mr. Facing-both-ways, Mr. Anything, and the parson of our parish, Mr. Two-tongues."

Here, once more, are the most unmistakable political types that can scarcely fail to be recognised in any provincial town. But at this point our long digression on the social outlook of John Bunyan brings us to a belated confession. Not only is this last description absent from the first edition of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, proving that it could not have been written in prison, but there is even some doubt as to whether the original work was written during Bunyan's twelve years' sojourn in Bedford Jail. In his first edition there is only the cryptic reference to the "Den" where he "dreamt a dream." Later editions amplified the story of his dream, with many pleasant domestic touches, such as the private life of Giant Despair, who was made to have chats with his wife (Diffidence) in bed. It would appear that on his return to normal life Bunyan remembered such things. At all events, he deliberately introduced passages in which the giant would tell his wife about the day's work, lying snug between the sheets ; and she in turn would "counsel him," her simple mind turning to nothing more elaborate than a general advice that he should beat his prisoners without mercy, and recommend them suicide.

Not until the seventh edition was published did Bunyan amplify his reference to the "Den" in a marginal note which informs us that he means a Gaol. In view of what has already been said regarding prison as an end in itself, Dr. Freud may attach some significance to the fact that Bunyan spells the word as "goal." That he was in Bedford Jail from 1660 to 1671 we know, also that the charge made against him bears a marked resemblance to that made against Christian and Faithful. But his marginal note to the seventh edition is the only evidence we have to support the tradition that the book was actually written during his imprisonment.

In giving the *Pilgrim's Progress* the benefit of the doubt in this matter we were consciously biased by the desire to find a place for the most subversive writer of his time. No such excuse can

be put forward on behalf of Cervantes, from whose great classic we have included extracts. Cervantes was often a prisoner—once in Algiers, where he was in slavery for five years, and once for debt at Seville. Ironically enough his next imprisonment was for collecting debts, which he did for a time as a means of earning his living, on behalf of the Order of St. John. The villagers of Argamasilla in La Mancha, who appear to have nurtured a revolutionary bacillus some two hundred years before Bakunin was begotten, refused to pay the Prior's emissary and locked him in a prison. The event evidently stuck in the author's mind, for he made Don Quixote a gentleman of La Mancha. The last imprisonment suffered by Cervantes was at Valladolid, where he was detained during an enquiry regarding a man who had been killed near his lodging.

Here again we have proof enough that our author spent some time in jails. But beyond a vague reference in the preface to the first part of *Don Quixote* we have no proof with which to support tradition. All that Cervantes actually says is :

“ What could be expected of a mind sterile and uncultivated like mine, but a dry, meagre, fantastical thing, full of strange conceits, and that might well be engendered in a prison—the dreadful abode of care, where nothing is heard but sounds of wretchedness ? ”

Why, in such circumstances, we should include *Don Quixote* among our prison products we are at a loss to explain. For want of a better excuse we will say that we would rather be criticised for including him than for leaving him out.

To many other worthy persons we have not felt able to extend the same indulgence. Clement Marot was undoubtedly imprisoned in the Châtelet at Paris and later at Chartres, as he tells us himself :

“ J'euz a Paris prison fort inhumaine :  
A Chartres fuz doucement encloué :  
Maintenant vois, ou mon plaisir me maine ;  
C'est bien et mal, Dieu soit de tout loué.”

But we have been unable to find evidence that any of Marot's work was written on either of these occasions. Tasso's prison poems read so vilely in all available translations that we forbore to do such injury to his reputation as to include them. Translations of Benvenuto Cellini's prison verses are even worse. Verlaine was almost omitted for the same reason (we could not let him be represented only by his indifferent prose). As it is, he is the only

foreign writer whose work is included without translation, a procedure hardly practical with Renaissance Italian.

The same difficulty accounts partly for the omission of Camoens. George Buchanan's Latin paraphrase of the psalms could hardly be translated without destroying its whole point. Father John Thulis' *Song of a Happy Rising* would have been a splendid acquisition, but there appears to be no conclusive evidence that these spirited verses were written during the imprisonment which preceded his execution. The same applies to *Hierusalem, Thy Joys Divine*, which is unfortunately only *attributed* to the Jesuit Father, Henry Walpole, and *believed* to have been written by him in the Tower. A similar uncertainty regarding the dates of his poems makes it impossible to include the excellent verses of Robert Southwell.

Many other well-known names have been omitted because their writings, in our opinion, lacked both literary and human interest, or because they were too topical to be understood to-day without a host of footnotes. These writers include the "macaroni parson," Dr. Dodd, who wrote execrable verses while awaiting execution for forgery; Grotius, whose treatise on the Truth of the Christian Religion is hardly easy reading; William Penn, to whom the same words apply (though he wrote one good letter from the Tower of London); and John Huss, whose *Letter to the Bohemian Nation* is full of spirit but of little interest to those who do not know the period.

Obviously the "Dock and Scaffold" section might have been almost indefinitely enlarged. Those who are interested in this type of literature will find an enormous store in the *State Trials*, though they may soon weary of a certain monotony which we have tried to avoid. Thomas Cromwell, the Smithfield Martyrs, Archbishop Laud, Lords Russell and Monmouth belong to this series. Most of this material is florid, worthy, devout, impersonal and uninspired; but occasionally a single sentence or phrase stands out, like the words of Richard Rumbold at his execution in 1685: "I am sure there was no man born marked of God above another; for none comes into the world with a saddle upon his back, neither any booted and spurred to ride him."

Critics will also note that we have not included the letters of Marie Antoinette and Charlotte Corday. Also Gracchus Babeuf, who made the mistake of being a Socialist before his time and was consequently executed as a member of the Bourbon "Fifth Column"—an eighteenth century "Trotsky-fascist," so to speak. The peroration of his speech before the High Court, together



with his last letters, will be found in Dommanget's *Pages Choisies de Babeuf*. Bhagat Singh, the Indian Terrorist, is another notable omission ; also Tilak, who, in addition to a speech from the dock which became a best seller in India, wrote various works during his subsequent imprisonment. The Waldheim Martyrs, Horatio Bottomley (who said that if he were convicted the Sword of Justice would fall from the wall) and Messrs. O'Sullivan and Dunn are recommended to the connoisseur. These last showed more ability with the gun than the pen, judging from their last letters ; but they wrote a statement in defence of their assassination of Sir Henry Wilson, and that statement, which the judge refused to let them read in court, appears to have impressed H. W. Massingham at the time. Foxe's *Book of Martyrs* may be recommended to those who have a stomach for such matters ; also Van Braght's *Martyrology of the Churches of Christ* and Crespin's *Histoire des Martyres*. To balance so religious a list there are the casualties of Free Thought, such as the prosecution of W. C. T. Jeffries, William Campion, John Clarke and others in 1824 for publishing and selling Paine's *Age of Reason*. The speeches made by some of the accused are good, though they are too topical for our use.

There proved to be many prisoners who might have been expected to write something memorable, but left nothing to our knowledge worth quoting. These included Sir Thomas Overbury, whom the walls of the Tower, or perhaps the poisons administered to him, appear to have deprived of his usual wit and style. A famous letter of Anne Boleyn proved to be as illegible as the *Eikon Basilike* and the verses which Perrenchief attributed to Charles I. The fruits of de Sade's incarceration were destroyed. Galileo, the Earl of Rochester, Casanova, Thoreau, John Burns, Cunninghame Graham, Donald Lowrie, Evelyn Sharpe and Oscar Maria Graf—all these should surely have written something worth recording, but if so we have not discovered it. E. D. Morel read sixty books during his six months, but appears to have written nothing himself. Carlyle in his *Diamond Necklace* gives us a speech of Cagliostro's in the Bastille which is unfortunately only an imposture upon an impostor. Saddest of all, John Ball (who was three times imprisoned) has been omitted on account of insufficient data regarding the dates of his compositions.

There were also various works which the editors, though aware of their existence, found it impossible or too exhausting to trace. These included a good deal of Chinese material, of which we have only included one example. The *I Ching* by Wen Wang

of Chou, written about a thousand years earlier, is probably the earliest piece of jail writing still extant. It is a treatise on divination and astronomy, written by a minister imprisoned for protesting against governmental tyranny ; but those who take the trouble to look it up in Legge's Classics will realise our difficulties in finding a place for it. Other early Chinese work has eluded us. So also have the writings of various worthy persons imprisoned under the Holy Inquisition ; the writings of the Sikh *gurus* imprisoned under the Mughals ; the writings of Ferrer, the Spanish Anarchist, and of Max Hoelz, whose defence speeches and letters from prison were published in Germany but are now no longer available, for obvious reasons. Guido Casali, the Italian dramatist and murderer, has not been "followed up," and the prison writings of Thomas Wainewright (soldier, artist, writer, forger and poisoner) still evade us. Edmond Lepelletier might also have proved worth a little more trouble ; likewise his seventeenth-century countryman, Paul Pellison-Fontanier, who seems to have written a good deal during his four years in the Bastille. Blasco Ibanez suffered imprisonment frequently for his ardent Republicanism, and is said to have written in jail, but at the present time Spanish material of this sort is as difficult to trace as its German equivalent.

The shortage of genuine "crooks" is due to various causes. In the first place, the political or religious nonconformist is more likely to have literary inclinations, so that the crook is badly handicapped. In England he seems to have achieved little, and still less that is good. Luke Hutton, who was probably the son of an Archbishop of York, wrote *The Blacke Dogge of Newgate* while awaiting execution for robbery in 1598. He addressed this work to the Lord Chief Justice, who no doubt found much interest in its detailed account of the sixteenth-century underworld. But the book contains nothing that can be removed from its context and still retain much value for the modern reader. Another young man who went wrong was John Clavell, nephew of Sir William Clavell, who took to highway robbery and was condemned to death. The rhymed apology to the King which saved his life would not to-day save his reputation as a writer. William Fennor, who passed some time in the "Wood Street Counter" as a debtor, beguiled his time in writing the *Compters Common-Wealth* (1617), which is unfortunately unworthy of comparison with the work of Geffray Mynshul, whose brisk aphorisms will be found in these pages. *The Life of David Haggart*, which Haggart wrote under sentence of death, has no particular merit ; and (if the cynical observations inscribed on the fly-leaf of the

British Museum copy can be credited) it lacks even the pedestrian virtue of veracity.

In the Antipodes convict literature appeared to find new inspiration. The notorious George Barrington wrote his *London Spy, or The Frauds of London Described*, which was published in 1809. A few years later came William Perry's *London Guide and Stranger's Safeguard*. Marcus Clarke, Ralph Rashleigh, John Graham and others followed. The eligibility of such works to be included in such a collection as this is, however, extremely doubtful.

It is in America that the alliance between crime and literature seems to have been most fully developed. The old-time American criminal dictated his story in retirement to a "ghost" who wrote it up in improbable language. (*Vide* the autobiography of Henry Tufts). But to-day he sits in jail and with the aid of a typewriter produces genuine prison literature. He has a philosophy of crime and conduct. "There are those of us," wrote Ernest Booth in his prison, "thieves and poets—who are born intact. Complete. The stern realities of life are inverted and become only so many evidences of unreality. Within ourselves we have a complete world of our imagination. . . . Within this realm of our own possession we retreat when confronted with things that do not fit into our preconceived scheme of things-as-they-should-be. . . . We are the odd ones. The criminals, the geniuses, the builders of Utopias. . . ."

Booth's *Stealing through Life* is perhaps the best of these American prison books. Unfortunately it does not lend itself to quotable extracts, apart from the passage cited above. Robert Tasker, whose work we have included, belongs to the same group, whose work appeared first in the *American Mercury*. A letter from Ernest Booth, received too late to be of use, informs us of material which he has collected in the form of letters and verse by other prisoners, which will no doubt be made available to the public in the course of time. A. L. Jennings, whose book *Through the Shadows with O. Henry* should become a classic, must surely have written during his imprisonment, though we have not been able to discover such writings. The work of Chester Himes, a coloured writer well known to readers of *Esquire* and other American papers, is produced in the State Penitentiary at Columbus, Ohio, where the author is serving a sentence for raiding a jeweller's shop. We regret that this information reached us too late to include this literary bandit in our collection.

Prison newspapers to which convicts contribute have been a special feature of some American jails. The *Sing-Sing Bulletin*

was an example, though it died in Charles Chapin's time. The *San Quentin Magazine*, the *Texas Echo* and the *Monthly Record* of Connecticut State Prison are, we believe, all still in existence.

The interest thus evidenced in prison literature brings us to the question of previous anthologies or works on this subject. Gabriel Naudé, in 1625, wrote an *Apologie pour tous le Grands Personnages qui ont esté faussement soupçonnez de Magie*. This book, which we have not read, appears to have been the first attempt to examine the persecution of the individual by society for having brains and using them. Roger Bacon is the obvious example in the Middle Ages. Isaac Disraeli, who interested himself in the *Calamities and Quarrels of Authors*, noted a number of authors who wrote while "doing time", though few of these, on examination, proved of much value for our purposes. Among them were Simon Ockley, who finished his *History of the Saracens* while in prison for debt; John Selden, whose *History of Eadmer* was written while in prison for his part in drawing up the Petition of Right; and Lydiat, who beguiled imprisonment by writing *Annotations on the Parian Chronicle*. Disraeli also mentions Sir John Birkenhead, Nicholas Fréret, Dr. Cowel and Dr. Hawkesworth; the Puritans Penry (a forceful writer) and Udall, and Prynne's *Comfortable Cordials* (he lost his ears, but nothing could stop his voluminous writings); Sir John Pettus, author of *Fleta Minor*; and the original *Fleta*, a law-book written by an unknown prisoner in the Fleet. Finally there are Howell's *Familiar Letters*, Wicquefort *On Ambassadors*, and Sir William Davenant's dreary work, *Gondibert*, written in Carisbrooke Castle (where Charles I was imprisoned and Rogers, of the "Fifth Monarchy," who left us such interesting records of Thomas Harrison). Hardly eligible for our anthology, but of some interest to the curious, is Maggi's *De Tintinnabulis*, written in slavery.

In 1861 J. A. Langford's *Prison Books and their Authors* appeared. In his introduction he says that he "had already made considerable progress with a second series, the completion of which, I trust, the success of the present volume will accelerate." But no second volume seems to have appeared. Langford's book contains biographical and critical essays on twelve "prison authors", of whom all but two are English. It does not attempt to be an anthology, though the author quotes freely when it suits his purpose.

A modern American pamphlet on *Some Famous Prison Books* covers little ground not already more fully explored by Langford. We have heard since of an alleged anthology of prison verse, but have nowhere been able to trace it, though we understand that a

book of verse by prisoners at Sing-Sing has been published recently. Actually the nearest thing to our own attempt appears to be *Gray Shadows*, an anthology compiled by Joseph Lewis French with some striking wood-cuts by Roger Buck. This collection, however, is by no means exclusively devoted to things actually written in prison or even by ex-prisoners. It is a collection of about a dozen articles, by different hands, on prisons and criminals, and it is exclusively American. Unfortunately we discovered this book too late to investigate the prison writings, if any, of Robert Blake and Carlo de Fornaro, which should have repaid some trouble. There was also Jack Black, who writes as interestingly as Ernest Booth on the ethics of the underworld, wielding epigram and paradox in a conclusive manner ("The criminal's code is based upon the same fundamentals as the social code: protection of life and property. . .").

Apart from Frank Chandler's *Literature of Roguery*, which contains a little material on our subject and proved useful in tracing English crook literature, there appear to be no other books which have attempted to deal comprehensively with literature and the prisoner. An American ex-convict informs us, however, that he has three unpublished volumes of material collected by himself—two anthologies (prison poetry and prose) and a biographical dictionary of prison writers. We sincerely hope that the copious research of our American correspondent will find its market and that the success of our own work may encourage the publication of more extensive collections.

An appeal through the American press for help in compiling our anthology, particularly with regard to American material, resulted in a shoal of letters. Many of our correspondents were ex-convicts, while others were connected with prison administration. A great deal of verse by unknown prison authors was offered, though little of this proved of value. An agent offered us a 60,000 word novel which had been written in jail. A large parcel of writings composed in a criminal lunatic asylum was part of the bag. A Supervisor of Paroles wanted to know whether "parolees" were to be included, and offered his help as he was making a collection of writings by those under his supervision. Many of these offers had to be rejected, but the correspondence was illuminating and, on the whole, very useful.

A similar appeal through the columns of the *New Statesman and Nation* had the misfortune to be delayed about two months before publication. When it appeared it was already too late to avail ourselves of the numerous suggestions made by correspondents. These suggestions included Allen Laing's *Carols of a*

*Convict* (in which there are some amusing rhymes on the prison library, and a song that deals with the chaplain's sermon on "Doubt"). Another correspondent draws our attention to Jean de Padilla, leader of the Comuneros, who in 1521 wrote to his comrades from a prison cell. He also mentions the Latin poet Nævius, jailed for attacking the Roman ruling classes, who wrote two plays in his prison, of which neither is apparently extant.

One of our chief regrets is the small amount of space given to Negro literature, of which the American prisons must surely have produced a fair quantity. We have only Toussaint's letter to Bonaparte, in itself a poor example of the writer's great spirit. In Lord Olivier's book, *The Myth of Governor Eyre*, there is a letter from G. W. Gordon, a West Indian Mulatto, written before his legal murder by the Government. Its appeal depends upon its full context, and we felt unable to include it. Angelo Herndon's book, *Let Me Live*, was not written in jail, but contains his speech (unfortunately of no great merit) before the court, and a chain-gang song which belongs to the same class of literature as the song of the Belle-Ile prisoners and that of the "Bog Brigade". In spite of its pathos, however, this is clearly a song that should always be sung and never read. We have been informed that a study of Negro criminals and their writings is being made at Fisk University, by the Director of the Department of Sociology; but at the time of writing our enquiries in this direction have met with no result.

Among the most recent prison writers is the Frenchman, René Belbenoit, whose book, *Dry Guillotine*, is now published in England. He wrote several manuscripts during his sojourn at the penal settlement in French Guiana, and after many attempted escapes eventually got away to America. He is a self-confessed rogue, who added cannibalism to his other exploits during his Guiana adventures. Like most of the modern American school, he was a crook before his thoughts ever turned to literature, and if we run to a second volume we hope to include an example of his style.

There are two other "schools" which are badly represented here. Firstly, the suffragettes, who produced little of permanent value. This may seem strange, for as Israel Zangwill said of their epoch: "No household, however Philistine, was safe from a jail-bird. If Lady Anon asked Lady Alamode when her daughter was coming out, it no longer referred to the young lady's début." Yet they left little that has a surviving interest.

Secondly, there are the anti-militarist prisoners, especially of the 1916-18 period. *The Tribunal*, edited at one time by B. J. Boothroyd ("Yaffle"), and published in the latter years of the war, contained numerous letters and extracts from letters by prisoners of this type, also accounts of courts martial, etc. Volumes of prison verses by "C.O.s" appeared in time. But the propaganda "dates" badly, and there is an insistence on self-justification—almost a smugness—about much of this literature that completely spoils it. Even the secretly circulated prison journals, in one of which Barratt Brown's quatrain appeared, have little to recommend them. From America, however, we have Ralph Chaplin's vigorous verses, and would gladly (had we received it earlier) have included the speech which Roger Baldwin prepared in the Tombs Prison at New York. We understand that he also wrote verses during his subsequent imprisonment.

Among continental pacifists for whose work we could not find room is Gérard Leretour, who published a few years ago a small book which includes quite an interesting diary account of a prison hunger strike through its various physical and psychological stages. There is also the Dutch War Resister Herman Groenendaal, who went on hunger-strike during the European War; but he is more concerned with his motives than his experiences.

There are many others whose work has been left out of our anthology for various reasons, the problem of selection having been often very invidious. The names of a few of these unrepresented prisoners may be of interest to those who wish to follow up further the sociological study which we have begun. The Maid of Orleans, though illiterate, made depositions at her trial which can be classed with some of our material. There were also the Templars and many historical characters too numerous to detail by name, though Lady Jane Grey may be specially mentioned. Servetus, who discovered pulmonary circulation, wrote in prison. So possibly did Francis Bacon (Lord Verulam) who suffered a few days' imprisonment. Savonarola's Commentary on the Psalms and Balthaser Hübmaier's creed and prayer represent a tradition in which there is little interest to-day. The same applies to the prison letters of most of the early Quakers and those of the nineteenth century who were imprisoned in their fight against tithes. Of these last, Henry Wormall (who shared a cell with James Montgomery) kept a prison diary which is not without historical value.

*Jammersminde* (by Leonora Christina, Countess Alfeld of Denmark) belongs of right to our series. Cobbett and Holyoake,

Michael Davitt and O'Connor (who wrote for the *Northern Star* while in York Castle), also Daniel O'Connell, and (indeed) any number of O'Connors and O'Connells, have a well-established claim. The radical Samuel Bamford will interest the connoisseur of bad verse and Sidney Faithorn Green the student of sectarian squabbles. Ivan Turgenev, Vera Figner, Tchernishevsky, Kropotkin, and Victor Serge are all worth attention. (Serge wrote *Les Ans dans les Prisons* during one of his imprisonments, also some verses which we have not seen.) The Russian trials of the last few years and the letters of imprisoned Trotskyists (such as Ciliga) may be studied by those who have the patience, but they contain little that is likely to be of permanent interest to the general public. There is also a volume of *Letters from Russian Prisons* compiled in 1925 by the International Committee for Political Prisoners.

Other continental material will be found in the work of Mirabeau, who wrote his letters to Sophie, his *Erotica Biblion* and *Ma Conversion* while imprisoned in the Castle of Vincennes. Also his political *Lettres de Cachet*. Jean Antoine Roucher, who was imprisoned with André Chenier and died with him, wrote letters which were later published as *Consolations de ma Captivité*. Louis Blanc probably wrote in prison, also Mazzini, who was imprisoned in his youth. Auguste Blanqui wrote at Belle-Ile his famous *Toast de Londres* and other letters, including an important one to Maillard in 1852 ; but all these are too personal and relate to individuals no longer known to the public. These writings, however, have great historical importance as they delineate the difference between the socialist point of view, then in its formative stage, and that of the bourgeois democrats. *L'Eternité par les Astres*, which Blanqui wrote later in the Toureau, might rank with the work of Boethius and Bertrand Russell for its complete detachment ; but it is not easily quotable.

From the other side there are Henri Rochefort and Charles Maurras, who was one of the " Messieurs de la Santé " in recent years. Bebel and Lassalle, Gustave Hervé (who edited a paper in jail) and Reichpietsch, the German Revolutionary of 1917, all deserve some attention, and the *Illustrierte Geschichte der deutschen Revolution* (of which we have been unable to obtain a copy) should yield yet further material regarding the political prisoners of Germany. Of crook literature on the Continent we know little enough ; but as far back as the days of Vidocq that worthy bandit and detective was able to publish French " cant " rhymes in his memoirs, and it may be imagined that the French gangster, in particular, was as facile in the invention of prison songs and



doggerel as those political *detenus* who composed the songs of Belle-Ile.

In America we have also William Lloyd Garrison—a doubtful entry, as he wrote on the prison walls during a night's lodging in jail to save him from a mob outside. Johann Most, Emma Goldman, Kate Richards O'Hare and Charles Ashleigh "also ran". Then there are more recent cases, such as Caroline Decker and Nora Conklin (who were among the victims of the Criminal Syndical Act in California), Larkin, the poet, and Lansom, who wrote *We Who Are About To Die* (said to be good, though we failed to find a copy). "D'Nova" has written some verses which some have praised highly, and Ernest Meyer is known chiefly as the author of *Hey, Yellowback!* Starr Daily will appeal to the sentimental, and Marcus Graham, chiefly known as the editor of an Anthology of Revolutionary Poetry, has written some fiery words from his various jails. He is in one at the moment.

Two more Indians may be mentioned out of the tens of thousands who have suffered as political prisoners in recent years. These are M. N. Roy, who is said to have done his best work in jail, and Harindranath Chattopadhyaya, the poet. So far as our own countrymen are concerned our chief regret remaining is the fact that for different reasons we were unable to include W. T. Stead, Wilfred Macartney and Jim Phelan. Of Stead it may be remarked with some interest that he was allowed to "work at his trade" (as editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*) during the whole two months of his imprisonment, and that he also wrote a paper on *Government by Journalism*. "First Division" rules made life so pleasant that Stead could even write afterwards: "I am not sure that if a small voluntary gaol were started by a limited liability company, to be run on first-class misdemeanant principles and managed as admirably as Holloway Gaol it would not pay a handsome dividend. It would certainly be an incalculable boon to the over-driven, much-worried writers of London." That was in 1886, and possibly class distinctions are less marked to-day. His sketch of "My Little Room" shows great comfort—it is a well-furnished and spacious study (rather like the cell occupied by Leigh Hunt we should imagine), with desk, fireplace, etc. His writings are unfortunately too topical for our purposes.

That the convict does not usually feel so enthusiastic hardly needs to be demonstrated. Had this been our object we would probably have cited some of those censored passages from the letters of anonymous prisoners which fell into the hands of Messrs. Brockway and Hobhouse when they were editing their

monumental work on the prison system. Nevertheless there have been those who have found, with Scawen Blunt, that "imprisonment is a reality of discipline most useful to the modern soul, lapped as it is in physical sloth and self-indulgence . . . the soul emerges from it stronger and more self-contained." Clearly it depends largely on the individual. Even savage animals, said Tacitus, if kept in confinement lose their courage; and probably the more animal a man is, the more harm prison will do him, while Blunt found his desired discipline and Lovelace "an hermitage."

But unless society admits that its prisons are made for poets, reformers and revolutionaries, the Devil's observations still hold good :

"As he went through Cold-Bath Fields he saw  
A solitary cell  
And the Devil was pleased, for it gave him a hint  
For improving his prisons in Hell."

Whether this book indicates improvement or otherwise in prison systems it would be hard to say. Certainly no Government of to-day can boast, as the British administrators of India did in the nineteenth century, that "the probability of dying in gaol is undoubtedly a very great deterrent." But the bad systems that killed the body were not necessarily worse than "good" systems which kill the soul; and nowhere, perhaps, is modern efficiency more to be dreaded than in a prison.

Prison is the symbol of European government and one of the two symbols of Western civilisation. When the British founded their settlement at Madras the first public buildings which they erected were two churches (Catholic and Protestant) and "a prison for debtors." Thus were Church and State represented; and it will be noted as symbolic too that those who could not worship God in the same place made no such distinction in the honours they paid to Mammon.

With this grave reflection we leave our work to the reader's judgment. He will find many faults, for which we apologise in advance, and say only that we have done our best. Our classification is arbitrary; but if the reader tries to revise it he may find himself committing the same faults, for it is seemingly inevitable. Why have we included speeches? Well, to the best of our knowledge all speeches we included were written or composed in prison by under-trial prisoners, and so are legitimate to our purpose. Why have we given so little space to great writers such as Voltaire, while lesser men have been given so much more?

Because the best writers are not always the most easily quotable, and did not always even do their best work in prison. Our selection was often extremely difficult—particularly in such cases as Rosa Luxemburg, whose most important work many would claim to find in the Spartacus letter, the Junius pamphlet, or the introduction to *Korelenko*. Others will claim that More's verses should have taken precedence over his letters, or that Von der Trenck's novels should have represented him rather than the slight lines which we chose. Our reasons are subtle and various. For example, we have never read Von der Trenck's novels.

Our verse translations were borrowed, where possible, from the existing store. Where no satisfactory translations were available we attempted to make them ourselves or persuaded our friends to do so. In some cases this proved impossible, and a prose translation is offered ; while in one case, already mentioned, we have not even attempted to translate. There is no rule here except necessity. With regard to the modernisation of English texts our method has been as variable, but roughly we have followed the principle of using modern spelling as far as was necessary to make the text understandable to the ordinary reader, especially where modernisation in no way spoilt the effect of the writing.

Nothing more remains to be said except that this book is dedicated to its contributors and that we shall imitate Bunyan in approaching any future revisions of this work with *Diffidence*.

## POSTSCRIPT

Since this book was set up in type information has reached us which fills in some of the gaps indicated in this introduction. We understand that E. D. Morel kept a private diary in prison and wrote several letters which are still in existence. We have also been offered, too late for inclusion, writings by Max Hoelz, whose work we had sought in vain.

Other writings have come to our notice and may be recommended to the reader's attention. These include E. Williamson Mason's book, *Made Free in Prison*, published during the European War with an introduction by Edward Carpenter. We have also been introduced to the work of Frank Breen, a writer of vivid sketches. Our attention has been drawn to the omission of many names which should no doubt have found a place—Simon Meyer, De Coster, Pierre Robert, Gustav Landauer, Ludwig Renn, Kurt Eisner, Tchong Yi of Tch'ou, Li Ling. . . . There is, indeed, no end to our negligence. Also, it appears that Arthur Symonds translated Campanella's sonnet *The People*, which might have been more in place than the extract we chose from *The City of the Sun*. . . .

Moreover, we entirely forgot Napoleon III and Lord Alfred Douglas—grave omissions—and the *Letters from Russian Prisons* might have been read more thoroughly (though none of the letters are as good as Bertrand Russell's comments on them).

But we cannot expect perfection and hope that the reader will be of like mind. Even as we write, fresh prison books are appearing: Norman Baillie-Stewart, we observe, has just published a volume of verse. And while we delay we have already been beaten to the post; for the first real anthology of prison writings has appeared in cyclostyled form "edited, compiled, set up, and published at the State House of Correction and Branch Prison, at Marquette, Michigan."



**SECTION I**  
**ON PRISONERS AND PRISONS**



JAMES MONTGOMERY  
From *Prison Amusements*

*In this sweet place, where freedom reigns,  
Secured by bolts, and snug in chains ;  
Where innocence and guilt together  
Roost like two turtles of a feather ;  
Where debtors safe at anchor lie  
From saucy duns and bailiffs sly ;  
Where highwaymen and robbers stout  
Would, rather than break in, break out ;  
Where all's so guarded and recluse  
That none his liberty can lose :—  
Here each may, as his means afford,  
Dine like a pauper or a lord,  
And those who can't the cost defray  
May live to dine another day.*

GEORGE WITHER  
from  
*An Improvement*

of { *Imprisonment,*  
      *Disgrace,* } Into { *Real Freedom ;*  
      *Poverty,* }        *Honest Reputation ;*  
                              *Perdurable Riches.*

Evidenced in a few  
CRUMS & SCRAPS

Lately found in a  
Prisoners Basket

at  
NEWGATE  
and

Saved together, by a *Visitant of Oppressed Prisoners*, for the refreshing of himself and those who are either in a Worse Prison, or (who loathing the dainties of the *Flesh*) hunger and thirst after *Righteousness*. Printed in London, 1661.

*To his Friends.*

Where *I now am*, you much desire to hear,  
What, I am blam'd for ; what, I *want*, or *fear* ;  
Which, this will briefly tell you ; I am well,  
(In Purgatory, between *Heaven* and *Hell*).



My Fault, (which I acknowledge, in good sooth,  
 May some offend) is only writing *Truth* ;  
 And, that is, in prevaricating times,  
 Much more offensive, than some hainous Crimes.

I nothing *Want*, that's truly needful, save  
 Due thankfulness to GOD, for what I have,  
 Who hitherto, in an unusual wise,  
 Without my care, vouchsafeth me supplies ;  
 Which hereby, I acknowledge, to this end,  
 That others may in straits on him depend.  
 All, I need now to *fear*, is, that before  
 I shall be *freed*, I may be made so poor  
 The *Messenger* will hardly get his fees,  
 Or, that the *Remnant* of a Loaf and Cheese,  
 Which at my now forsaken Chamber lies,  
 Will mouldy be, or eaten by the Mice.

GEORGE WITHER

*An Antidote against Fear, composed upon the Citizens being unexpectedly in Arms. Sept. 28, 1661, at night.*

God, keep all safe *abroad* ; I'm in my *Bed*,  
 And, see no danger yet, or cause of dread.  
 Emanuel my Protector is become,  
 He, keeps all *Pannicke-fears* out of this Roome,  
 And, though the *Devil* and my *Foes* together  
 Confederated, they can bring none hither.  
 Here's nought, that any way doth me disease,  
 Unless, it be a few poor *starveling Fleas*,  
 Which, I perceive, are more afraid of me,  
 Than cause I have of them afraid to be :  
 For, if I do but shrugg, where it doth itch,  
 They skip into a hole, and there they couch.  
 No Thief, I think, to rob me dares appear,  
 Within these Walles, the *Gallowes* are so near ;  
 And, likewise, I believe, 'tis known full well,  
 I've nought to *lose*, nor ought for them to *steal*.  
 I no *Back-biters* had, since to this *House*  
 I my *Commitment* had, except, one *Louse*

Which now is dead, (not having left behind  
 A son or daughter, that I yet can find)  
 And, though I were assaulted with a score  
 (As here, some are oft-times with many more)  
 I am assur'd, my Landress hath a gift  
 To rid them ; and it is a cleanly shift.

I do suspect, that, thus it doth not fare  
 With all men, who rejoyce that I am here ;  
 But that, although they speak big words and grin,  
 They have more fears without them, or within ;  
 And, that, some thousands who yet walk the street  
 With more, and with worse misadventures meet.

GEFFRAY MYNSHUL

*The Character of a Prison.*

*From Characters and Essayes of Prison and Prisoners.*

A Prison is a grave to bury men alive, and a place wherein a man for half a year's imprisonment may learn more lawe, then he can at *Westminster* for a hundred pound.

It is a *Microcosmos*, a little world of woe, it is a mappe of misery, it is a place that will learne a young man more villany if he be apt to take it in one halfe yeare, then he can learne at twenty dyeing howses, Bowling allyes, Brothel houses, or Ordinaryes, and an old man more policie then if he had bin a Pupil to *Machiavill*.

It is a place that hath more diseases predominant in it, then the *pest-house* in the plague tyme, and it stinckes more then the Lord Mayors dogge-house or paris-garden in *August*.

*The Character of a Prisoner.*

A Prisoner is an impatient patient lingring under the rough hands of a cruell physition, his creditour having cast his water knowes his disease and hath power to cure him, but takes more pleasure to kill him.

*Of Creditors.*

A *Creditor* hath two payre of hands on of flesh and blood & that nature gave him ; another of Iron & that the law gives him : but the one is more predominant than the other, for mercy guides the one & mammon the other. But if he once consider what he goeth about to doe, and that it is the image of God whom he

goeth about to deface and oppresse with miseries, & calamities then the softnes of the one doth so operate, that it meets with the hardnes of the other, which never comes to passe but when grace & mercy kiles Law & Justice, but such dayes are seldom set downe in our Calendars, neither will it serve this Iland, but perswade my selfe that for a strange meridian is that Almanack calculated in which they are found.

Thou that vauntest thou wilt make dice of thy debtors bones, be these the words of a man? no, of a monster? no, but of a divel, nay worse than a divel, a thing not worthy of a name, for these words thou art infamous, as the *Jewes* hatefull for calling of dice for the Lords garments, that garment was but a senceless thing but thou casts dice for a peece of thy redeemers body.

### *The Character of Jaylors.*

A Jaylor is as Cruell to his prisoners as a dogge-killer in the plague time to a diseased curre, and shewes no more pity to a young Gentleman than the unconscionable Citizen that laide him in : when they meete you in the streetes they shewe themselves more humble to you then a whore when she is brought before a Constable or a Cheater before a Justice, but when you fall into their fingers, they will be as currish as they seemed kind.

They are like Bawdes and Beadles, that live upon the sins of the people, mens follies fill their purses.

EDWARD GIBBON WAKEFIELD

### *Letter from Lancaster Castle Gaol, 1827.*

—Some of my unknown correspondents write law to me, some consolation, some love, and one an offer of marriage ! Without something to live for I should be very unhappy, so I have a cat with one woolly draggle of a kitten, and a root of grass which grows in a hole in a wall, and which I watch and nurse as if it were a cutting from the Tree of Life. My fellow prisoners are a stout Wigan engineer, confined for three years unjustly, a Manchester thief, and a miserable Irishman, one Patrick Blake, who, " Please your honour and long life to your honour," expects to be hanged for a violent highway robbery. The magistrates come to stare at me, so I compel them, by standing and staring formally with my hat on, to be regularly introduced by the turnkey.

JOHN MITCHEL

*Reflections on Food.*

June 29th, 1848. The commander of this ship is Dr. Hall, a kindly old gentleman, who has been a good deal in Ireland, and knows several persons that I also know. He seems to imagine that I am very "unhappy," and am always making vigorous efforts to conceal the circumstance; he never was more mistaken in his life—however, he is well-disposed to make me as happy as he can. If an Englishman wishes to be kind to any individual, his first thought is to feed him well: the foundation of all British happiness is victual; therefore, the steward has had special orders about my table. In truth, I do begin to set more store by that matter of dining than I ever thought I should; Tender Naso, in his captivity, hated the hour of dinner; or poeticé pretends he did. I do not believe him; when one is cut off from all his ordinary occupation and environment, dinner is the great event of his day. If they keep me here many months, living all alone, and supply me with sapid viands, I shudder to think what an overwhelming moment dinner-time may become to me: how I will tear my victuals like a wild beast, gorge them in my solitary cavern, and then lie down to doze until next feeding-time. *Infandum!*

COUNTESS MARKIEVICZ

*Consolations of Prison Life.*

DEAREST OLD DARLING,

. . . Don't bother about me here. As you know, the English ideal of modern civilisation always galled me. Endless relays of exquisite food and the eternal changing of costume bored me always to tears and I prefer my own to so many people's company. To make "conversation" to a bore through a long dinner-party is the climax of dullness. I don't mind hard beds or simple food: none of what you might call the "externals" worry me. I have my health and I can always find a way to give my dreams a living form. So I sit and dream and build up a world of birds and butterflies and flowers from the sheen in a dewdrop or the flash of a sea-gull's wing. Everyone who has anything to do with me is considerate and kind, and the only bore is being locked up, when there is so much to be done. . . .

Jail is the only place where one gets time to read.

KURT SCHWARTZ

*Five Steps : Moabit, 1934.*

Five steps forward, Five steps back,  
So we go around.  
You, man in front, you, man behind,  
Don't speak aloud, speak low.

A warder here, a warder there,  
Careful, let us not speak,  
Have we not learned to understand  
When our mouths are shut ?

A warder here, a warder there,  
Will not discourage us,  
And are we caught, no force or fear  
Will make our spirit break.

You man in front, you man behind  
We have much to say to each other,  
Yet even when silently walking we know  
That the future marches with us.

GEORGE CARTER

*Ballade of Misery and Iron.*

Haggard faces and trembling knees,  
Eyes that shine with a weakling's hate,  
Lips that mutter their blasphemies,  
Murderous hearts that darkly wait :  
These are they who were men of late,  
Fit to hold a plow or a sword.  
If a prayer this wall may penetrate,  
Have pity on these my comrades, Lord !

Poets sing of life at the lees  
In tender verses and delicate ;  
Of tears and manifold agonies—  
Little they know of what they prate.  
Out of this silence, passionate  
Sounds a deeper, a wilder chord.  
If sound be heard through the narrow grate,  
Have pity on these my comrades, Lord !

Hark, that wail of the distant breeze,  
Piercing ever the close-barred gate,  
Fraught with torturing memories  
Of eyes that kindle and lips that mate.  
Ah, by the loved ones desolate,  
Whose anguish never can pen record,  
If thou be truly compassionate,  
Have pity on these my comrades, Lord !

*L'Envoi.*

These are pawns that the hand of Fate  
Careless sweeps from the checker-board.  
Thou that know'st if the game be straight,  
Have pity on these my comrades, Lord !

UPTON SINCLAIR

*The Menagerie.*

(Night in a County Workhouse.)

Oh come, ye lords and ladies of the realm,  
Come from your couches soft, your perfumed halls,  
Come watch with me throughout the weary hours.  
Here are there sounds to thrill your jaded nerves  
Such as the cave-men, your forefathers, heard,  
Crouching in forests of primeval night ;  
Here tier on tier in steel-barred cages pent  
The beasts ye breed and hunt throughout the world.  
Hark to that snore—some beast that slumbers deep ;  
Hark to that roar—some beast that dreams of blood ;  
Hark to that moan—some beast that wakes and weeps ;  
And then in sudden stillness mark the sound—  
Some beast that rasps his vermin-haunted hide !

Oh come, ye lords and ladies of the realm,  
Come keep your watch with me ; this show is yours.  
Behold the source of all your joy and pride,  
The beasts ye harness fast and set to draw  
The chariots of your pageantry and pomp !  
It is their blood ye shed to make your feasts,  
It is their treadmill that moves all the world.  
Come gather now, and think how it will be

When God shall send his flaming angel down  
And break these bars—so hath he done of yore—  
So doeth he to lords and ladies grand—  
And loose these beasts to raven in your street !

ARTURO M. GIOVANITTI

*The Walker.*

I hear footsteps over my head all night.

They come and they go. Again they come and they go all night.

They come one eternity in four paces and they go one eternity in four paces, and between the coming and the going there is Silence and the Night and the Infinite.

For infinite are the nine feet of a prison cell, and endless is the march of him who walks between the yellow brick wall and the red iron gate, thinking things that cannot be chained and cannot be locked, but that wander far away in the sunlit world, each in a wild pilgrimage after a destined goal.

Throughout the restless night I hear the footsteps over my head. Who walks ? I know not. It is the phantom of the jail, the sleepless brain, a man, the man, the Walker.

One—two—three—four : four paces and the wall.

One—two—three—four : four paces and the iron gate.

He has measured his space, he has measured it accurately, scrupulously, minutely, as the hangman measures the rope and the gravedigger the coffin—so many feet, so many inches, so many fractions of an inch for each of the four paces.

One—two—three—four. Each step sounds heavy and hollow over my head, and the echo of each step sounds hollow within my head as I count them in suspense and in dread that once, perhaps, in the endless walk, there may be five steps instead of four between the yellow brick wall and the red iron gate.

But he has measured the space so accurately, so scrupulously, so minutely that nothing breaks the grave rhythm of the slow, fantastic march. . . .

All the sounds of the living beings and inanimate things, and all the noises of the night I have heard in my wistful vigil.

I have heard the moans of him who bewails a thing that is

dead and the sighs of him who tries to smother a thing that will not die ;

I have heard the stifled sobs of the one who weeps with his head under the coarse blanket, and the whisperings of the one who prays with his forehead on the hard, cold stone of the floor ;

I have heard him who laughs the shrill, sinister laugh of folly at the horror rampant on the yellow wall and at the red eyes of the nightmare glaring through the iron bars ;

I have heard in the sudden icy silence him who coughs a dry, ringing cough, and wished madly that his throat would not rattle so and that he would not spit on the floor, for no sound was more atrocious than that of his sputum upon the floor ;

I have heard him who swears fearsome oaths which I listen to in reverence and awe, for they are holier than the virgin's prayer ;

And I have heard, most terrible of all, the silence of two hundred brains all possessed by one single, relentless, unforgiving, desperate thought.

All this I have heard in the watchful night.

And the murmur of the wind beyond the walls,

And the tolls of a distant bell,

And the woeful dirge of the rain,

And the remotest echoes of the sorrowful city,

And the terrible beatings, wild beatings, mad beatings of the One Heart which is nearest to my heart.

All this have I heard in the still night ;

But nothing is louder, harder, drearier, mightier, more awful than the footsteps I hear over my head all night. . . .

All through the night he walks and he thinks. Is it more frightful because he walks and his footsteps sound hollow over my head, or because he thinks and speaks not his thoughts ?

But does he think ? Why should he think ? Do I think ? I only hear the footsteps and count them. Four steps and the wall. Four steps and the gate. But beyond ? Beyond ? Where goes he beyond the gate and the wall ?

He does not go beyond. His thought breaks there on the iron gate. Perhaps it breaks like a wave of rage, perhaps like a sudden flow of hope, but it always returns to beat the wall like a billow of helplessness and despair.

He walks to and fro within the narrow whirlpit of this ever storming and furious thought. Only one thought—constant, fixed, immovable, sinister, without power and without voice.



A thought of madness, frenzy, agony and despair, a hell-brewed thought, for it is a natural thought. All things natural are things impossible while there are jails in the world—bread, work, happiness, peace, love.

But he thinks not of this. As he walks he thinks of the most superhuman, the most unattainable, the most impossible thing in the world.

He thinks of a small brass key that turns just half around and throws open the red iron gate.

That is all the Walker thinks, as he walks throughout the night.

And that is what two hundred minds drowned in the darkness and the silence of the night think, and that is also what I think.

Wonderful is the supreme wisdom of the jail that makes all think the same thought. Marvellous is the providence of the law that equalizes all, even in mind and sentiment. Fallen is the last barrier of privilege, the aristocracy of the intellect. The democracy of reason has levelled all the two hundred minds to the common surface of the same thought.

I, who have never killed, think like the murderer ;

I, who have never stolen, reason like the thief ;

I think, reason, wish, hope, doubt, wait like the hired assassin, the embezzler, the forger, the counterfeiter, the incestuous, the raper, the drunkard, the prostitute, the pimp, I, I who used to think of love and life and flowers and song and beauty and the ideal.

A little key, a little key as little as my little finger, a little key of shining brass.

All my ideas, my thoughts, my dreams are congealed in a little key of shiny brass.

All my brain, all my soul, all the suddenly surging latent powers of my deepest life are in the pocket of a white-haired man dressed in blue.

He is great, powerful, formidable, the man with the white hair, for he has in his pocket the mighty talisman which makes one man cry, and one man pray, and one laugh, and one cough, and one walk, and all keep awake and listen and think the same maddening thought.

Greater than all men is the man with the white hair and the small brass key, for no other man in the world could compel two hundred men to think for so long the same thought. Surely when the light breaks I will write a hymn unto him which shall hail him greater than Mohammed and Arbues and Torquemada

and Mesmer, and all the other masters of other men's thoughts. I shall call him Almighty, for he holds everything of all and of me in a little brass key in his pocket.

Everything of me he holds but the branding iron of contempt and the claymore of hatred for the monstrous cabala that can make the apostle and the murderer, the poet and the procurer, think of the same gate, the same key and the same exit on the different sunlit highways of life.

My brother, do not walk any more.

It is wrong to walk on a grave. It is a sacrilege to walk four steps from the headstone to the foot and four steps from the foot to the headstone.

If you stop walking, my brother, no longer will this be a grave, for you will give me back that mind that is chained to your feet and the right to think my own thoughts.

I implore you, my brother, for I am weary of the long vigil, weary of counting your steps, and heavy with sleep.

Stop, rest, sleep, my brother, for the dawn is well nigh and it is not the key alone that can throw open the gate.

#### A GERMAN WOMAN

##### *Sunbeam on the Prison Wall.*

Sunbeam on the prison wall  
you are like a great light hand,  
grasping in the darkness of destiny.  
Just so the cosmic will,  
The unknowable, the wise,  
Blooms and gives warmth even in the cell,  
And far from men.

Wherever we are, the world is our home,  
Earth bears us, it bears our sorrow,  
Whilst we, wherever we are, bear her robe.  
Dust dances in the moving sunbeam,  
You greet the sun in your cell,  
The sun departs—the time goes by.

RALPH CHAPLIN

*Escaped !*

(The boiler-house whistle is blown "wildcat" when a prisoner makes a "getaway.")

A man has fled . . . ! We clutch the bars and wait ;  
The corridors are empty, tense and still ;  
A silver mist has dimmed the distant hill ;  
The guards have gathered at the prison gate.  
Then suddenly the "wildcat" blares its hate  
Like some mad Moloch screaming for the kill,  
Shattering the air with terror loud and shrill,  
The dim, grey walls become articulate.

Freedom, you say ? Behold her altar here !  
In those far cities men can only find  
A vaster prison and a redder hell,  
O'ershadowed by new wings of greater fear.  
Brave fool, for such a world to leave behind  
The iron sanctuary of a cell !

ERNST TOLLER

*On his Fellow Prisoners*

*To Tessa.*

*Niederschonenfeld, October 1920.*

. . . Life has grown ugly. There are only a few who want to talk to one another. Do you know that passage in Nansen's book, where he describes how his ship lay for months frozen in the ice ; and his men bound round their faces cloths with eye-holes, so that they need not look at one another.

I live with two men, dear comrades, a quiet, industrious life.

Hatred rages between the prisoners. And I have no talent for hatred. One would have to enquire into the different reasons for this.

Even to share the same political opinions does not build a bridge over class differences due to upbringing, differences felt strongly when men are living in intimacy. The man to whom that cursed order of society did not open the way of educating himself in the things of the spirit hates the man who possesses

that education. Hatred of the "intellectuals" isn't any longer a rational thing but has become merely instinctive.

Then the man is hated who gets more parcels, more money, who has more clothes, more books, who can earn money from his work in a way that the rest can't manage. (And it does no good to share what he gets with the others.)

Another cause of hatred is membership of different groups in the revolutionary associations ; a most important reason is the different attitude to the well-known twenty-one points of Moscow. The adherents in here take the same attitude to their opponents which was so evident outside in the struggles of the day ; its character you will certainly have got to know from the newspapers.

The deepest cause is uncontrolled outbursts of emotion : the prison-psychosis. It is horrible how it breaks down and lays waste men's souls. One of the most disgusting manifestations I had forgotten. Every revolution attracts people who have not the slightest sympathy for the revolution, but who join it out of lust for adventure, out of muddled, confused moods, out of joy in mere action, out of a passion of self-intoxication, an aimlessness which believes that it has finally found an aim, and from motives whose "filthiness" I do not want to describe here. In gaol these men become dangerous. They talk to the comrades as if nothing were radical enough for them : and it is difficult to oppose them since naïve, trusting comrades come to their assistance, and help them. They want "something to be done" every day ; they accuse the moderate men of treachery. Towards the authorities they take quite another attitude ; servile, sneaking, they protest that it is some unfortunate, regrettable accident which has brought them into such company. They are ready to give information on everything which occurs among the prisoners. Yes, even if something is done which slightly traverses the regulations, it is immediately, after it has been distorted and perverted, brought by these fellows to the notice of the prison authorities who, in spite of all, *cannot*, I believe, feel any respect for the informers.

But, outside, once they are released ? With flags flying they march in the ranks of the darkest reaction. With a useful point of view that some wretched little paper is glad to publish. One of them had a proclamation in the *Augsburger Postzeitung* :

"I am healed. In what a confusion I was living ! *Such* are the famous revolutionary workers, *such* the leaders and so on. Socialism the bane of the Peoples . . ."

Another wrote in the *Wendelsteiner Bote* :

"I prefer to be called a traitor by the Socialists. I am, to-day, an anti-Semite. I have recognised that the *Deutschvolkische Bund* is the only saviour of Germany."

The man who wrote this (he was here nine months) is now secretary of the Chiemgau militia, beats up Socialists and is eager to prove himself by heroic deeds of fame—such as shooting men while "attempting to escape."

Once I had to hold him back while he threatened to make short work of the chief warder and "intended" to leap on him.

Do you read the papers? Or aren't you anxious to follow the destructive criticism that goes on in the Independent Social Democratic Party? Owing to the censor's regulations I couldn't write to tell you why I cannot accept the twenty-one points, and believe them to be disastrous.

ERNST TOLLER

*On the Effects of Long Imprisonment*

*To Tessa.*

*Niederschonenfeld, 30.1.22.*

DEAR,

It is dreadful to be exposed day after day to the monotonous, constantly repeated noises of this place, where the walls are so thin that from the cells above and both sides and below the sound comes to you. Noise in the corridors, bunches of keys rattling, the doors, with their heavy bars of iron, slamming home, roll-calls of names by the warders, shutting of doors, stamping of hob-nailed boots on the stone-tiles or, more dreadful still, the shuffling of rubber-soles. Day after day chains of sound are strangling you with their dissonance.

During the first year I could, by mere will, by a slight effort keep all the noises away and insulate my cell from the sea of noise like an island of calmness. During the second year it was harder : as the psychologists say, one's point of irritability gets lower. During the third year the day came when in helplessness I felt every noise like the lash of a whip on a wounded head. Every time it cost me a tremendous effort to overcome the many hostile noises and to eliminate them from my consciousness—and that takes a good deal of nervous energy.

The sharp refusal of my request for a holiday spurred me to a

last effort. I began declining all medical aid, to become my own doctor. Every morning from 7 to 7.30 I do exercises under the supervision of a comrade who has been coach to a sporting-club. (Many breathing exercises). After the exercises I rub down with cold water. I was on the verge of breaking down ; to-day I have some hope that I shall leave this place comparatively unharmed. Our internal dissensions have diminished from fatigue, from resignation, from good-nature. I dare not say : from reason.—Sectarianism, conceited intolerance, are as strong as ever.

An example : I hear that a comrade, a member of the Communist Party, is leaving the prison. By a resolution of the "absolutely pure rrrrrrevolutionaries" he was not allowed to talk to us people of the Independent Social Democratic Party. (By the way, the Communist "fraction" (!) has in prison right, half-right, half-left and left wings.) I went up to him to shake hands and say : "My dear fellow, I hear you're leaving us. The best of luck !" He looks round uneasily, blushes, is embarrassed, stammers : "Excuse me, please . . . but . . . but . . . I cannot shake hands with you here in the yard. The comrades X and Y would see it . . . you know . . . I have nothing against you . . . outside I'd shake hands with you any time . . . here . . . here . . . the comrades X and Y might inform the headquarters that I spoke to Toller, am on friendly terms with him . . . isn't it . . . you will understand ?" I smiled sadly and compassionately at the same time. A revolution which, instead of self-responsible, free men, created party officials, "clericals," "serfs of orders" (without the intelligence of the Catholic orders !) party sergeant-majors of the Potsdam observance.

JAWAHARLAL NEHRU

*The Mind of a Judge.*

The days when I practised at the Bar as a lawyer seem distant and far-off, and I find it a little difficult now to recapture the thoughts and moods that must have possessed me then. And yet it was only sixteen years ago that I walked out of the web of the law in more ways than one. Sometimes I look back on those days, for in prison one grows retrospective and, as the present is dull and monotonous and full of unhappiness, the past stands out, vivid and inviting. There was little that was inviting in that legal past of mine, and at no time have I felt the urge to revert

to it. But still my mind played with the ifs and possibilities of that past—a foolish but an entertaining pastime when inaction is thrust upon one—and I wondered how life would have treated me if I had stuck to my original profession. That was not an unlikely contingency, though it seems odd enough now ; a slight twist in the thread of life might have changed my whole future. I suppose I would have done tolerably well at the Bar, and I would have had a much more peaceful, a duller, and physically a more comfortable existence than I have so far had. Perhaps I might even have developed into a highly respectable and solemn-looking judge with wig and gown, as quite a number of my old friends and colleagues have done.

How would I have felt as a judge I have wondered ? How does a judge feel or think ? This second question used to occupy my mind to some extent even when I was in practice conducting or watching criminal causes, lost in wonder at the speed and apparent unconcern with which the judge sent men to the scaffold or long terms of imprisonment. That question, in a more personal form, has always faced me when I have stood in the prisoner's dock and awaited sentence, or attended a friend's trial for political offences. That question is almost always with me in prison, surrounded as I am with hundreds or thousands of persons whom judges have sent there. (I am not concerned for the moment with political offenders ; I am only referring to the ordinary prisoners.) The judge had considered the evil deed that was done, and he had meted out justice and punishment as he had been told to do by the penal code. Sometimes he had added a sermon of his own, probably to justify a particularly heavy sentence. He had not given a thought to the upbringing, environment, education (or want of it) of the prisoner before him. He had paid no heed to the psychological background that led to the deed, or to the mental conflict that had raged within that dumb, frightened creature who stands in the dock. He had no notion that perhaps society, of which he considers himself a pillar and an ornament, might be partly responsible for the crime that he is judging.

He is, let us presume, a conscientious judge, and he weighs the evidence carefully before pronouncing sentence. He may even give the benefit of the doubt to the accused, though our judges are not given to doubting very much. But, almost invariably, the prisoner and he belong to different worlds with very little in common between them, and incapable of understanding each other. There may sometimes be an intellectual appreciation of the other's outlook and background, though that is rare enough,

but there is no emotional awareness of it, and without the latter there can never be true understanding of another person.

Sentence follows, and these sentences are remarkable. As the realization comes that crime is not decreasing, and may even be increasing, the sentences become more savage in the hope that this may frighten the evil-doer. The judge and the power behind the judge have not grasped the fact that crime may be due to special reasons, which might be investigated, and that some of these may be capable of control ; and, further, that in any event a harsh penal code does not improve the social morals of a group, or a harsh sentence those of an individual who has lapsed from grace. The only remedy they know, both for political and non-political offences, is punishment and an attempt to terrorize the offender by what are called deterrent sentences. The usual political sentence now for a speech or a song or a poem which offends the Government is two years' rigorous imprisonment (in the Frontier Province it is three years), and a lavish use of this is being made from day to day ; but even this seems trivial when compared with the cases of large numbers of those people who are kept confined for four or five years or more, indefinitely, without conviction or sentence.

Political cases, however, depend greatly on the moods of Government and a changing situation, and do not help us in considering the ordinary administration of the criminal law. To some extent the two overlap and affect each other ; for instance, many agrarian and labour cases in courts are often definitely political in origin. It is also well known that many people, who are considered politically undesirable by the police, are proceeded against under the bad livelihood or similar section of the Code and clapped in prison as bad characters with no special offence being brought up against them. Ignoring such cases and considering what might be called the unadulterated crimes, two facts stand out : both the numbers of convictions and the length of sentences are growing. Every year the various provincial prison reports complain of the increasing number of prisoners and the necessity of additional accommodation. The peak years, when the civil disobedience movement sent its scores of thousands to prison, become the normal years even without this special influx of politicals. Occasionally the difficulty is overcome by discharging a few thousand short-timers before their time, but the strain continues.

The Central Prisons are full of " lifers," prisoners sentenced for life, and others sentenced to long terms. Most of these " lifers " come in huge bunches in dacoity cases, and probably a



fair proportion are guilty, though I am inclined to think that many innocent persons are involved also, as the evidence is entirely one of identification. It is obvious that the growing number of dacoities is due to the increasing unemployment and poverty of the masses as well as the lower middle classes. Most of the other criminal offences involving property are also due to this terrible prospect of want and starvation that faces the vast majority of our people.

Do our judges ever realise this, or give thought to the despair that the sight of a starving wife or children might produce even in a normal human being? Is a man to sit helplessly by and see his dear ones sicken and die for want of the simplest human necessities? He slips and offends against the law, and the law and the judge then see to it that he can never again become a normal person with a socially beneficial job of work. They help to produce the criminal type, so-called, and then are surprised to find that such types exist and multiply.

In prison one comes to realize more than anywhere else the basic nature of the State; it is the force, the compulsion, the violence of the governing group. "Government," George Washington is reported to have said, "is not reason, it is not eloquence—it is force! Like fire, it is a dangerous servant and a fearful master." It is true that civilization has been built up on co-operation and forbearance and mutual collaboration in a thousand ways. But when a crisis comes and the State is afraid of some danger then the superstructure goes, or at any rate is subordinated to the primary function of the State—self-protection by force and violence. The army, the police, the prison come into greater prominence then, and of the three the prison is perhaps the nakedst form of a State in miniature.

Must the State always be based on force and violence, or will the day come when this element of compulsion is reduced to a minimum and almost fades away? That day, if it ever comes, is still far off. Meanwhile the violence of the governing group produces the violence of other groups that seek to oust it. It is a vicious circle, violence breeding violence, and on ethical grounds there is little to choose between the two violences. It always seems curious to me how the governing group in a State, basing itself on an extremity of violence, objects on moral or ethical grounds to the force or violence of others. On practical grounds of self-protection they have reason to object, but why drag in morality and ethics? State violence is preferable to private

violence in many ways, for one major violence is far better than numerous petty private violences. State violence is also likely to be a more or less ordered violence, and thus preferable to the disorderly violence of private groups and individuals, for even in violence order is better than disorder, except that this makes the State more efficient in its violence and powers of compulsion. But when a State goes off the rails completely, and begins to indulge in disorderly violence, then indeed it is a terrible thing, and no private or individual effort can compete with it in horror and brutality.

"You must live in a chaos if you would give birth to a dancing star," says Nietzsche. Must it be so? Is there no other way? The old difficulty of the humanist is ever cropping up, his disgust at force and violence and cruelty, and yet his inability to overcome these by merely standing by and looking on. That is the recurring theme of Ernst Toller's plays :

"The sword, as ever, is a shift of fools  
To hide their folly.  
By force, the smoky torch of violence,  
We shall not find the way."

Yet force and violence reign triumphant to-day everywhere. Only in our country has a noble effort been made to combat them by means other than those of force. The inspiration of that effort, and of the leader who lifted us out of our petty selves by his matchless purity of outlook, still remains, though the ultimate outcome be shrouded in darkness.

But these are big questions beyond the power even of judges. We may not perhaps be able to find an answer to them in our time ; or, finding an answer, be unable to impress it on wayward humanity. Meanwhile, the smaller questions and problems pursue us and we cannot ignore them. We come back to the job of the judge and the prison governor, and we can say this, at least, with certainty : that the deliberate infliction of punishment or torture of the mind or body is not the way to reform anyone, that though this may break or twist the victim it will not mend him, that it is much more likely to brutalize and deform him who inflicts it. For the inevitable effect of cruelty and torture is to degrade both the sufferer and the persons who cause the suffering.

MARK BENNEY

*Commonsense and the Criminal.*

*Low Company* (Chapter I)

Any study of a criminal must first decide what is meant by the term crime. The lawyers, of course, have an answer to the question ; but it is a very inadequate one, I am convinced. Lawyers spend so much time trying to scare us with the dry bones of their codes that they have scared the very spirit from the skeleton they rattle. To read any meaning—real meaning—into the word criminal it must be defined in other terms than theirs. I, for example, have been, am still, a criminal. But there is a sense in which I have been an almost abjectly law-abiding person. From my very first years I adapted myself whole-heartedly to the community I lived in, accepting its values, obeying its imperatives, observing its customs. Submissiveness could go no further. If, then, law-abidingness is acting according to the dictates of the community you were born into, there never was a more law-abiding person than myself.

But, unfortunately or otherwise, the community I was born into was a small one at variance with the larger community containing it. In obeying the laws of the criminal quarter I incurred the disapproval of the law-courts. I make no complaint against this. Society is right to demand of us more than a mere obedience to local influences. A passive acceptance of things is no contribution either to the State or its enemies, and not to be in communion with one or the other of these is to be a dead-weight, valueless, superfluous. I can appreciate the validity of the Law's demands, even while holding myself free to ignore them. But what I resent is the limiting of their application. Surely, what is sauce for the burglar is source for the burgher ; and the citizen who never in all his respectable life rises above the conventions of his class or group, is equally criminal with myself. Rogue and peasant slave figure in the same indictment.

JOHN MITCHEL'S JAIL JOURNAL

*Convict Ethics.*

*Sept 11th, 1849.* One main feature in convict life I have ascertained to be a deep and heartfelt respect for atrocious villainy—respect the more profound as the villainy is more outrageous. If

anything can add to the esteem which a man in the felon world secures by the reckless brutality of his language and manners, the extent of his present thievings, and ingenuity of his daily lyings, it is the enormity of the original offence for which he is supposed to be *suffering*. Several instances of this fact, which have been told me since I came on board the *Neptune*, remind me of a whimsical illustration of the same which I saw last year, while I passed a few days in the *Tenedos* hospital ship. On my arrival there, I had hardly been left alone in my cabin before a convict softly entered. He was a servant to the assistant-surgeon, and came with a pine-apple which his master had sent me. The man was about 50 years of age, but very stout and active-looking, and highly consequential in his manner, as it soon turned out he had a good right to be. "I trust, sir," said he, "you will find everything as you wish here : if I can do anything for you, I'm sure I shall be happy—I'm Garrett." "Well, Garrett?" quoth I. "Garrett, sir, *Garrett* ; you must know all about me ; it was in all the papers ; Garrett, you know." "Never heard of you before, Garrett." "Oh ! dear, yes, sir, you must be quite well aware of it—the great railway affair, you remember." "No, I do not." "Oh ! then I am Mr. Garrett, who was *connected with* the — railway (I forget the name of the railway). It was a matter of £40,000 I realised. Forty thousand pounds, sir : left it behind me, sir, with Mrs. Garrett : she is living in England in very handsome style. I have been here now two years, and like it very well—devilish fine brown girls here, sir—I am very highly thought of—created a great sensation when I came. In fact, until *you* came, I was reckoned the first man in the colony. Forty thousand pounds, sir—not a farthing less. But now *you* have cut me out." I rose and bowed to this sublime rascal. The overwhelming idea—that I should supersede a swindler of forty-thousand-pound power—was too much for me. So I said, graciously bowing, "Oh, sir, you do me too much honour : I am sure you are far more worthy of the post of distinction. For me, I never saw so much money in all my life as forty thousand pounds." "My dear sir," said my friend, bowing back again—"My dear *sir* ! but then you are a prisoner of State, patriotic martyr, and all that. Indeed, for my part, my little affair was made a concern of State, too. Lord John Russell, since I came out here, had a private application made to me, offering to remit my whole sentence if I would disclose my method—the way I had done it, you know : they want to guard against similar things in other lines, you understand." "I trust, sir," quoth I, respectfully, "you treated the man's application with

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living. The question was, how remove those prejudices which keep society from enjoying the predatory life, which make it punish those who would attempt to enjoy it?

So in my sober, methodical way I settled down to study of the question. I read books on economics—Marx and Marshall and Keynes and Cunningham. And I learnt to distinguish some of the manifold impulsions which moved the society I loved and pitied so. Sociologists, too, I consulted: Wallas, Russell and Ortega and the voluminous Pareto. With their help I began to see that society's attitude to its possessions depended on the nature and extent of these possessions, and, more important still, on their distribution. A poor man who sees another poor man steal from a rich man will be inclined to sympathy. And in a society where poor men predominate there will be a large body of compassion for the thief, which in the long run will be reflected in the laws. I learnt also that the poorer men become, the more difficult it is for them to resist the temptation to steal, and since it was obvious to me that the many are becoming more and more impoverished even as the few are amassing more and more of the available wealth in their own hands, it followed that we would see an increase in the popularity of burglary.

This was a cheerful prospect. But a possible storm-cloud lurked on the horizon: Revolution. The process of increasing poverty among the many and increasing wealth among the few must have violent results—unless some compromise was achieved. Was compromise possible? And if so, what was its nature? To me the answer was obvious. The only possible alternative to Capitalism, which was death to the Workers, and Communism, which was death to the Capitalists, was Kleptocracy. In a Kleptocratic State both clans could live, even in harmony. If stealing were encouraged instead of discouraged the necessary redistribution of property would be effected without social criticism. A man would be able to keep only what he could himself protect, and this automatic check on private wealth would not only give a new impetus to economic development, but would have valuable moral results also. For the elementary virtues of courage and enterprise would be stimulated to no little advantage.

I was elated to find that the Kleptocratic State was no new thing in history, and that a fine spiritual freedom was its universal concomitant. Who has not heard of the singular virtues of the Albanian brigands? The Scottish clans, whose names have become bywords for valour and independence—did they not mould their characters by cattle-stealing? Then there were the

Robber Barons of the so-called Dark Ages ; all these historical facts were corroborations of my theory. But not until I read the history of the Spartans in Xenophon did I feel completely confirmed. The Spartans, I found, at a moment of economic crisis had actually issued an edict *encouraging stealing* !

There, then, was the key to modern social difficulties. England, too, must issue an edict to encourage stealing. And then, when thieving had become as joyous and spontaneous as the old Hermetic festivals at Samos, people would be happy again and live their lives to a lyric measure. All the kleptocrat had to do was to persuade the law-makers to pass the necessary bills.

So my course was plain : I had only to point out to the Capitalists that revolution was inevitable unless they complied with my suggestions, and they would see that it is better to risk having *some* property stolen than all property nationalised. I spent the concluding part of my sentence planning a Correspondence College of burglary, with a hire-purchase business in oxy-acetylene blow-lamps as a sideline.

On the morning of my release I rushed straight to the office of a newspaper peer renowned for the disinterested fervour with which he adopted new and strange political policies. And having won his sanction I explained my scheme of social salvation with impetuous earnestness. And the Emperor of Fleet Street listened, a smile spread gradually from one side of his ingenious face to the other until he could contain himself no longer, but slapped his thigh with a mighty fist and broke into guffaws of laughter.

"Kleptocracy !" he gasped. "Say, just you come with me——"

And the mighty man took me up to the highest place of Fleet Street ; showed me all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them. At the sight of the Dome of St. Paul's he explained the inner history of ecclesiastical emoluments, and tithes, and foundations, and benefices. The Stock Exchange called forth explanations of business methods ; the modern Sphinx evoked anecdotes of the means whereby oil concessions are obtained, and from there by natural transition of thought we eyed together the towers of Westminster, while the peer explained the intricacies of the armaments trade.

And increasingly I was filled with bewilderment ; until at last I cried out in great concern :

"But this—this is Kleptocracy !"



OSCAR WILDE

From *De Profundis*

(1) *Success as Punishment.*

People point to Reading Gaol and say, 'That is where the artistic life leads a man.' Well, it might lead to worse places. The more mechanical people to whom life is a shrewd speculation depending on a careful calculation of ways and means, always know where they are going, and go there. They start with the ideal desire of being the parish beadle, and in whatever sphere they are placed they succeed in being the parish beadle and no more. A man whose desire is to be something separate from himself, to be a member of Parliament, or a successful grocer, or a prominent solicitor, or a judge, or something equally tedious, invariably succeeds in being what he wants to be. That is his punishment. Those who want a mask have to wear it.

But with the dynamic forces of life, and those in whom the dynamic forces become incarnate, it is different. People whose desire is solely for self-realisation never know where they are going. They can't know. In one sense of the word it is of course necessary, as the Greek oracle said, to know oneself: that is the first achievement of knowledge. But to recognise that the soul of a man is unknowable, is the ultimate achievement of wisdom. The final mystery is oneself. When one has weighed the sun in the balance, and measured the steps of the moon, and mapped out the seven heavens star by star, there still remains oneself. Who can calculate the orbit of his own soul? When the son went out to look for his father's asses, he did not know that a man of God was waiting for him with the very chrism of coronation, and that his own soul was already the soul of a king.

(2) *Clapham Junction.*

Everything about my tragedy has been hideous, mean, repellant, lacking in style; our very dress makes us grotesque. We are the zanies of sorrow. We are clowns whose hearts are broken. We are specially designed to appeal to the sense of humour. On November 13th, 1895, I was brought down here from London. From two o'clock till half-past two on that day I had to stand on the centre platform of Clapham Junction in convict dress, and handcuffed, for the world to look at. I had been taken out of the hospital ward without a moment's notice being given to me. Of all possible objects I was the most grotesque. When



JAWAHARLAL NEHRU

From *Jawaharlal Nehru*, an Autobiography  
Courtesy of John Lane, the Bodley Head.



people saw me they laughed. Each train as it came up swelled the audience. Nothing could exceed their amusement. That was, of course, before they knew who I was. As soon as they had been informed they laughed still more. For half an hour I stood there in the grey November rain surrounded by a jeering mob.

Well, now I am really beginning to feel more regret for the people who laughed than for myself. Of course when they saw me I was not on my pedestal, I was in the pillory. But it is a very unimaginative nature that only cares for people on their pedestals. A pedestal may be a very unreal thing. A pillory is a terrific reality. They should have known also how to interpret sorrow better. I have said that behind sorrow there is always sorrow. It were wiser still to say that behind sorrow there is always a soul. And to mock at a soul in pain is a dreadful thing. In the strangely simple economy of the world people only get what they give, and to those who have not enough imagination to penetrate the mere outward of things, and feel pity, what pity can be given save that of scorn?

MARK BENNEY

*The God of Unity.*

*Letter from Chelmsford*

*Low Company (Chapter X).*

DEAR LOUIS,

I have become a mystic. I suppose it is due to the simplifications of the elements of the prison-world. The nice irrelevancies of your civil world cannot distract us felons from the essentials of existence. The bare walls of matter force themselves on our attention, unscreened by any tapestry of small sensual satisfactions. With inexorable persistence the choice is pressed upon us of believing in the wall and the material things it stands for, or in ourselves and the mysteries we are. It seems impossible for a prisoner to avoid making a decision one way or the other. One may enter a cell "displeasing both to God and His enemies," but before leaving one must, it seems, throw in one's lot with one of the two. It is unfair that the odds should be so against God.

So I have thrown in my lot with God. Not the Christian's God, but Spinoza's God, the God that is Unity. I can guess your remark: out of my experience you would expect a more

militant, insurgent, hate-inspired outlook. And perhaps, when I get out again to the welter of your world, I shall react as you expect : these prison-moods are seldom durable. But meanwhile the prison is at work, and it would be foolish to resist its forces.

At this moment it is so quiet in the prison. A few cells off a prisoner is humming quietly to himself, and there is a faint, faraway rattle of keys. Through the window behind me I can feel the undisturbed darkness of the sky, and the stillness of it. There is a mild quality to the evening, something of the gentle temper of abstraction. Even the noises that come in through the bars are subdued and as it were meditative. The rumble of a distant train, occasionally a phrase or two of music borne in on a dying current of air, sometimes the rising hum of a car changing gears on a nearby hill, and sometimes the shouts of children at play. These sounds belong to the prison, are an integral part of its unecstatic spaciousness, of the sense of a quiet brooding which pervades it. It must have been in a prison, at just such a pensive hour, that the first god was conceived of.

It seems that the evening has imbued me with its own detached serenity. I feel at one with its *hoc solum scio* mood, wiser and blinder than I remember having ever felt before. The inchoate fears and resentments that usually warp my thoughts are at rest. I can find it in me to wonder that I should once have hated the vast blind complacent thing which built these walls. Now, as I feel it out there with its villas and factories and roads sprawled under the silent skies, I feel a great fellowship for it. The spirit of the evening has lent it the same coherence that I have momentarily borrowed. I can see it as a projection of myself, striving towards the same perfection in the same grotesque way. For this moment of relaxation we can understand each other, civilization and I. Then the night will pass over and with it, I suppose, our communion. Civilization will return to its courts of justice ; and I shall glue my ears to the hot-water pipes and listen to tales of the corruption of those same courts. And each of us will rankle under the stresses and tensions produced by the other's disintegrity.

But if these moods are transitory, they are none the less the finest we experience. Realizing this, there remains only the problem of ordering one's life to produce them as often as possible. I cannot impose an order, it must grow out of my past. And how build a durable superstructure on such an unstable foundation ? Can you advise me ?

WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT

Sonnet from *In Vinculis*.

VII. Long have I searched the earth for liberty,  
 In desert places and far lands abroad,  
 Where neither kings nor constables should be,  
 Nor any law of Man, alas, or God.  
 Freedom, Equality, and Brotherhood,  
 These were my quarries, which eternally  
 Fled from my footsteps fast as I pursued,  
 Sad phantoms of desire by land and sea.

See, it is ended. Sick and overborne  
 By foes and fools, and my long chase, I lie—  
 Here, in these walls, with all life's souls forlorn  
 Herded I wait,—and in my ears the cry,  
 "Alas, poor brothers, equal in Man's scorn,  
 And free in God's good liberty to die."

ALFRED BÖSTERLI

*"A Chain has been Broken."*

*Letter to the War Resisters' International.*

Some people think one must vegetate in prison—like flowers in a cellar—white and wasted. It may be so for one who makes circumstances difficult for himself, who only complains over the injustice done to him, who has to suffer for his own wrongdoing. It is quite different for me, inwardly I am happy and cheerful. I even feel myself freer than outside, for a chain, and not the lightest, has been broken. The thought never comes, that perhaps after all I am wrong, and it would have been wiser to do as others. Naturally I am wrong as regards the law of man's making, but now I am free to follow an unwritten law, and this law is what every man bears in his breast.

So many people say to me : "What have you got from following this law? What help is it? You are only one—and there are so few—what good do you do?" I answer : "Has a farmer ever failed to sow, because he did not see at once the corn growing from the ground?" The silent hours in the cell have brought an experience which is more valuable than anything this varied world has to offer. Of course it does not happen so

every day, nor all the time ; but without consciously noticing it, it is an inward experience.

ERICH MÜHSAM

*In the Cell.*

A day went shyly by—to-day as yesterday.  
A quick and empty drop spilled into time.  
When night out of her gathered folds  
Strews her last shadow on the dawn's pale way,  
The light's cold kiss no sweetness holds ;  
To-morrow's face is but as yesterday's.

You grow not older—yet remain not young.  
Habit awakes you and sends sleep to you.  
You question never : How ? No, only : When ?  
But When is future, When a challenge flung.  
Woe be to you if habit kills your brain.  
Unlearn not waiting. To yourself be true.

THOMAS J. MOONEY

*Fattening for Slaughter.*

*From Sixteen Years.*

Another depressing feature of prison life is the “topping”, or execution, of a prisoner. Here, instead of the electric chair, is the gallows. During the week before an execution, the whole prison is filled with expectation, and while, because of the long periods of incarceration and personal troubles, you might not think it, an execution changes, and for the worse, the mood of the whole prison. For it is the end of hope for someone at least. And with the end of hope—well, what is life without it ? Finis. Frustration.

And however great the precaution taken to keep this knowledge from prisoners, the news of an execution, once it has appeared in any newspaper, leaks through. This is one reason why California newspapers are forbidden here.

Another phase of the mood induced by this news of an approaching execution manifests itself in an unnatural bravado, noticeable in each and every prisoner, but underneath which is obvious a feeling of dread which accentuates the depression and despair

of all. Executions are always scheduled for Fridays, at ten o'clock in the morning, except when that day happens to be a legal holiday. There have been a few executions on other days, but this is very rare. Sometimes as many as two and three men are executed on the same day. On these mornings, with the exception of the jute mill, which is really a punitive department, no work is done in any of the factories. Yet it would be better if one could work. It would keep one from thinking so much. But instead, after breakfast, the prisoners are herded into the main yard, and no one is allowed to enter or leave until after lunch, when the prisoners go to their work in the shops. At the exact death moment, when the herded prisoners know that the condemned man is walking up the thirteen steps to the noose where, as the clock strikes ten, he will step on the automatic trap-door, the chief topic of hushed conversation among them generally concerns the victim himself, and his crime.

As to the prison life of these men condemned to death, their cells are located in the second tier of the first cell block of the old prison. Thus, throughout their last days, they have a view of the "Garden Beautiful," a favor which, it seems to me, involves more of irony than of charity. Here, however, they are locked up all day, with the exception of one and a half hours around noon, when they are permitted to exercise in a portion of the "Garden Beautiful," and I see them nearly every day as I return from work. Usually they are playing ball, and one would never suspect, to see them play, that the majority of them are shortly to die. During this period of waiting they also have special food, and hair-cuts and shaves in a special barber booth at the extreme end of the yard. As to whether these courtesies help any or not, I can testify, since once, in connection with this charge against me, I was one of that group. They do not.

The condemned row is now in charge of my friend, J. B. McNamara, or "J. B." as he is called, the labor union man who is now spending his twenty-first year in San Quentin, his sentence having grown out of the explosion in the Los Angeles Times Building in 1911.

J. B. is one of the finest characters at San Quentin, and has done more for me in a material and spiritual way than any person I have encountered since my incarceration. One of J. B.'s duties is to bring food to his wards three times a day. He is aided by another prisoner, and they are accompanied by a guard from the Officers and Guards Mess. The food is very good, and is specially prepared to fatten the condemned man—a very necessary feature for the process of "topping." The heavier a person,



the easier it is to break his neck. J. B. generally speaks of his job as that of "fattener." That my daily observation of those who are now there continues to hold an almost morbid significance for me, you can readily understand. I cannot forget that, except for President Wilson's commutation of my sentence to life imprisonment, I would have gone the way of the many who have since climbed the thirteen steps.

PAUL VERLAINE

*"Autre" from "Parallèlement."*

Le cour se fleurit de souci  
Comme le front  
De tous ceux-ci  
Qui vont en rond  
En flageolant sur leur fémur  
Débilité  
Le long du mur  
Fou de clarté.

Tournez, Samsons sans Dalila,  
Sans Philistin  
Tournez bien la  
Meule au destin.  
Vaincu risible de la loi  
Mouds tour à tour  
Ton cœur, ta foi  
Et ton amour !

Ils vont ! et leurs pauvres souliers  
Font un bruit sec  
Humiliés  
La pipe au bec  
Pas un mot ou bien le cachot  
Pas un soupir  
Il fait si chaud  
Qu'on croit mourir.

J'en suis de ce cirque effaré  
Soumis d'ailleurs  
Et préparé  
A tous malheurs

Et pourquoi si j'ai contristé  
Ton vœu têtue  
Société,  
Me choierais-tu ?

Allons, frères, bons vieux voleurs  
Doux vagabonds  
Filous en fleurs,  
Mes chers, mes bons,  
Fumons philosophiquement,  
Promenons-nous  
Paisiblement :  
Rien faire est doux.



**SECTION II**  
**GENERAL CRITICISM**



FEODOR DOSTOIEVSKY

*The Priest and the Devil.*

(Written on the wall of Dostoevsky's Siberian Prison)

"Hello, you little fat father!" the devil said to the priest. "What made you lie so to those poor, misled people? What tortures of hell did you depict? Don't you know they are already suffering the tortures of hell in their earthly lives? Don't you know that you and the authorities of the State are my representatives on earth? It is you that make them suffer the pains of hell with which you threaten them. Don't you know this? Well, then, come with me!"

The devil grabbed the priest by the collar, lifted him high in the air, and carried him to a factory, to an iron foundry. He saw the workmen there running and hurrying to and fro, and toiling in the scorching heat. Very soon the thick, heavy air and the heat are too much for the priest. With tears in his eyes, he pleads with the devil: "Let me go! Let me leave this hell!"

"Oh, my dear friend, I must show you many more places." The devil gets hold of him again and drags him off to a farm. There he sees workmen threshing the grain. The dust and heat are insufferable. The overseer carries a knout, and unmercifully beats anyone who falls to the ground, overcome by hard toil or hunger.

Next the priest is taken to the huts where these same workers live with their families—dirty, cold, smoky, ill-smelling holes. The devil grins. He points out the poverty and hardship which are at home here.

"Well, isn't this enough?" he asks. And it seems as if even he, the devil, pities the people. The pious servant of God can hardly bear it. With uplifted hands he begs: "Let me go away from here. Yes, yes! This is hell on earth!"

"Well, then, you see. And you still promise them another hell. You torment them, torture them to death mentally when they are already all but dead physically. Come on! I will show you one more hell—one more, the very worst."

He took him to a prison and showed him a dungeon, with its foul air and the many human forms, robbed of all health and energy, lying on the floor, covered with vermin that were devouring their poor, naked, emaciated bodies.

"Take off your silken clothes," said the devil to the priest, "put on your ankles heavy chains such as these poor unfortunates wear; lie down on the cold and filthy floor—and then talk to them about a hell that still awaits them!"

"No, no!" answered the priest, "I cannot think of anything more dreadful than this. I entreat you, let me go away from here!"

"Yes, this is hell. There can be no worse hell than this. Did you not know it? Did you not know that these men and women whom you are frightening with the picture of a hell hereafter—did you not know that they are in hell right here, before they die?"

THOMAS ALDAM

*From a Letter to Lieutenant General Lambert.*

O bee valiant for the truth uppon earth & treade uppon the deceite: o that his mercies may not bee forgott for his greate delivrance to this nation & turned into a dreame. O what hath beene promised to the Liberties of the subiect, in takeinge of oppressions, the oppression in tythes, & oppression in your corrupt Lawes & divers abominable oppressions wch still remaine. And Rew the Preists & those wch receive them haveinge many of them left the scripture to defend them, they betake them to the Magistrates to defend them by their Lawe, & brand the truthe with Sects Error & sichsme (schism, Ed.). Cryeinge alowd in their Pulpitts, against all but them selves. Castinge all the assertions of the truthe because it comes to speake against the deceite in them, they are greedie doggs. . . . Their example is Pride Covetousness and Oppression Teachinge for filthie Lucre & hire wch the word forbids . . . ffor the Cry of the pore & the oppressed is entred into eares of the Lord of Sabbaths & cryes for Vengeance to fall uppon the man of sinn. heare is nothings but oppression & selfe ends, Pride & Vanitie, & lasciviousnes in that Nature oppression in Rackeinge of Rents, Oppression in tythes, Oppression amongst the Gentrye Priest & Judges Justices Lawyers, all receivinge gifts & Rewards Contrary to the teachings of the Lord. ffor the Judges & Justices are not to take gifts, blinds the eyes of the wise and prevents the words of the righteous; Minde what manner of men Moses sett over the people to bee Judges & Officers, they was to Judge the people with Just Judgement, & not to respect persons in Judgement. . . .

Come forth of Babilon & bee not partaker of her sin least you bee made partakers of her plagues, o the Cry is greate, the sin is greate Barrabas is satt att Libertie, christ put to death, Cain at Libertie Abell in Prison, Dives fareinge deliciously every day, & pore Lazarus starved & pined, truth is prisoned falsehoode

& Hipocrisie at Libertie, Pride at Libertie, Humilite & Lowlenes in prison . . .

Now is the Lord comed to make a seperation betwixt the sheepp & the goates, the sheepe was never persecutors therefore they must needes prove the goates, their fruites make them manifest . . .

JOHN LILBURNE

*The Sovereignty of the People.*

*From Regall Tyrannie Discovered.*

Adam and Eve are the earthly, original fountain, as begetter, and bringers forth of all and every particular and individual man, and woman, that ever breathed in the world since, who are, and were, by nature all alike in power, dignity, authority, and majesty, none of them having any authority, dominion, or magisterial power, one over, or above another, but by institution, or donation, that is to say, by mutuall agreement or consent given, derived, or assumed by mutuall consent, and agreement, for the good, benefit, and comfort each of other, and not for the mischiefe hurt, or damage of any, it being unnaturall, irrational, sinfull, wicked, and unjust for any man, or men whatsoever, to part with so much of their power as shall enable any of their Parliament men, Commissioners, Trustees, Deputies, Viceroyes, Ministers, Officers, and servants, to destroy and undoe them therewith : And unnaturall, irrationall, sinfull, wicked, unjust, divilish and tyrannicall it is for any man whatsoever, spirituall or temporall, Clargymen or Lay-men, to appropriate and assume unto himselfe, a power, authority, and jurisdiction to rule, govern or raigne over any sort of men in the world, without their free consent, and whosoever doth it, whether clergymen, or any other whatsoever, do thereby as much as in them lyes, endeavour to appropriate and assume unto themselves the office and Sovereignty of God. . . .

The House of Peers being meer usuroers and inchroachers, and were never intrusted by the people, (who under God the fountaine, and Well-spring of all just power) as well legislative as other, with any legislative power, who meerly sit by the King's prerogative, which is a meer bable, and shaddow, and in truth, in substance is nothing at all, there being no Law-making-power in himselfe, but meerly, and onely at the most, a Law-executing-power, who by his Coronation Oath, that he hath taken, or ought to have taken, is bound to passe and assent to all such Lawes, as his people or Commons shall chuse, as is largely (by



the forecited Declaration of the Parliament) proved. Now, if he have not a legislative power in himselfe, as the Lords themselves (by joyning with the Commons in their Votes and Declarations) do truly confesse, and notably prove ; how is it possible for him to give that to them which is not inherent in himselfe ? Or how can they without palpable usurpation, claim and exercise a Law-making-power, derivatively from the King alone when he hath none in himselfe ? which they themselves confesse, and prove : wherefore, how can the House of Commons, the representative body of England, without willfull perjury, having so often sworne to maintaine the Liberties of England, and without being notoriously guilty of Treason to themselves and others, and all those that chuse them, and trusted them ; suffer the Lords to continue in their execution of their usurpations ? many times to the palpable hazard, yea, almost utter ruin of the Kingdome, by their denial, thwarting and crossing of those things that evidently tends to the preservation of the whole Kingdome, and by their pretended legislative power, destroy whole families, and fill the Jayles of London at their pleasure (contrary to Law and right) with Commons (with whom they have nothing to do) without being controlled by the Trustees of the people, the House of Commons, although they be legally appealed to for that end . . . to their everlasting shame, and disgrace be it spoken ; Oh therefore awake, awake, and arise with strength and resolution, ye chosen and betrusted ones of England, the earthly arme and strength thereof, and free your Masters and betrusters, the whole State of England from those invading, usurping, Tyrannicall Lords, Bondage, and Thraldoms, lest to your shame they do it themselves, and serve them as they did the Bishops ; for preservation your selves say is just, and is as antient a Law as any is in the Kingdome . . .

FRANÇOIS MARIE AROUET VOLTAIRE

From *The Henriade*.

(Translated by Daniel French, Esq., in an edition published in London in 1807.)

*Beginning of Canto Second*

Henry de Bourbon (afterwards Henry IV of France) explains to Queen Elizabeth of England the State of France.

The source, fair Queen, where all our ills are found,  
With baleful fury springs from sacred ground ;  
It is religion, whose inhuman zeal  
Rouzes all France to wave the murderous steel.  
'Tis not for me the umpire to assume,  
Between the sons of Calvin and of Rome.  
These eyes have witnessed one continual tide  
Of crimes and horror flow on either side ;  
And if from error perfidy proceeds,  
If, in the struggle with which Europe bleeds  
Murder and treason be th'unfailing test,  
To mark the side whose error stands confest,  
In crime as error neither party yield,  
But still maintain a well-contested field.  
For me, I fight but for my country's laws ;  
Is God incensed ? To God belongs the cause.  
It fits not me to execute his ire,  
Or burn his incense with unhallowed fire ;  
And curst be those from whom the art began  
To grasp dominion o'er the mind of man,  
In nature's spite to shackle and control  
The thoughts that triumph in the free-born soul ;  
Who issue, sword in hand, to pave the way  
For their religion's arbitrary sway,  
And deem a God the fountain of all good,  
A God of peace delights in human blood ;  
That his pure eye looks down upon the f  
And views with joy the homicidal priest.

#### MADAME ROLAND

##### *Character of Tom Paine.*

Among the persons whom I was in the habit of receiving, and of whom I have already described the most remarkable, PAINE deserves to be mentioned. Declared a French citizen, as one of those celebrated foreigners, whom the nation was naturally desirous of adopting, he was known by writings which had been useful in the American revolution, and which might have contributed to produce one in England. I shall not, however, take upon me to pronounce an absolute judgment upon his character, because he understood French without speaking it, and because that being nearly my case in regard to English, I was less able

to converse with him than to listen to his conversation with those whose political skill was greater than my own.

The boldness of his conceptions, the originality of his style, and the striking truths which he throws with defiance into the midst of those whom they offend, have necessarily attracted great attention ; but I think him better fitted to sow the seeds of popular commotion than to lay the foundation or prepare the form of a government. Paine throws light upon a revolution better than he concurs in the making of a constitution. He takes up, and establishes, those great principles of which the exposition strikes every eye, gains the applause of a pub, or excites the enthusiasm of a tavern.

ERICH MÜHSAM

*War Spring : May 1918.*

(Written in exile at Traunstein, Bavaria.)

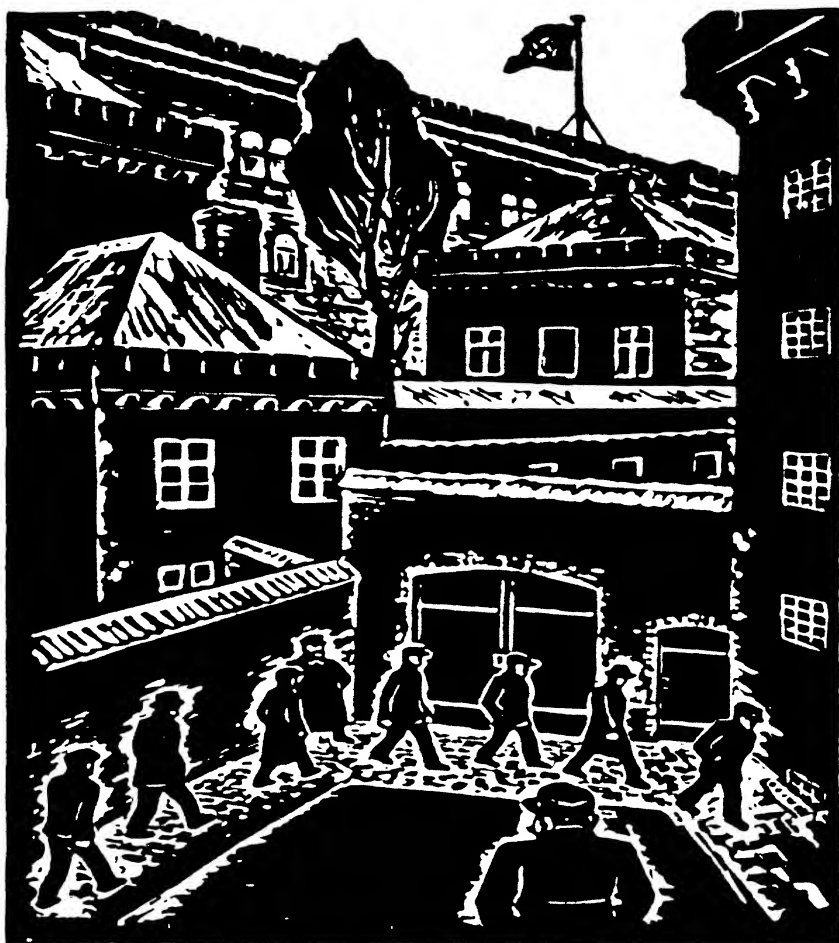
Laughing golden day of May.  
 Spring and sun and birdsong gay.  
 Mountain breeze through fir trees stirs,  
 And a hare pricks up his ears.  
 Waves of distant churchbells' song  
 Float dreamily the woods along.  
 Every great and little thing  
 Is bedewed with glorious spring.  
 Peace and quiet high and low . . .  
 But Peace was murdered long ago.  
 Lovely spring, you have a crack.  
 The Lord God has got the sack.

WILLIAM LOVETT AND JOHN COLLINS

*On the Benefits of Education.*

From *Chartism*.

But while we contend that the *suffrage* should not be dependent on any amount of education, we are far from being satisfied with the education or knowledge possessed by the working classes, or, indeed, by any other class in society. The rich and the middle classes are *said* to be better educated than the poorer classes ; but if by " education " is understood the just development of all the faculties, to the end that men may be *morally* as well as



SOCIALISTS IN A NAZI JAIL  
From a wood engraving by E. Arnold  
*Courtesy of New Leader*



intellectually endowed, we think *the fruits* of that great superiority would be more strikingly exhibited than they are. If, for instance, our titled and wealthy aristocracy were "properly educated," we should perceive its effects in a diminution of their luxury and extravagance—in their abhorrence of war, duelling, seduction, and adultery—in their renunciation of gambling, demoralizing sports, and brutal pastimes—in their giving up the dishonourable practices of bribery and political corruption—in their anxiety to abolish the game laws, corn laws, poor laws, and all the cruel and atrocious enactments they have called into being for their own exclusive and selfish purposes; and, in lieu thereof, we should see them devoting a large portion of their extensive revenues to such works and means as are best calculated to *upraise* the toiling millions, and employing the power and talents they possess in promoting knowledge and happiness at home, peace and civilization throughout the world. If our clergy received "*a proper education*" they would be more disposed to practise the precepts of their "lowly master"—they would think less of splendid endowments and more of their toiling curates—they would abjure fox-hunting, gluttony and excess—they would leave tithes to their rightful owners, and would honestly and fearlessly denounce "the oppressor and him who grindeth the faces of the poor." If our commercial, manufacturing and middle classes of society were "*well educated*," they would abjure the fraud and gambling transactions of the stock-exchange; there would be less commercial swindling—less lying, cheating, and over-reaching in trade; and bankruptcies and insolvencies would be seldom heard of. And if our own brethren were *properly educated*, the despots and tyrants of the earth would soon become rational members of society, *for want of tools to work with*; but as long as they can engage knaves and fools to carry their dishonest purposes into execution, they will continue to maintain their pernicious authority over all the rest of society. If men were *morally* educated, they would shrink with abhorrence from the mercenary occupation of the soldier, and spurn the livery and brutal instruments of his profession. They would greatly question the *honour* of being enlisted in a service in which they would be compelled to fight against liberty abroad and the right of their brethren at home. The *thirst for glory*, by which despots and tyrants induce their ignorant and brutal slaves to rush like blood-hounds to the slaughter of their fellow-men, carrying rapine, famine and desolation in their train, would, if men were morally instructed, be properly designated a *thirst for blood*. Glory and honour would change their character with the

enlightenment of opinion. While the trade of human butcher would be execrated, men would win the glory and approbation of their fellows by just deeds and benevolent actions ; and him whose exertions were *the most useful* would be called *the most honourable*. Nor would true courage be wanting when necessity required it ; for while intellectual men, in possession of their rights, would always be inspired with bravery to defend them, they would scorn to be used as instruments of aggression or defenders of injustice. If our countrymen were *properly instructed*, all attempts to establish *a new standing army of policemen* would have been fruitless. They would have inquired *the necessity* for those blue-coated auxiliaries of oppression—this new amalgamation of watch, spy, and bludgeon-men—this new concentration of force in the hands of an exclusively-elected and irresponsible power ; and finding them *intended to check the advancement of liberty*, and perpetuate the reign of wrong, they would indignantly refuse to become such degrading instruments of injustice, and the fingers of scorn and derision would be pointed against their badge, livery, and calling.

THOMAS COOPER

Stanza from *The Purgatory of Suicides*.

(Opening of Book I)

Slaves, toil no more !—Why delve and moil and pine  
To glut the tyrant-forgers of your chain ?  
Slaves, toil no more ! Up, from the midnight mine,  
Summon your swarthy thousands to the plain ;—  
Beneath the bright sun marshalled, swell the strain  
Of Liberty ;—and, while the lordlings view  
Your banded hosts, with stricken heart and brain,  
Shout, as one man. “Toil we no more renew  
Until the Many cease their slavery to the Few !”

ERNEST JONES

*The Revolt of the Hindostan, or the New World.*

(Extract from the Preface :—“*The New World* was written by me in prison, with my own blood, on the loose leaves of a torn Prayer-book, in 1848 and 1849, while denied the use of writing materials by the prison authorities and confined in a solitary cell on the silent system for more than two years.”)

A host's defeated !—and the succour sped  
 With doubtful fortune makes uncertain head.  
 Sudden, the rising South new force demands,  
 But Affghan swords recal distracted bands,  
 The generals see their scanty legions yield,  
 But dare not bring the Sepoy to the field.  
 The Council multiply the camp's alarms  
 By timid treaties in the face of arms :  
 They tremble lest the nations, freed from fear,  
 Should ask " Why came ye thence ? "—" What do ye here ? "  
 And in their seas of blood the answer view :  
 " We murdered millions to enrich the few."  
 Last hope, to England turned with anxious eyes,  
 They weary Parliament with ceaseless cries.

There, Moloch calls, though gorged beyond his fill,  
 For " fleets and armies ! fleets and armies ! " still ;  
 And pleads, as aye his wont, unblushing shame !  
 Oppression's cause beneath Religion's name :  
 " 'Twere selfishness," he chides, " 'twere gross neglect,  
 Their suit, and duty's service, to reject,  
 To leave them lost in anarchy and night,  
 And, worse, without the blessed Gospel-light !  
 Upbraided oft for India's conquering scheme,  
 You urged—' We civilize, reform, redeem ! '  
 In proof of which "—a smile escaped his lips,  
 " You sent out bishops in your battle-ships ;  
 Excused each deed of death, each lack of ruth,  
 By boasting, ' How we spread the Gospel-truth ! '  
 Let not earth say, ' The blood you never weighed  
 While gold was plentiful and profit made :  
 But now the cost absorbs the larger share,  
 Truth, Arts and Faith may of themselves take care.'

Think not of flag disgraced, and humbled pride :  
 Behold your churches burnt, your God denied !  
 Think not of vengeance for your murdered bands !  
 Save ! save the living from the murderer's hands !  
 Think of the souls entrusted to your care !  
 Think of the earthly hell awaits them there !  
 Of curst Suttee—of Almeh's shameless trade !  
 And venerable Heber's sainted shade ! "

Rang down the senate-hall responsive cheers,—  
 For senates judge too often by their ears.



While they debate, in louring Hindostan  
 Rose, like its destiny, the fated man :  
 The scattered wars receive an altered form,  
 And heaven's full signs foretell the final storm.

But his no host to face the glorious might  
 Of hoards that liberty inspires to fight.  
 What gain they, save they, by the deathful strife ?  
 What need have they to balance risk of life ?  
 They conquer empires : not a single rood  
 Is theirs—not even the ground whereon they stood,  
 When victory drenched it with their gallant blood !  
 Think ye that men will still the patriot play,  
 Bleed, starve, and murder for four pence per day—  
 And when the live machine is worn to nought  
 Be left to rot as things unworth a thought ?  
 Or earn for crippled limbs and years of pain  
 Less than the liveried lacqueys in your train ?  
 Go forth for others' vile designs to fight,  
 And be themselves denied each civic right ?  
 Mid your seraglios, be content to spread  
 In crowded barrack-rooms the nuptial bed ?  
 Be told that merit is assured to rise,  
 While rank is bought before their very eyes,  
 And, placed at once above their veteran band,  
 The titled schoolboy takes unfledged command ?  
 Read false gazettes their leaders' deeds proclaim,  
 And scarce one line transmit the soldier's name ?  
 Behold, though peer should but by peer be tried,  
 The private's cause the officer decide ?  
 Grow grey in arms and unrewarded yet,  
 For them the stripes, for you the epaulette ?  
 For them, while honours load each stripling chief,  
 The lash that dares not even touch a thief ?  
 And, numbered victims ! to death's shambles led,  
 Leave starving families to beg their bread ?  
 Marched against men, God never made their foes,  
 They think of this, and strike unwilling blows.

The rearward drums their dastard marches beat,  
 And shouting India rushed on the retreat.  
 Back press the frontiers, once the example given,  
 In part by force, but more by panic driven.

Victorious deluge ! from a hundred heights  
Rolls the fierce torrent of a people's rights,  
And Sepoy soldiers, waking, band by band,  
At last remember they've a fatherland !  
Then flies the huxtering judge, the pandering peer,  
The English pauper, grown a nabob here !  
Counting-house tyranny and pedlar pride,  
While blasts of freedom sweep the country wide !

Straight sink the three Sea-Sodoms in their pride ;  
Starts each imperial thief from counter-side,  
And leaves the untalented ledger's long amount  
For Hindu hands to close the dark account.  
Each jaundiced knave, forgetful of his pelf,  
Seeks but to shield that viler dross, himself :  
Save two,—and these, red Mammon's favourite twins,  
The priest and lawyer, hug their golden sins.

See where in turn accused the Judge appears,  
While wrath from vengeance claims the dread arrears ;  
Law's lying forms no more his sway secure :  
No laws are valid that oppress the poor.  
No craven pleas a tyrant's sentence stay  
When victory sounds oppression's judgment-day.  
Your suffering slaves oft soothed your cruel hate,  
Oft prayed for mercy, often warned with fate :  
There comes a time when nations say : " TOO LATE ! "

Now, treasure-cumbered on his panting flight,  
The Bishop kneels before his proselyte,  
In ransom pledges future worlds of bliss :  
" Yes, Bishop ! yes. But why so curst in this ? "  
Calls Christian love to stay the impending knife :  
" Yes, Bishop ! yes. But where my brother's life ? "  
Down spins the gurgling priest beneath the blow,  
And on ! and on ! the fierce avengers go.

Then spread as grand an empire to the view  
As History, Time's untiring scribe, e'er knew ;

Nations, like men, too oft are given to roam,  
 And seek abroad what they could find at home.  
 They send their armies out on ventures far ;  
 Their halt is—havoc, and their journey—war ;  
 Destruction's traders ! who, to start their trade,  
 Steal, for the bayonet, metal from the spade.  
 The interest's—blood. The capital is—life ;  
 The debt is—vengeance ; the instalment—strife ;  
 The payment's—death ; and wounds are the receipt ;  
 The market's—battle ; and the whole—a cheat.  
 As though ambition baffled nature's laws,  
 A consequence without apparent cause !  
 When Seric bounds the Hindu ranks invade,  
 America must hurl a mad crusade,  
 And in that hour the seed began to sow,  
 Which ripened to the Union's overthrow.  
 Encountering hosts, in plains of rich Cathay,  
 At once their quarrel, battle-field and prey,  
 Gallantly burn, heroically slay !  
 But each, of course, would help the poor Chinese :  
 These kill to civilize—to save them, these.

C. H. NORMAN

*Literature and Society.*

*Letter from Wormwood Scrubs, 23rd July, 1918.*

—I have been reading Swinburne's "Essays and Studies" from the Prison Library. The imagery is wonderful especially in the essays on Victor Hugo and Rossetti. But he is very high in the use of his enthusiasms : so much so that they pervade the atmosphere of most of the work he touches upon ; it would have been more in accord with true criticism to have kept nearer the earth as the transcendence of his language exceeds on many occasions the merit of the work he is weighing in the scale of his critical faculty. It is noticeable how different the handling of their characters and stories is in the writers and poets of whom he treats compared to the modernists like Tolstoy, Ibsen, and on a lesser plane, Shaw, A. France, Maeterlinck and Romain Rolland, and Gorki. Ibsen, especially, deals with the world at all points and the society created by men and women as well as with the passions and follies of those now living in the society. It is a

curious thing that neither Shakespeare nor all his contemporary writers nor the Greek poets, nor Wordsworth, Keats, Balzac, ever hint that they have any criticism of the machinery of the world in which the action of their characters is set : Ibsen, Tolstoy and Dostoieffski especially do. Behind Nora and Hedda Gabbler is painted the society against which they are in revolt. Goethe and Schiller hardly noticed the circumstances which created the French Revolution though Beaumarchais did. Molière, Cervantes, even Rabelais have little to stigmatise in the world in which they lived. Dekker is almost the only exception to this remarkable silence when these men of genius had not learned that society may overwhelm humanity and human beings by its faulty structure more often than the frailties of passion or ambition. Brieux, of notable men, has carried the modern recognition among poets of the Marxian conception of society further than anyone. Shelley and Mary Wollstonecraft, to some extent, saw the imperfection of the old method in crippling the service that men of genius may render to the world. Barker, in that strange and unequal production "The Madras House," and Galsworthy have followed Ibsen and Tolstoy while the symbolism of Tchekow's "Cherry Orchard" ranks that writer high in this school of social dramatism.

#### JOHN MITCHEL

##### *Macaulay and the State of Morality.*

June 17th, 1848.—In his essay on Lord Bacon, he (Macaulay) freely admits the treacherous, thoroughly false, and unprincipled character of the statesmen of that age ; thinks, however, we must not be too hard on them ; says, "it is impossible to deny that they committed many acts which would justly bring down, on a statesman of *our time*, censures of the most serious kind" (as that a man is a liar, an extortioner, a hypocrite, a suborner) ; "but when we consider the *state of morality in their age*, and the unscrupulous character of the adversaries against whom they had to contend," etc.

And the state of morality, it seems, varies, not with the age only, but with the climate also, in a wonderful manner. For the essayist, writing of Lord Clive and his villainies in India, pleads in behalf of Clive, that "he knew he had to deal with men destitute of *what in Europe is called honour* ; with men who would give any promise, without hesitation, and break any promise without shame ; with men who would unscrupulously employ

corruption, perjury, forgery, to compass their ends." And *they* knew that they had to deal with men destitute of *what in Asia is called honesty*—men who would unscrupulously employ corruption, perjury, forgery, etc.—so, what were the poor men to do, on *either* side?—the state of morality was so low! When one is tempted to commit any wickedness he ought, apparently, to ascertain this point—what is the state of morality? How range the quotations? Is this an age (or a climate) adapted for open robbery? Or does the air agree better with swindling and cheating? Or must one cant and pray, and pretend anxiety to convert the heathen—to compass one's ends? But to come back to Lord Clive, the great founder of British power in India; when the essayist comes to that point at which he cannot get over fairly telling us how Clive swindled Omichund by a forged paper, he says: "But Clive was not a man to do anything by halves (too much British energy for that). We almost blush to write it. He forged Admiral Watson's name." *Almost blush*—but not just quite. Oh! Babington Macaulay. This approximation to blushing, on the part of the blue-and-yellow Reviewer, is a graceful, touching tribute to the lofty morality of our blessed century.

For morality, *now*—Lord bless you—ranges very high; and Religion, also: through all our nineteenth-century British literature there runs a tone of polite, though distant, recognition of Almighty God, as one of the Great Powers; who though not resident, is actually maintained at His court. Yet British civilization gives him assurance of friendly relations; and "our venerable Church" and our "beautiful liturgy" are relied upon as a sort of diplomatic Concordat, or Pragmatic Sanction, whereby we, occupied as we are, in grave commercial and political pursuits, carrying on our business, selling our cotton, and civilizing our heathen, bind ourselves, *to let Him alone, if He lets us alone*—if He will keep looking apart, contemplating the illustrious mare-milkers, and blameless Ethiopians, and never-minding us, we will keep up a most respectable Church for Him, and make our lower orders venerate it, and pay for it handsomely, and we will suffer no national infidelity, like the horrid French.

JOHN MITCHEL

*The Slave Trade.*

August 9th, 1849. On board the "*Neptune*" off Pernambuco.—Let me not omit, after all, to chronicle here the fact that Brazil cannot be an absolute paradise either for white, black, brown or

red. But a few months have passed by since there was a bloody insurrection of the slaves in this Pernambuco. And, Dr. Dees tells me, the city bears ample witness to its violence in wrecked houses and the like. In the other two great cities of Rio and Bahia, also, there have been formidable insurrections of late. I see no great harm in this : the moment the black and brown people are able, they will have a clear right to exchange positions with the Portuguese race. That is to say if the Portuguese have now any right to hold the others in slavery at all.

For the actual traffic in slaves from Africa it was always sad enough to think of ; but Sir Fowell Buxton (this I believe is the name of him) and his humane accomplices in the British Parliament have aggravated the horrors of it fourfold. For in order to procure the requisite supply now, in spite of the pirate cruisers of humanity, four times the number of slaves have to be shipped ; they calculate on losing three cargoes out of four, but those three cargoes, if so lost to them, are not taken from them by the cruisers, and set free or " apprenticed,"—not at all, they are thrown overboard all alive, to avoid the forfeiture of the ships. When slavers are chased by a humanitarian pirate, and in danger of being taken, they simply pitch all the negroes into the sea, together with the loose planks that make the slave deck, and then lie to and invite the British officer on board. He finds no slaves, and by the terms of the treaties must let the ship go free. Then the captain proceeds along the coast of Africa again to get another cargo. But this is not the only loss the shippers have to count on. Formerly they used, for their own sakes, to provide roomy ships for the slaves, and to embark in each only so many as could be properly accommodated, with due attention to their health—if it were but pigs a man were importing from abroad, he would take care to have them stowed in such a manner as would give him a good chance of receiving them alive—but by reason of the benevolent pirates, they have now to build small brigs and schooners, with a view to speed mainly, and stow the poor creatures in a solid mass, with their heads touching the deck as they sit, and each man having another man sitting between his legs—each body being thus in actual contact with other bodies on all its four sides—every man flattening his nose against a woolly head in front, and having a nose flattening itself against his own woolly head behind. So Sir Fowell Buxton has arranged them. Therefore, about one-third of them always die, and the survivors arrive in a state of miserable debility and pain, from which many never recover.

Few persons, except some serious old women, are such fools as

to believe that the British Government keeps on foot that African armament with any view of humanity at all, or conscience, or Christianity, or any of the fine things they pretend in Parliament. They have just two motives in it : *one* is to cut off the supply of labour from the sugar-growers of Brazil and Cuba, or make it so dear to them that they cannot compete with the planters of Jamaica and Barbadoes ; and the other is to maintain British "naval supremacy" and the piratical claim of a right to search ships, and accustom the eyes of all who sail the seas to the sight of the English flag domineering over everything it meets, like a bully, as it is.

JOHN MITCHEL

*Non-intervention.*

October 26th, 1849.—Still on board the *Neptune*, Simon's Bay. A ship has arrived from England, but does not carry our destiny. Two weekly newspapers. News from Europe up to the 11th August. The Hungarians are still beating both Austrians and Russians in gallant style. It has begun to be highly probable that Hungary will be a free and potent nation. Whereupon the English newspapers have discovered that Hungary really was a nation, and had a right to assert her nationhood. Lord Palmerston, too, in Parliament, declares that the hearts of the people of England—bless their hearts !—are enlisted on the side of the Hungarians, if that be any comfort. Ben and Gorgey have brought matters so far. Lord Palmerston being asked why Britain should content herself with expressing an *opinion* against Russian intervention in Hungary—why not take arms?—answers, in the enthusiastic cant which now prevails, "That opinion is stronger than arms." It is enough to make the Russian bear laugh.

COUNTESS MARKIEVICZ

*The Railway Strike*, 1919.

*Cork Jail*, October 1st, 1919.

DEAREST OLD DARLING,

. . . I thought there was something queer about the strike too. But it may be that Thomas could not put it off any longer because of pressure from the rank and file.

Dev. is simply splendid. He's not made a single mistake. So straight and honest.

That's another thing about this strike : the people may take control and everything go with a rush. I have not at all the opinion that the English people could not run amok. They very nearly did about a hundred years ago and neither Army nor Militia could be trusted. The soldiers don't seem to be a bit well-disciplined and I think could be easily carried away. I think the Government must be afraid of this, as they are so down on any discussions of Bolshevism, Socialism or even Co-operation.

I would have liked to have tried a new experiment in the way of strikes and that would be to run the trains, that is a certain number, with food, coal and a limited number of passengers, collaring the money and paying the staff. It would be great *if* it could be done. Of course, the clerks would have to join up.

The one great thing about the strike is that they won't be able to keep up supplies to Kolchak and Co. That I think will be the one great gain and that makes me doubt if it's a plot. They do so want Russia to be reduced to slavery again. This may just save the Revolution. The blockade and starvation sound so awful : just the same policy as was adopted over here as early as the time of Henry VIII. Among the State Papers are letters from English officials in Ireland to Secretary Cromwell, telling that they were destroying the standing corn and killing the cattle.

People here tell me that a lot of this sniping of police is done by themselves, either for vengeance or money. Most poor young men would think £500 easily gained by a bullet through an arm or leg. Some of the stories are so absurd : it's certainly not any of our crowd.

I am supposed to be out quite soon now. It will be a great bore if the strike is still on. Of course I would not travel in England if they were on strike : I would always back Labour—even English ! and would not put my foot on a blackleg train. I could get to Dublin easily on a bike or walking : just give me time enough.



## COUNTESS MARKIEVICZ

*The Same—continued.**Cork Jail, October 8th, 1919.*

. . . I think you are right about the strike being engineered by those two. But I believe that the men could have won. They were very strong, and Government would have had to pay the miners under D.O.R.A. A lot were already idle owing to the shortage of trains. The Irish railwaymen had to be paid too. These two items were quite humorous. They were kept in, to throw Government money to finance the strike.

. . . . .

. . . It's still like summer, a queer summer, with lovely autumn tints and birds singing—like fairyland.

“ In Tirnanog summer and spring go hand in hand in the sunny weather,  
Brown autumn leaves and winter snow come tumbling down together.”

It's just as mad as that here at present and quite delicious. The cloud effects in Cork are wonderful.

To go back to the strike : I don't quite believe that the middle-class crowd could have run the country for long. They could never have tackled coal : they would have been all right for a bit. But they ought to have struck during the “season.” It would have been much more inconvenient for the idle rich and much more difficult to feed them. It seemed a very trifling thing to risk a strike for, but wages are the only thing that will move an Englishman.

The Government are counting on establishing an “ aristocracy ” of Labour, well paid and satisfied, who will go to Parliament, compromise, sell every cause, act with the police, and trample on the underdog.

## COUNTESS MARKIEVICZ

*Ireland, Ancient and Modern.**Cork Jail, October 18th, 1919.*

DEAREST OLD DARLING,

. . . I have been reading a lot of history here, but more modern, and, like you, have been hunting for the things we have

thought and done differently from other nations. The one thing that stands out is that we never produced a tyrant. There was something that prevented any man or woman ever desiring to conquer all Ireland—a sort of feeling for “decentralisation” (modern “soviets”).

Brian Boru was High King, but he never interfered with his under-King, and so on down till now. It's very curious, for in a way it was that that prevented the conquest of Ireland, till the English enemy got rid of every family of note : at the same time it always prevented the Irish getting together under one head for long enough to do more than win a battle. This makes me have such faith in the Republic. The country is now all organised and can do without leaders, but it has learnt that it must act together. I have no fear of the North. It held out much longer than the South by some hundred years, and it's only a bit behind the times. It's begun to move at the fringes.

I don't think I told you about a peeler in Ballingeary who was being transferred North. No one would even bid for his stock of turf, just saved and ready for the winter, so he burnt it and scattered it and then swore an information ! He got compensation levied on the district. It was headed up in the papers : “Another S.F. Outrage !”

COUNTESS MARKIEVICZ

*The English.*

*Mountjoy Prison, Dublin, November 26th, 1920.*

DEAREST OLD DARLING.

. . . Aren't you delighted with C ? Of course he missed a chance at his trial but still, he's made a good start. It is curious how 30 seems to be an age for people to start on arduous and dangerous paths. I only hope he goes on.

. . . . .

People are so odd and mixed in their ideas nowadays. To live up to the principles that everybody preaches and teaches seems to be the only crime for which there is no forgiveness.

Mr. Nevinson is over here again. I hope to see him. He is

one of the real, nice, honourable men who are so often found among the English. What puzzles me with most of them is that they never want to hear the truth, and that the most they expect from their rulers is to conceal all disagreeable and unpleasant facts and dangerous new ideas. It must be so dull to go on and on like that.

MICHAEL BAKUNIN

*The Theory of Revolutions.*

*Letter to a Friend, after Sentence of Death.*

. . . Whether I deserve death? According to law, as far as I understand from the explanations of my lawyer, yes. But not before my conscience. Law hardly ever keeps pace with history, and it nearly always lags behind. That's why there are revolutions on earth and that's why there will always be. I acted according to my truest convictions, and sought nothing for myself. Like many other better men before me, I failed; but the thing I wanted cannot be defeated, not because *I* wanted it, but because *what* I wanted is necessary and inevitable. Sooner or later, with more sacrifice or less, it will become legal and real. This is my consolation, my strength and my faith.

Dear friend, you dream of a heaven on earth for yourself. You believe that words by themselves are enough to convince the world, to lead men to humanity and to freedom. But open the annals of history, and you will find that the smallest human progress, every new living fruit has sprung from a soil drenched with human blood—and so we can hope that our course is not altogether lost. Even Christ was sentenced to death by the Jewish laws, on a charge of high treason. This does not mean that I want to make a comparison between ourselves and Christ. You might say that he did not shed any blood: well, different times, different customs. To understand this question in its whole significance, my dear friend, you will have to look at Man from a higher level. History is a tragedy, a continuous struggle of the old with the new. The old ideas have their legal rights because they exist—the new, because of certain new principles which destroy the life-force of the old, are the creative powers of the future. Don't forget there was a time when the old ideas were new and illegal. Now they have solidified, settled down, that is to say, have become the law, and are fighting against the “new” new ideas just as they themselves were once fought by

the old old ideas. In this struggle the new ideas will soon win, and that is called revolution, and the old ideas are called reaction and legal oppression. Both parties are right from their own points of view : the sentencer as much as the sentenced. The first, because they have the law on their side, the second because they act out of conviction. . . .

I know you hate storms. Are you right?—that is the question. Storms are necessary in the moral world, just as in nature ; they purify, they rejuvenate the mental atmosphere, they unfold sleeping powers, they destroy what can be destroyed and make the everlasting, ever-living, glow with eternal glory. It is easier to breathe in a storm ; only in the fight you learn what a man can do, what he will do ; and such a storm was really necessary in this world, which was in great danger of suffocating in the prisoned air. The only thing is, it is not nearly over : I believe, I am quite sure, that what we have gone through is only the feeble beginning of all that is going to happen, and that it will go on for a long, long time.

The convalescence will be more difficult in proportion to the seriousness of the illness, and the illness is without measure. Look around you and see how this so-called civilised world stands powerless and helpless, not knowing what to do. It has got stuck in its progress, it can go no further, because all the stimulating forces of life and progress have left it. It no longer believes in anything, neither in itself nor in the future.

Its last hour is come, its life now is only a last struggle with death. But don't be afraid, dear friend ; a younger and more beautiful world is going to follow it. Only it is a pity that I shall not be able to see this world and you won't either, since the fight, as I have already said, will go on for a long time and will outlast us both. . . .

ALEXANDER BERKMAN

*The Russian Awakening.*

DEAREST CHUM,

It seemed as if all aspiration and hope suddenly went out of my life when you disappeared so mysteriously. I was tormented by the fear of some disaster. Your return has filled me with joy, and I am happy to know that you heard and responded unhesitatingly to the call of a sacred cause.

I greatly envy your activity in the P. circle. The revolution

in Russia has stirred me to the very depths. The giant is awakening, the mute giant that has suffered so patiently, voicing his misery and agony only in the anguish-laden song and on the pages of his Gorkys.

Dear friend, you remember our discussion regarding Plehve. I may have been in error when I expressed the view that the execution of the monster, encouraging sign of individual revolutionary activity as it was, could not be regarded as a manifestation of social awakening. But the present uprising undoubtedly points to widespread rebellion permeating Russian life. Yet it would probably be too optimistic to hope for a very radical change. I have been absent from my native land for many years ; but in my youth I was close to the life and thought of the peasant. Large, heavy bodies move slowly. The proletariat of the cities has surely become impregnated with revolutionary ideas, but the vital element of Russia is the agrarian population. I fear, moreover, that the dominant reaction is still very strong, though it has no doubt been somewhat weakened by the discontent manifesting in the army, and, especially, in the navy. With all my heart I hope that the revolution will be successful. Perhaps a constitution is the most we can expect. But whatever the result, the bare fact of a revolution in long-suffering Russia is a tremendous inspiration. I should be the happiest of men to join in the glorious struggle.

Long live the Revolution !

A.

EUGENE DEBS

*Observations on the Party Line.*

*Letter from the Federal Prison, Atalanta, Ga.*

Mr. Otto Brandstetter,

National Secretary, Socialist Party,  
Chicago, Ills.

MY DEAR OTTO,

Some days ago you were kind enough to invite suggestions from me to the National Executive Committee at its meeting in regard to the campaign of the party for the release of war prisoners, and I now take the liberty to briefly offer my views upon the subject. You understand, of course, that I am opposed to any further petition or request for release so far as I am per-



*Countess Markievicz I.C.T.C.*

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COUNTESS MARKIEVICZ

Courtesy of Mr. R. E. Roper



sonally concerned. But this is aside from the general question of amnesty with which the party has to deal as an issue of vital concern to its membership, not only because of those imprisoned but, what is of far more consequence, because of the principle involved which affects not only the fundamental right of free speech but the very right of our party to exist and carry on its propaganda.

Now let me get directly to the point at once. The amnesty campaign is a part of the general fight we are waging for the constitutional right to organized life.

Let us then first of all, place our party in a fighting attitude in regard to it.

No more "respectfully praying your honourable body"; and no more "humbly petitioning your excellency"; no more catering or kow-towing to the autocratic power at Washington that has treated every request our friends and comrades have made with insolent contempt.

Let us no longer petition but *demand*; no longer bow to the powers but stand erect and fling our challenge into their teeth.

That is my idea of what our attitude and policy should be, and it will awaken the people like a bugle blast and rally thousands to our standard in our fight for the elementary rights of human beings as well as our constitutional rights as American citizens.

And in pursuance of this policy I beg to recommend to the N.E.C. that it adopt and give to the Associated Press for publication a short series of *Demands* with a capital D, and that these demands be made in such bold, challenging and defiant terms that they will startle the nation and put the militant spirit into everything on two legs that has a drop of red blood in it.

Meekness and polite petitioning have brought us only contempt and gotten us nowhere. Let us now stand straight up with fire in our eyes and face the insolent and brutal power that has robbed us of our rights and fight like men for what is ours and what we propose to have at whatever cost.

These demands need not be long. For example :

*We reassert the fundamental principles of liberty embodied in the Constitution of Independence.*

*We demand the restoration of the Constitution of the United States.*

*We demand the immediate repeal of all war-time laws, especially the unspeakably vile and infamous espionage law, which Russianized America and disgraced its flag.*



*We demand* the unconditional abolition of all war-time powers and the restoration of representative government.

*We demand* the immediate release of all war-time prisoners.

*We demand* the immediate declaration of peace with the nations with which the government has been at war.

*We demand* the immediate restoration of the fundamental American rights of free speech, free press and free assemblage, and we denounce the brutal and lawless interference therewith and hereby declare that we shall resist the same by any means that may be necessary to protect the constitutional rights of American citizens.

Too long have we tamely submitted to the encroachments of Wall Street's autocracy upon our lawful rights, and now the time has come to stand up and assert ourselves and we would be cowardly recreants unworthy to be known as men if we failed to do it.

Upon these fundamental issues which involve the constitutional rights due to us all we make our appeal to the American people in behalf of the Socialist Party, the only political party in America that throws down the gauntlet to the Wall Street brigands that rule and loot the nation ; the only Party that stands four square for the emancipation of the workers and the freedom of the people under real democracy and self-government.

This is but an outline and crudely done but it is respectfully submitted to my comrades of the N.E.C. as my view of what our party attitude should be for such consideration as they may see fit to bestow upon it.

Yours fraternally,

EUGENE V. DEBS.

BARTOLOMEO VANZETTI

*Fascism.*

*April 14, 1923. Charlestown Prison.*

DEAR COMRADE BLACKWELL :

... The real and great damage that the fascism has done, or has revealed, is the moral lowness in which we have fallen after the war and the revolutionary over-excitation of the last few years.

It is incredible the insult made to liberty, to the life, to the dignity of the human beings, by other human beings. And it is humiliating, for he who feels the common humanity that ties

together all the men, good and bad, to think that all the committed infamies have not produced in the crowd an adequate sense of rebellion, of horrors, of disgust. It is humiliating to human beings, the possibility of such ferocity, of such cowardness.

It is humiliating that men, who have reached power only because, deprived of any moral or intellectual scrupols, they have known how to pluck the good moment to blackmail the "*borgesia*," may find the approbation, no matter if by a momentary aberration, of a number of persons sufficient to impose upon all countries their tyranny.

Therefore, the rescue expected and invoked by us must be before all a moral rescue ; the re-valuation of the human liberty and dignity. It must be the condemnation of the Fascismo not only as a political and economic fact, but also and over all, as a criminal phenomenon, as the exploitation of a purulent growth which had been going, forming and ripening itself in the sick body of the social organism.

There are some, also among the so-called subversives, who are saying that the fascisti have taught to us how we must do, and they, these subversives are intentioned to imitate and to exacerbate the fascisti methods.

This is the great danger, the danger of the to-morrow ; the danger, I mean, that, after the Fascismo, declined from internal dissolution or by external attack, may have to follow a period of insensate violences, of sterile vendettes, which would exhaust in little episodes of blood that energy which should be employed for a radical transformation of the social arrangements such to render impossible the repetition of the present horrors.

The Fascisti's methods may be good for who inspires to *become a tyrant*. They are certainly bad for he who will make "opera" of a liberator, for he who will collaborate to rise all humanity to a dignity of free and conscient men.

We remain as we always were, the partisans of the liberty, of all the liberty.

I hope you will agree with my bad translation of Malatesta's words. They are words of one of the most learned, serene, courageous and powerful mind, among the minds of the sones of women through the whole history, and of a magnanimous heart.

BARTOLOMEO VANZETTI

*Left-Wing Failings.*

June 13th, 1926. Charlestown Prison.

DEAR COMRADE BLACKWELL :

Last Thursday, Mrs. Evans was here, and she gave me a copy of the *New Republic*, containing the editorial on our case, and indeed a splendid editorial. Oh, if everyone who wrote on our case would have had such a capacity and treated it so well as that writer, how much better it would have been for us. The indolence, the incapacity, the inexactness of those who have willingly or half-willingly wrote on our case, has always caused much disgust, and, often, indignation and wrath to me. I am sorry to say that the writings of the conservatives or of the liberals have shown much more competence, sense of measure and of responsibility, than those of the more near to me. The writings of our Eugene Debs and those of the anarchist weekly, *Fede* of Rome are the better of all ; and good ones have been written by our affines. Yet, someone of our comrades made big errs and blunders. Thus the truth is spoiled, the seriousness of the case destroyed together with the trustings of the intelligent and impartial readers. What a contrast with the perfect, superfine ability of our enemies. Of all this I have spoken and lamented with one of *The Masses* staff who was here a few days ago.

For several weeks I received *Il Nuovo Mondo*, an anti-fascist daily of New York, sustained by the American Clothing Amalgamated Union, and edited by the ex-Italian congressman, Vincenzo Vacirca, a unitario-socialist. I must say the following, even if it tears my heart. If we do not know to do better, we are doomed by our incapacity to a perpetual vanquishment—we will ruin even the most complete victory of a revolution brought first by other historical factors than ourselves. That anti-fascism has in itself, endemic, the fascism. It is as equivocal as that anti-clericalism which consists in fighting the clergy by revealing the priest's sins through pornographic expositions and in a false, unilateral historical philosophy, which consist in a wrong and partisan interpretation of the churches history. Equivocal as that atheism that affirms itself with blasphemous bravadoes, with dogmatic criterion on the creation and on the universe, with a trumpeting ignorance of the human nature and a self-imposing simpleton philosophy. And I could go on, on, and on.

Well, the *Nuovo Mondo* has talked a great deal about our case,

within these last few weeks. But, oh, how badly ! As for the Bridgewater explosion, and the letter to Mr. Cox, it limited its fatigue by copying from the American newspapers. Not a single rectification of the many voluntary inexactnesses divulged recently on our case by the capitalistic American press, and with many inexactnesses of itself. It even said that I was sentenced to 50 years for the Bridgewater robbery. In one writing it exposed the Braintree crime with an astonishing inexactness. It was most humiliating and painful to be compelled to recognize that the fascisti or philofascisti Italo-American *Progresso* and *Popolo*, New York dailies, have shown more earnestness and intensity of feeling in helping us, according to their character and thought and skilful journalistic ability. Well, I take it easy and am more displeased for the great than for my personal little cause.

I would like to read the anonymous letter that you have received. I am rather inclined to believe it of some police, as I feel was the one to Mr. Cox. The contrary may be the truth in both cases, but the style and the words of the last letter smelt of the police station to the nostrils of my political nose. No, no, it is not the style and the phrasing of a presumable Italian radical. Not at all. Besides this, Mr. Cox did his best to have us convicted, but he was also the only one of the State perjurers at the Plymouth trial, who refused to identify me positively. He is therefore the less guilty one. Also, he had a good job ; he was paymaster of the shoe company, and urged by it to hurt us. I was told that the public voice said that Mr. Cox lost his job because he refused to identify me positively.

I am sure that you will not be embarrassed to answer to that letter, and sorry for the trouble. I hope and wish that you will do it.

That our framers and doomers might be afraid of punishment, it is well comprehensible. Moved by greed, hatred and prejudice, or compelled, they have determinedly acted against us and disposed to kill us. Being themselves actual murderers, they cannot help but to measure the others with themselves and to fear. And I not christian, am for vindication—but rather than to spill a single drop of innocent blood, I prefer to be electrocuted for a crime of which I am utterly innocent. In six years of wrong, abuses, outrages, persecution, revenges and of too slow murdering, none of our enemies have been touched. If they fear, the justification and the source of their fearing is in themselves. . . .

BARTOLOMEO VANZETTI

*Statement of Faith.*

(To Mrs. Maude Pettyjohn.)

*December 11, 1926. Charlestown Prison.*

. . . the prisoner's spell is telling its story also on me, and how so ! It seems to be increasing my understanding, and diminishing my power of expression. In fact, it is an experience alright ; but an experience that undermines the life straight to its sources and centers so that as long as consciousness and memory are not yet weakened, you can realize something—but, as to express oneself at one's best, one has to be at one's best, while after such experiences one is no longer at his best ; he can no longer express himself at the best of his power. These are the reasons why I am busy trying to write and writing very little at all.

. . . I am not entirely free, for, to be the best that I could be now, I should have been, before my very conception, conscientious, intelligent, a power more capable and intelligent than the one I am now, so to begin my beginning in the best of the ways, and to impart continually to my evolving self only truth and normalcy. Evidently, it must not have been so, for I have not the least recollection of such a feast ! Whereas, I am but too well aware, alas ! to have begun as a miser to have inherited all the misery of the earth and of the race, called atavism—to have been taken to church when I was wholly unconscious and irresponsible, to have been spiritually raped by the priests, when I was wholly unable to defend myself, to have been intellectually warped and poisoned by the State school, when I was unable to discriminate—to have grown within a humanity so stupid, ignorant, vile, coward, arrogant, self-conceited, brutal, greedy, ferocious and filthy and falsely proud and humble, that the best of my essence was choked in myself, or, what is still worse, distorted and aberrated. To my parents, to my mother especially, I owe not only my life that she gave me by birth and cares, but all that is good in me. Yet, even my parents, in spite of their love and goodwill, they teach me many wrong ideas, false principles, and a false divinity. It is by a rinnovation of my own previous self, through a self reaction, an inner tragedy which costed me the bleeding of my heart's blood, that I re-began and became what I am now.

. . . To believe that hope, faith, optimism, confidence, are

good to the individual, is part of the race wisdom ; an historical experience. So we are all most grateful and appreciative of your motherly incitation to them.

Yet, life, happiness, health and goodness depend from things which are what and as they are, and not what and as we believe or hope them to be. So that wrong faith, absurd hope, unfounded optimism and confidence are or may be fatal or at least very deleterious to the individual, in spite of their real help to him as animators. For they mislead us and when we face evils, cannot help us.

I believe better, to try and look the reality straight in its face, eyes into eyes. The question is not to shift from barren reality by any dreams or auto-suggestion. It is : 1st—Not to let ourselves be overwhelmed by the adversity, scared by black prospects, but face them as bravely as possible. 2nd—Try to fight them with all our force. To destroy bad realities, to create good ones, lo ! that makes gods out of men and women.

. . . I see that B—— L—— is quite a scorner and a pessimist. Well, the world will never have enough scorners. Pessimism itself, in a way, is good. Darrow said, "If you are not worse than your fathers, if you have progressed a little, you shall acquit these negroes." And the jury acquitted them. Had they thought their fathers to be holy, in spite of slavery, they would not have acquitted the Negroes.

Thayer and Katzmänn always appealed to the jury pretence of superiority and goodness to induce them to convict us.

Of course, the saints have a better way : but the saints are few. . . .

BARTOLOMEO VANZETTI

*Thoughts on Christmas.*

(To Miss Mary Donovan.)

*December 28, 1926. Charlestown Prison.*

. . . Mark Twain has said that "The only useful holiday that we have is April Fool, for it reminds us of what we are the other days of the year." Christmas, whereas, is a cheating holiday, for we pretend to be good then, which, when not a bad illusion is rank hypocrisy—holy mackerel (is mackerel spelled correctly ?)—I am sure of "holy," though I was a fish peddler. . . .

BARTOLOMEO VANZETTI

*On Executions and Other Things.*

(To Alice Stone Blackwell.)

*January 10, 1927. Charlestown Prison.*

. . . I know perfectly well that within four months, Massachusetts will be ready to burn me. I know that the magistrature first, then the State, can do with me what they please and choose. Well, when I mentally put myself in their place and them in mine, I find myself embarrassed to choose of the two things ; either give him life or electrocute him. Everything considered, there are many reasons pro and con to both of them. "To electrocute him" it may be unsafe, though it would free us of further troubles ; to give him "life," that too has its inconveniences.

. . . The destiny of man on earth, is poverty. To live little, to work hard, to always learn ; the passion for the justice and the philosophy, to sustain and abstain,—such is our destiny. We have war because we are not sufficiently heroic for a life which does not need war.

. . . On January 5th, I learned that the 3 men will be killed immediately after midnight. Because the participants and witnesses of the execution use to eat after it, at the warden's house, three hams had been cooked in our kitchen, and they were carried to the warden's house on January 5th. So we knew. I wished and tried to keep awake that night to attend to the execution from my cell. But, I fell asleep against my will, and at my awakening I was told of the triple murder. Three pairs of eyes for one pair, three lives for one life. Massachusetts, Fuller that preaches to the children, the golden rule and the Sermon on the Mount, practiced a pre-Mosaic custom. What a chapter I could write—maybe I will write it—on this triple cold-blooded murder.

BARTOLOMEO VANZETTI

*Refusal to Surrender.*

(To Mrs. Sarah Root Adams.)

*May 25, 1927. Dedham Jail.*

DEAR FRIEND,

Nick and I are now at Dedham Jail where we will be kept until ten days before the execution when we will be taken to the

death house of the State Prison in Charlestown. So I have received your letter of May 1 and also read the one which you sent to Nick.

. . . I have understood from the beginning that Judge Thayer wanted to kill us because we were hated and feared by the ragged and the golden rabbles so that he will be recompensed by them by being appointed judge of the Massachusetts Supreme Court—this vanity has been the obsession of his life. Yet, for a while, I hoped that I would have one by showing my innocence. But since I have been found guilty at the Plymouth trial, I understood that I was lost except if my friends would become physically stronger than my enemies. Were not the first Christians believed to be blood-drinkers? Yes, they were believed so and insulted, tortured, martyred by the ragged and golden mobs of their time. Even the so sage Marcus Aurelius feared, hated, insulted and killed them. Of course the first Christians were outlaws (because) they were against the laws who legalize slavery; against the powerful Roman Empire oppressing mankind and masters of the Courts and laws; they were god-destroyers but destroyers of false gods. In this was their right, greatness, sanctity, for this they were put to death. What chance of fair deal and acquittal those not only innocent first Christians could have had in being tried by pagans to whom the fact of one being Christian was all the crimes and all the guilts at once and in one? From those times, I could come down through the centuries showing you that the same dealings has been imposed by the golden and the ragged mobs to all those who have discovered, wished, and labored for a little more of truth, justice, freedom, triumph and sublimization of the men, women and of the life—down, down to this very date. . . .

. . . Now, few words on the statement which you suggested us to send out because it would help our freedom. We cannot make it because it is a thing against our understanding and conscience. You think and believe differently than us and to your understanding to do what you suggested would be not only an helpful deed, but would also voice the most honest behaviour that all should act. I cannot explain you why it is not so to our understanding. It would be too long to explain it. But we too have a faith, a dignity, a sincerity. Our faith is cursed, as all the old ones were at their beginning. But we stick to it as long as we honestly believe we are right. Both I and Nick would have followed our old beliefs, practiced the old moral and life sanctioned by laws and churches—we could have grown rich on the poor, have women, horses, wealth, honors, children, all rests,



boundnesses and pleasures and joys of life. We have renounced voluntarily to almost all of even the most honest joys of life when we were at our twenties. Lately we have sacrificed all to our faith. And now that we are old, sick, crushed, near death : should we now after having endured three deaths and lost all, should we now quack, recant, renegade, be vile for the love of our pitiable carcasses ? Never, never, never, dear friend Adams. We are ready to suffer as much as we have suffered, to die, but be men to the last. On the contrary, if I am shown to be wrong—then I would change. This is the only thing which could change me.

. . . Our friends must speak loudly to be heard by our murderers, our enemies have only to whisper and even be silent to be understood. If one does not detect this fact, he is liable to be misled by the appearances and sounds of things.

ERNST TOLLER

*The Struggle of the Mind.*

(To Fritz von Unruh.)

Stadelheim, 1919.

DEAR FRITZ VON UNRUH,

I shall never get used to "prisoner's humility" ; and, though I am frequently sad and embittered, I am glad of that,—that I can't get "used."

There's one of the most horrible weaknesses of the German character : that "getting used" to all institutions that deny the spirit—the surrender to inhuman rules, the being comfortable in servitude, the shirking of responsibility, the deafness to the call of one's own conscience. (Worship of power is the reverse of the worship of slavery !) You are right ; the ghosts of rottenness are more impudent than ever. Every day as I read the newspapers, I can smell the stench of decay.

We stood lonely in the war ; lonely once more we stand to-day. I don't deceive myself—forgotten, forgotten what the heart spake on the threshold of life and death ; forgotten, forgotten the knowledge that seemed branded on the spirit, like the scars of wounds. Ours was the sacred duty to preach, and, in spite of the darkness, again and again to preach the simple truths of humanity and of the life of brotherhood.

You know that my skill, my art, belong to the workers ; but

in living with them and for them I am also living for mankind which includes *all that has being*.

I hate nobody. How could we hate men who believe that they control that which drives them, that driving fate which will hold us as long as this earth has breath.

Believe me, it is hard not to hate—only the realization of the compulsion behind compulsion in men's lives gives us knowledge and makes us wise and understanding.

ERNST TOLLER

*Art and Revolution* (1).

(To Siegfried Jakobsohn.)

*Niederschonenfeld*, 1920.

DEAR JAKOBSON,

The reactionaries won a victory ; and *Masses and Man* had its first night at a private show of the Trade Unions. It was, I hear, highly successful ; and this success is a very great honour, a gift of price : What other author can boast that his work has appeared, not before the knights of the win-the-war profiteers, not before the crooked-cross crowd, but before German working men ?

The poet has no right to close his eyes to the tragedy of human life which is to be found among the middle-class as well as among the proletarians. It is not the business of proletarian art to throw party-resolutions among the masses ; that's the job of the party. The proletarian drama ought to purge the passions of the proletariat and, in spite of that, or, perhaps, because of that, strengthen his will for freedom.

ERNST TOLLER

*Art and Revolution* (2).

(To the Producer, J. F.)

*Niederschonenfeld*, 1920.

. . . I am astonished by the lack of understanding shown by the critics. Among all the articles I have seen at present I have not found a single one that has got to the kernel of the play's meaning. That may be (and this is the most likely) my fault.

But perhaps it is also due to the fact that phrases which to the

bourgeois critic are nothing but "journalese," "head-line slogans," are to us who live close to the people, who know the world where their spirit and heart abide, who have to create, out of their own world of heart and spirit, the people of the proletariat—these phrases are to us the expression of the agonizing conflict of ideas which takes hold on the whole man.

It comes to this: what in the social world of the bourgeois is, perhaps, "a fight for words" is for the proletarian tragic discord, assault in the brunt of the battle. That which is for the bourgeois "profound," "important," an expression of the sternest struggles of the spirit leaves the proletarian untouched.

What can be "realistic" in such a play as *Masses and Man*? Only the breath of the soul. As a politician I act as if men, as individuals, as groups performing various functions, as exponents of economics, as exponents of power and as if certain facts, were ultimately real. As an artist I see how questionable these ultimate realities are. (There is still a question—as Hebbel once said—whether there is such a thing as personal existence.)

I see in the prison yard prisoners who saw wood to a monotonous rhythm. Human beings! I think, painfully touched. Then suddenly . . . they are not human beings any longer, but marionettes.

ERNST TOLLER

*Freedom in Prison.*

(To Stefan Zweig.)

*Niederschonenfeld, 1921.*

DEAR ZWEIG,

No, a man is not foolhardy who, himself at liberty, and free from care, praises his fate to a prisoner—so long as he desires the inner perfection of the prisoner. Because one would speak so only to a man whom one believes has spiritual strength enough to mature during his imprisonment. And I believe this strength has grown in me. Only the other day I wrote to Herr Tal, who, he tells me, is anxious to secure my release by the assistance of the German intellectuals, that, greatly touched as I was by his sympathy, I must ask him to abandon his plan. Tal fears that my creative powers will be damaged for life. I can't help smiling a little. We are living at a time when so many "would-be's" and "might-be's" are running around, men who lack any profound sense of compulsion, who can say either "Yea"

or "Nay." It is about time that men voluntarily, from inescapable devotion, find the courage to live the ideas which they profess. That they see how essential such a life is. That they should give up thinking that life's meaning lies in making pictures of life.

My fate seldom oppresses me, because I will it, have always willed it—and I believe that I am secure against the danger of leaving the prison-house full of bitterness and resentment.

(That I belong to those who fight ruthlessly against the defilement of the image of humanity—no one outside can have an idea of how dreadful is that defiling—you will understand. Too few feel their responsibility, and that is why such things are possible. But I cannot discuss that problem now.)

You say of Romain Rolland that he "loves humanity because he pities it rather than believes in it." That is, perhaps, the only constant and unembittered love.

If belief be often disappointed, as it must be, it changes into enmity and bitterness and hatred of humanity. I can imagine fighters for whom it would not be a matter of crucial importance whether they had that belief or no ; they fight under the power of an idea—the idea of co-operation for conscious self-development in a society. To go on in this task (economically the most important aspect of Socialism) means the overcoming of social disorder by building up a community life. By that the "mysterious," the "irrational" element is not, as even some dogmatic Socialists believe, wholly rationalized ; but it is "limited," it goes back to its place and stays there in all its incomprehensibility.

Is it not the destiny of European man to be this kind of fighter, this heroic kind ?

ERNST TOLLER

*Refusal of Release.*

(To the Publisher E. P. Tal.)

*Niederschonenfeld, 14.2.22.*

DEAR SIR,

It is not without emotion that I read of your plans to "get me out" with the help of the intellectual leaders of Germany. If again I ask you, as earnestly as I can, to desist from this plan, you will believe that it is no sentimental mood that governs me. *I could have left prison two years ago.* At that time the

public prosecutor told me in Eichstadt that the Bavarian Government had decided to *pardon* me, because of the great success of my play *Transfiguration*. In three weeks' time, he said, "you'll be a free man."

I refused this projected pardon at once, declaring as clearly as possible that so long as harmless followers and red guards are kept in prison I declined to leave. My point of view to-day, under the changed political conditions, remains the same. I don't think of my fate as a personal misfortune; it expresses the political balance of powers. I have fought for my ideas in the conviction that they can demand any sacrifice from me, except that of my conscience and my intellect.

To-day, after nearly three years of imprisonment, I am strong enough to accept, with a free man's courage, a destiny which was imposed on me. And so I possess that freedom which no order, no walls, no iron bars can take from me.

Still, one thing, no, two, I do wish.

If the intellectual leaders of Germany feel themselves compelled to plead for me, supposing they regard it as a duty, supposing they expect no political thanks but merely human gratitude,—then I would have two wishes:

1. The permission to light a candle (at my expense) after 9 o'clock at night: I can work only in the evening and in the early hours of the night.

2. Permission for a holiday of two or three weeks during the rehearsals of *The Machine-Wreckers*. Need I give any reason?

Won't any artist know what it means to be cut off from all one's works?

Not that I want to show myself at the performance and my leave could be arranged so that it ended the day before the public performance.

ERNST TOLLER

*Emancipation in Theory and Practice.*

(To Mathilde Wurm.)

*Niederschonenfeld, 1922.*

DEAR MATHILDE WURM,

You are right, working-men are uneasy if their wives are in earnest about the realization of socialist demands. I am living here in close quarters with many working-men, read their wives' letters and am witness to the finest relations in the married

life of the proletariat. Often I see the gulf between socialist understanding and traditional feeling.

I came across a comrade here whose hobby was the damnation of bourgeois sexual morality. Man and wife ought, with perfect freedom of decision, to do what their inner law bids them to do. If a man had the liberty to take a second woman, the wife ought to be free to have another man as well as her husband, if she loved him.

This comrade was released after three years of imprisonment. Letters arrived which told of the riches that were unearthed, riches buried in the early humdrum years of marriage, and now discovered after the long separation. Then suddenly a desperate letter arrived : happiness was all over ; what had grown with such promise was destroyed ; never, never could there be any restoration of what had been poisoned suddenly and for ever.

And the reason ? The comrade found out that his wife, one single time in the three years had taken a false step ("false step," he wrote !) He forgot all his ideal demands. And he also forgot that he himself never let an occasion pass without boasting of his success with women. The traditional instincts, cultivated at home and at school, in barracks and in soldiers' clubs, are stronger than the ideological beliefs, carelessly taken over with the party membership ticket ! I find it again and again in talks with comrades.

A few episodes :

A., a splendid revolutionary, says, during a political discussion : "There are no honest bourgeois. The whole bourgeoisie is rotten, corrupted, has no character."

A., when speaking of family affairs, says : "My sister is in a splendid family ; I tell you, with a decent master. The mistress always shakes hands with her when she comes back from her Sunday out."

Comrade U., an agitator for the peasants, is an ardent pacifist. He tells how once he read to peasants from Eisner's Hollerdau peace manifesto. How the peasants, men and women, had shed tears of emotion. "It was fine," he says, moved by the recollection, "just fine."

Half an hour later we are talking of the war. We find out that we both lay before Pont à Mousson, he in 1914, I in 1915. "When you came there, there was no fun in it any longer. But me, I took part in the storming-parties. Gee, that was fun !" he exclaims, honestly delighted. "The knives we ran into the bellies of the Froggies, that was really spiffing !"

I talk with the Comrade X., a radical socialist. He abuses

bourgeois marriage as an institution made by capitalism, is enthusiastic about the new, pure, free relations between men and women which socialism will create.

One day, I'm sitting with him in a circle of comrades. The talk is of women, of marriage. One addresses X. : "Has your wife ever seen you naked?" "But what are you thinking of," X. answers indignantly, "she'd never respect me again!"

"Those French snipers from trees were the greatest cowards and scoundrels," exclaims H., an old Red Guard.

"Well. I think it's odd to abuse as cowards people who sacrificed themselves voluntarily for their comrades," I answered.

"But they did shoot out of hiding holes," H. persists.

"A sentimental distinction of modern war. If proletarian Red Guards during a Civil War did the same as the French snipers would you call that cowardly too?"

"If you cannot see that that is quite another thing," he blusters, "I'm sorry for you! To argue with you at all . . . I say, you intellectuals! . . . What do you understand!"

ERNST TOLLER

*Songs from Prison : Niederschonenfeld, 1921.*

*Our Way.*

The cloister is decayed and has meaning no longer,  
The factory-sirens drown the vesper-bells' ringing,  
Hark! for freedom the millions are defiantly singing,  
At the gates of the cloister their song grows stronger.

Where are the monks who answer those who wonder :  
"Redemption is in discipline and world-wide quiet . . ."  
A hunger-cry, a stern will ; and now, in a riot,  
"Give us life!" the people at the cloister-gate thunder.

Not with scourge nor hair-shirt do we torment our bodies,  
Not for us in stammer'd prayer do the hours go past,  
We have another way to find out where God is,

We will bring the reign of peace on the earth at last,  
We will bring freedom to the opprest of all countries—  
For the Sacrament of earth we are fighters and sentries !

ROSA LUXEMBURG

*Suppression of Freedom.*

*Letter from Prison, 1919.*

—With the suppression of political life in the entire country must also come the gradual destruction of the Soviets. Without universal franchise, the liberty of the Press and assembly and the unhampered struggle of opinion, the life of every public institution withers away, and bureaucracy alone remains as the active element. This law is never contradicted. Little by little will your public life be lulled to sleep. A dozen party leaders, full of inexhaustive energy and boundless idealism, will direct and govern. From time to time, a picked section of the workers will be invited to the meetings. There they will applaud the leaders' speeches and say "Yes" to prepared resolutions. In other words, you will have the rule of a clique—not the Dictatorship of the Proletariat, but the dictatorship of a handful of politicians, i.e., a dictatorship in the bourgeois sense, a dictatorship in the manner of the Jacobins.

MARIA SPIRIDONOVA

*Open Letter to the Central Executive of the Bolshevik Party, 1918.*

On July 6th I came to you voluntarily, so that you might have at least one member of the L.S.R. in your power on whom to wreak your anger, and offer up as an expiatory sacrifice to Germany.

Those were the personal considerations which influenced me. I hid them from the members of my Central Committee when I proposed to them that I should be their representative. I hoped that I should be able to manage better than anyone else to shield with my own body both my own party and those peasants, workers, sailors and soldiers who followed us.

I was convinced that you would settle with me in the heat of the battle, then, perhaps, have some regrets afterwards. Such an action would be terrible, from whatever angle you looked at it. After disposing of me you might perhaps come more quickly to a clear consciousness of what you had done, and a more sober mood.

Whether by accident, or by your will, or whatever the cause may have been, everything turned out differently from what I



expected. The guiltless blood of Alexandrovitch, and others who had no responsibility for the assassination of Mirbach, flowed. That made my purpose in voluntarily coming to you practically vain. But I nourished the hope of using as a platform the tribunal before which I wished to place myself.

Never in the most corrupt of Parliaments, never in the most venal papers of capitalist society has hatred of opponents reached such heights of cynicism as your hatred. And this hatred of yours was the hatred of one group of Socialists for their closest comrades and allies, who had certainly failed in loyalty to German imperialism but had certainly not failed in loyalty to the Revolution and the International.

The Cheka killed members of the L.S.R. because they were unwilling to betray their comrades. For example, at Kotelnichi two comrades were killed like that, Makhnov and Missuno, two members of the Soviet Central Executive. These men were real children of the present Revolution, to such an extent that legends have already grown up around their names—heroes, on whose shoulders we brought about the October Revolution together with you. Missuno paid dearly for the refusal to dig his own grave. Makhnov accepted on condition he was given permission to speak before he died. He spoke, and his last words were : “Long live the Socialist World Revolution !” How many such Missunos and Makhnovs are there now in Soviet Russia—unknown, nameless heroes !

Your party had great tasks and began them finely. The October Revolution, in which we marched side by side, was bound to conquer, because its foundations and watchwords were rooted in historical reality and were solidly supported by all the working masses.

But your policy developed into a betrayal of the working classes. Instead of the socialization of industry you introduced State capitalism—a capitalistic State. A system of coercive exploitation remains in force, with a minute difference in regard to the division of the profits. I say “minute” because your innumerable officials will devour more than the limited numbers of the bourgeoisie ever could. What you, with a combination of force and cunning, offer the peasants instead of the socialization of the soil, which was decreed with universal rejoicing at the Third Soviet Congress, is the nationalization of the soil. Workers, in order not to die of hunger, march against peasants, and take away their last piece of bread. Terrible seeds of dissension have been sown between the two groups of inseparable brothers, the peasants and the factory workers—a dissension that will not soon

disappear. Seeds of dissension have been sown between nationalities, because German prisoners of war were used during the food supply dictatorship.

And now, your Cheka. In the name of the proletariat you have wiped out all the moral achievements of our Revolution. Things that cry aloud to Heaven have been done by the provincial Chekas, by the All-Russian Cheka. A bloodthirsty mockery of the souls and bodies of men, torture and treachery, and then—murder, murder without end, done without inquiry, on denunciation only, without waiting for any proof of guilt. To whom could your counter-revolutionary conspiracies be such a menace if you yourselves had not so dreadfully related yourselves to them? When the power of the Soviets rested on the support of the masses Dzerzhinsky only had a few fiendish murderers shot—and that after great hesitation and moral doubts.

But when Lenin was wounded by a shot, thousands of people were distractedly condemned to death. People were killed hysterically right and left, without inquiry, without the faintest shadow of justification, to say nothing of moral grounds. Certainly Lenin is saved—no single fanatical hand will ever be raised against him again. But in that catacomb of expiatory sacrifices the living spirit has abandoned the Revolution. How much better it would be for Lenin to live in insecurity if only that living spirit were preserved! And how was it possible for it not to occur to you, Vladimir Ilyich, with your great intelligence and your personal disinterestedness, to have mercy on Dora Kaplan? How invaluable mercy would have been in this time of frenzy and anger, when there is nought but gnashing of teeth and only evil and fear are abroad, and not a single accent or sound of love is heard?

These nightly murders of fettered, unarmed, helpless people, these secret shootings in the back, the unceremonious burial on the spot of bodies, robbed to the very shirt, not always quite dead, often still groaning, in a mass grave—what sort of Terrorism is this? All this cannot be called Terrorism.

In the course of Russian Revolutionary history the word Terrorism did not merely connote revenge and intimidation (which were the very last things in its mind). No, the foremost aims of Terrorism were to protest against tyranny, to awake a sense of value in the souls of the oppressed, to rouse the conscience of those who kept silence in the face of this submission. Moreover, the Terrorist nearly always accompanied his deed by a voluntary sacrifice of his own liberty or life. Only in this way, it seems to me, could the Terrorist acts of the revolutionaries be justified.

But where are these elements to be found in the cowardly Cheka, in the unbelievable moral poverty of its leaders?

... So far the working classes have brought about the Revolution under the unblemished red flag, which was red with their own blood. Their moral authority and sanction lay in their sufferings for the highest ideal of humanity. Belief in Socialism is at the same time a belief in a nobler future for humanity—a belief in goodness, truth and beauty, in the abolition of the use of all kinds of force, in the brotherhood of the world. And now you have damaged this belief, which had inflamed the souls of the people as never before, at its very roots.

You have shown, and helped to give the people a little justice. But you have taken monstrous power upon yourselves, and, like the chief inquisitor, have assumed absolute authority over the bodies and souls of the workers. And when the people began to reject you, you laid them in chains in order to combat the alleged "counter-revolution." And now you place upon the order of the day of the Revolution a trial of the Central Committee of the L.S.R. and of me. But I reject your jurisdiction, I do not accept you as a tribunal fit to judge our ideas. I do not accept your jurisdiction over them or over me. If any tribunal is to sit over us, I appeal to the International and the verdict of history.

Your tribunal consists of party members. In the name of party discipline it will have to carry out everything decided by your party.

A time will come, perhaps not far ahead, when a protest will rise within your party itself against a policy which stifles the spirit of the Revolution. A struggle will arise within your own party. Your corrupt leaders, drunk with power, will be deposed; there will be a cleansing, an upward swing will take place. But now I will take no part in your staged farce of a trial. You can only eliminate me and my party from the Revolution by killing us. Just as the Jews have no home except that wherein they are born and live and work, so do we have no home except in the Socialist Revolution. We are slandered and persecuted, just like the Jews. But just as the future of humanity ripens in the souls of the Jews, so does the renewal of Socialism ripen in our movement.

M. SPIRIDONOVA.

KREMLIN,

*November 1918.*

WILFRED SCAWEN BLUNT

*In Vinculis.*

- XI. God knows, 'twas not with a fore-reasoned plan  
I left the easeful dwellings of my peace  
And sought this combat with ungodly Man,  
And ceaseless still through years that do not cease  
Have warred with Powers and Principalities.  
My natural soul, ere yet these strifes began,  
Was as a sister diligent to please,  
And loving all, and most the human clan.

God knows it. And He knows how the world's tears  
Touched me. And He is witness of my wrath,  
How it was kindled against murderers  
Who slew for gold, and how upon their path  
I met them. Since which day the World in arms  
Strikes at my life with angers and alarms.

- XII. There are wrongs done in the fair face of heaven  
Which cry aloud for vengeance, and shall cry ;  
Loves beautiful in strength whose wit has striven  
Vainly with loss and man's inconstancy ;  
Dead children's faces watched by souls that die ;  
Pure streams defiled ; fair forests idly riven ;  
A nation, suppliant in its agony,  
Calling for justice, and no help is given.

All these are pitiful. Yet, after tears,  
Come rest and sleep and calm forgetfulness,  
And God's good providence consoles the years.  
Only the coward heart which did not guess,  
The dreamer of brave deeds that might have been,  
Shall cureless ache with woes for ever green.

TOM PAINE

*The Sorrows of Solomon.*

From *The Age of Reason*, Part II.

The book of Ecclesiastes, or the Preacher, is also ascribed to Solomon, and that with much reason, if not with truth. It is

written as the solitary reflection of a worn-out debauchee, such as Solomon was, who, looking back on scenes he can no longer enjoy, cries out, *All is vanity!* A great deal of the metaphor and of the sentiment is obscure, most probably by translation ; but enough is left to show they were strongly pointed in the original. From what is transmitted to us of the character of Solomon, he was witty, ostentatious, dissolute, and at last melancholy ; he lived fast, and died, tired of the world, at the age of fifty-eight years.

Seven hundred wives, and three hundred concubines, are worse than none ; and however it may carry with it the appearance of heightened enjoyment, it defeats all the felicity of affection by leaving it no point to fix upon ; divided love is never happy. This was the case with Solomon ; and if he could not, with all his pretensions to wisdom, discover it beforehand, he merited, unpitied, the mortification he afterwards endured. In this point of view his preaching is unnecessary, because, to know the consequences, it is only necessary to know the case. Seven hundred wives and three hundred concubines would have stood in place of the whole book. It was needless after this to say that all was vanity and vexation of spirit, for it is impossible to derive happiness from the company of those whom we deprive of happiness.

#### E. ARMAND

*Those about to Suffer Salute You.*

—Those about to suffer salute you.

—We others, the old-timers, restricted troop,

Old greybeards with white hair and bald heads ;

Aged men bowed down by the weight of winters,

Bent under the burden of the life-struggle ;

We others also, the nearly old,

With wrinkled foreheads and lined temples,

Already less sure of our knees, and tired in our gait.

From the hill-top lit by the setting sun's last rays,

We others, we gaze on you, passing, marching, running,

Brave, full of enthusiasm, emptying the cup of hope and schemes.

You, the youngsters, since youth bursts forth in all your movements.

You pass, your heads held high, supple, with conquering mien,

Your words are loud, your gestures provocative.

You have no doubts, or almost none, we know ;

And there are hardly any obstacles you fear.

We also have been young,  
We have lived our days,  
We believed, like you, that we would do better,  
Much better than those who came before us.  
Like you, we laughed at their prudent counsels,  
Like you, we listened with inattentive ears and our thoughts  
elsewhere  
When they would tell us the story of their experiences,  
And we thought amongst ourselves that they drivelled a little,  
these good ancestors.  
But, at this hour when our twilight falls,  
We must perforce confess  
That we have hardly accomplished more  
And that we have worn ourselves out to achieve the same end.

—Those about to suffer salute you.  
—It is nevertheless true, O young people, that you will suffer,  
suffer, suffer.  
That you will traverse periods of infinite pain,  
That you will pay dear, enormously dear  
For one poor little hour of joy, one simple day of pleasure,  
It is nevertheless true that you will find very different from your  
imaginings  
Beings and deeds, men and events, and the practice of doctrines  
which had attracted you.  
It is nevertheless true that your sweetest dreams, your finest  
visions,  
Will be shattered like a mirror  
Whose fragments you try in vain to piece together.  
You will suffer,  
Until it seems that your heart breaks,  
That your reason abandons you.  
All that in which you place your hope will fail you :  
The objects of your most complete confidence, of your purest  
faith,  
Will seem dirtied, tarnished, soiled,  
When you approach them too closely.  
Oh ! how you are fated to suffer !

—Those about to suffer salute you.  
—Could I but brush aside, tear out the brambles  
That overgrow the path lying before you !  
Could I but prolong, prolong a long time,  
A long time, a long, long time,

The years of your illusions, the years of your vain imaginations.  
Could I but spare you  
The deceptions which rend, the treacheries which overwhelm,  
At least could I possess the power  
To prevent them reaching you until very late,  
The latest possible !  
You will know all too soon, O young people,  
The tears, the anxieties, the sorrows,  
You will know them too soon.  
Oh ! could I but be empowered to retard the hour,  
The cruel hour when you will take consciousness, full consciousness  
Of your anguish, of your sufferings !  
It seems this would calm the fire of my own wounds.  
It would cool the smarting of my own sores  
And would render less bitter  
The memory of my first disenchantments.

—Those who are about to suffer salute you.

A. BARRATT BROWN

*Not all S is P—or Symbolic Logic.*

*From the Canterbury Clinker.*

We seek a sign, we pine for Peace,  
No sign of Peace is given.  
Will signing peace make pining cease ?  
Peace must be signed in Heaven.

**SECTION III**  
**FACT**





ROSA LUXEMBURG

*Vae Victis*

*Breslau, November 24th, 1917.*

... Sonichka, dear, I had such a pang recently. In the courtyard where I walk, army lorries often arrive, laden with haversacks or old tunics and shirts from the front ; sometimes they are stained with blood. They are sent to the women's cells to be mended, and then go back for use in the army. The other day one of these lorries was drawn by a team of buffaloes instead of horses. I had never seen the creatures close at hand before. They are much more powerfully built than our oxen, with flattened heads, and horns strongly recurved, so that their skulls are shaped something like a sheep's skull. They are black, and have huge, soft eyes. The buffaloes are war trophies from Rumania. The soldier-drivers said that it was very difficult to catch these animals, which had always run wild, and still more difficult to break them to harness. They had been mercilessly flogged—on the principle of "*vae victis*." There are about a hundred head in Breslau alone. They have been accustomed to the luxuriant Rumanian pastures and have here to put up with lean and scanty fodder. Unsparingly exploited, yoked to heavy loads, they are soon worked to death. The other day a lorry came laden with sacks, so overladen indeed that the buffaloes were unable to drag it across the threshold of the gate. The soldier-driver, a brute of a fellow, belaboured the poor beasts so savagely with the butt end of his whip that the wardress at the gate, indignant at the sight, asked him if he had no compassion for animals. "No more than anyone has compassion for us men," he answered with an evil smile, and redoubled his blows. At length the buffaloes succeeded in drawing the load over the obstacle, but one of them was bleeding. You know their hide is proverbial for its thickness and toughness, but it had been torn. While the lorry was being unloaded, the beasts, which were utterly exhausted, stood perfectly still. The one that was bleeding had an expression on its black face and in its soft black eyes like that of a weeping child—one that has been severely thrashed and does not know why, nor how to escape from the torment of ill-treatment. I stood in front of the team ; the beast looked at me ; the tears welled from my own eyes. The suffering of a dearly loved brother could hardly have moved me more profoundly, than I was moved by my impotence in face of this mute agony. Far distant, lost for ever, were the green, lush meadows of Rumania. How different there the light of the sun, the breath of the wind ; how different there the song of the birds

and the melodious call of the herdsman. Instead, the hideous street, the foetid stable, the rank hay mingled with mouldy straw, the strange and terrible men—blow upon blow, and blood running from gaping wounds. Poor wretch, I am as powerless, as dumb, as yourself; I am at one with you in my pain, my weakness, and my longing.

Meanwhile the women prisoners were jostling one another as they busily unloaded the dray and carried the heavy sacks into the building. The driver, hands in pockets, was striding up and down the courtyard, smiling to himself as he whistled a popular air. I had a vision of all the splendour of war! . . .

ALEXANDER BERKMAN

*The Prisoner finds a Friend.*

On the Homestretch,

*Sub Rosa*, April 15, 1905.

MY DEAR GIRL,

The last spring is here, and a song is in my heart. Only three more months, and I shall have settled accounts with Father Penn. There is the year in the workhouse, of course, and that prison, I am told, is even a worse hell than this one. But I feel, strong with the suffering that is past, and perhaps even more so with the wonderful jewel I have found. The man I mentioned in former letters has proved a most beautiful soul and sincere friend. In every possible way he has been trying to make my existence more endurable. With what little he may, he says, he wants to make amends for the injustice and brutality of society. He is a Socialist, with a broad outlook upon life. Our lengthy discussions (per notes) afford me many moments of pleasure and joy.

It is chiefly to his exertions that I shall owe my commutation time. The sentiment of the Inspectors was not favorable. I believe it was intended to deprive me of two years' good time. Think what it would mean to us! But my friend—my dear Chum, as I affectionately call him—has quietly but persistently been at work, with the result that the Inspectors have "seen the light." It is now definite that I shall be released in July. The date is still uncertain. I can barely realize that I am soon to leave this place. The anxiety and restlessness of the last month would be almost unbearable, but for the soothing presence of my devoted friend. I hope some day you will meet him—perhaps even soon, for he is not of the quality that can long remain a helpless witness of the torture of men. He wants to work in the broader field,

where he may join hands with those who strive to reconstruct the conditions that are bulwarked with prison bars.

But while necessity forces him to remain here, his character is in evidence. He devotes his time and means to lightening the burden of the prisoners. His generous interest kept my sick friend Harry alive, in the hope of a pardon. You will be saddened to hear that the Board refused to release him, on the ground that he was not "sufficiently ill." The poor boy, who had never been out of sight of a guard since he was a child of ten, died a week after the pardon was refused.

But though my Chum could not give freedom to Harry, he was instrumental in saving another young life from the hands of the hangman. It was the case of young Paul, typical of prison as the nursery of crime. The youth was forced to work alongside of a man who persecuted and abused him because he resented improper advances. Repeatedly Paul begged the Warden to transfer him to another department; but his appeals were ignored. The two prisoners worked in the bakery. Early one morning, left alone, the man attempted to violate the boy. In the struggle that followed the former was killed. The prison management was determined to hang the lad, "in the interests of discipline." The officers openly avowed they would "fix his clock." Permission for a collection, to engage an attorney for Paul, was refused. Prisoners who spoke in his behalf were severely punished; the boy was completely isolated preparatory to his trial. He stood absolutely helpless, alone. But the dear Chum came to the rescue of Paul. The work had to be done secretly, and it was a most difficult task to secure witnesses for the defence among the prisoners terrorized by the guards. But Chum threw himself into the work with heart and soul. Day and night he labored to give the boy a chance for his life. He almost broke down before the ordeal was over. But the boy was saved; the jury acquitted him on the ground of self-defence.

The proximity of release, if only to change cells, is nerve-racking in the extreme. But even the mere change will be a relief. Meanwhile my faithful friend does everything in his power to help me bear the strain. Besides ministering to my physical comforts, he generously supplies me with books and publications. It helps to while away the leaden-heeled days, and keeps me abreast of the world's work. The Chum is enthusiastic over the growing strength of Socialism, and we often discuss the subject with much vigour. It appears to me, however, that the Socialist anxiety for success is by degrees perverting essential principles. It is with much sorrow I have learned that political

activity, formerly viewed merely as a means of spreading Socialist ideas, has gradually become an end in itself. Straining for political power weakens the fibres of character and ideals. Daily contact with authority has strengthened my conviction that control of the governmental power is an illusory remedy for social evils. Inevitable consequences of false conceptions are not to be legislated out of existence. It is not merely the conditions, but the fundamental ideas of present civilization, that are to be transvalued, to give place to new social and individual relations. The emancipation of labor is the necessary first step along the road of a regenerated humanity ; but even that can be accomplished only through the awakened consciousness of the toilers, acting on their own initiative and strength.

On these and other points Chum differs with me, but his intense friendship knows no intellectual distinctions. He is to visit you during his August vacation. I know you will make him feel my gratitude, for I can never repay his boundless devotion.

SASHA.

LEON TROTSKY

*On the Siberian Exiles.*

*Samarow, 5th February, 1907.*

Yesterday we made 65, to-day 73 Versts. To-morrow we will cover the same distance. We have already passed the agricultural zone. The peasants of this part—the Russians as well as the Ostjaken—live exclusively on fishing.

How densely populated is the Government District of Tobolsk ! There is literally not a single little village in which you would not find exiles. The proprietor of the Semstvo Office in which we are quartered, tells us that formerly there used not to be any " politicals " here, but since the manifesto of the 30th of October there has been a real inundation of the area with " politicals." " That was when it started." That is how the atmosphere of constitutionalism manifested itself out here. In many places the " politicals " do business with the natives : they collect and clean fir-cones, fish, pick berries, go hunting, etc. Those with more spirit and enterprise establish co-operative workshops, co-operative fisheries, co-operative stores and the like. The relations between them and the peasants are excellent. For instance, in Samarow—a large trading village—the peasants furnished a warm house for the " politicals " free of charge, and when the first exiles arrived they presented them with a calf and two bags

of flour. In the shops, it is customary for the "politicals" to get all their purchases cheaper than the peasants. Some of the "politicals" here live in a community of their own, and fly the red flag from the roof of their house without molestation. Just you try to display the red flag in Paris, Berlin or Geneva !

By the way, I should like to give you a few of my observations about the evil system.

That the "political" population of prisons and of Siberia is growing more and more democratized in its social composition is a fact which has often been referred to since the nineties. The percentage of workers, who have outdone the records of the revolutionary intelligentsia, is steadily rising. This intelligentsia used to regard the Peter-Paul Fortress, the Cross Prison at Kobjnisk as a monopoly of their own, almost as a primogeniture. In the years 1900 to 1902 in the district of Irkutsk I met exiled Parodovolzy and Parodo-Pravzi (members of people's organisations) who almost sneered at the sight of a prison compartment full of chimney-sweepers of Vilna or cutlers of Minsk. But the exiled worker of that time was usually a member of a revolutionary organisation and stood on a sure basis politically and morally. Nearly all the exiles—except those who came from the Jewish settlement, Rayon—had to pass through the sieve of the police examination, and coarse as this sieve might be, it was able to separate the wheat from the chaff, so that only the really advanced workers came to Siberia and therefore the bands of exiles always maintained a certain standard.

The exiles of the "constitutional" period show quite a different character. No longer an organisation but an elementary mass movement ; no previous trial, even by the police, but simply a street-raid. The common, undistinguished mass, not only came into exile, but even had to undergo machine-gun fire. After the suppression of a long line of mass actions, came expropriation either for revolutionary objects or merely under a revolutionary flag, the Maximalist adventure, and finally common freebooting. Those who could not be summarily hanged were sent to Siberia. Of course, there were a number of people completely strange to us, who had only come into touch with the revolutionary movement in the most superficial way ; numbers of them were nothing more than street-walkers and common specimens of the city's night life, who had been caught and brought to trial in the "big brawl." It is obvious how this would reflect on the standard of the exiles.

Another circumstance has tended disastrously in the same direction : I mean the attempts at escape. Of course only the

best elements, the most active and advanced, escape,—as they only escape to devote themselves afresh to the party and the party-work. How large this percentage is can be judged from the fact that in certain districts of Tobolsk Area there were 350 successful escapes out of 450 attempts. Only the lazy ones stay on, and that is the reason that, in the main, the exiles consist of the insignificant elements, politically unclassifiable. The few advanced and politically developed elements who for some reason or other have not been able to escape, sometimes fight against heavy odds: willy-nilly, in the eyes of the population they are connected by a common tie with these unreliable fellows.

ARTHUR KOESTLER

*Spanish Testament.*

*Franco's Prison in Seville, Thursday March 11th (1937)*

When the prisoners are led out into the patio and when they come back, they march four abreast along the corridor past my cell. They walk slowly, with shuffling steps; most of them wear felt slippers or bast sandals. I stand at my spy-hole and follow the procession with my eyes, as one face after another comes within my field of vision. All have a habit of reading out the name-cards on the cell doors as they pass. Often I hear my name spelled out in undertones fifteen or twenty times in succession: "Ar-tu-ro-ko-est-ler". Sometimes one of them will read the rest, too: "In-co-mu-ni-ca-do. O-jo". "O-jo" means: "keep an eye on him." Sometimes, when I am absorbed in reading or lost in a reverie, the sudden murmuring of my name seems to come from a chorus of ghosts.

To-day midday, as they came in for siesta, someone threw a piece of paper into my cell as if in fun . . .

*(This part written in London, Autumn, 1937)*

It was a piece of brown cigarette paper screwed up into a ball. Unfolding it, I read the following lines:

"Comrade, we know that you are here and that you are a friend of the Spanish Republic. You have been condemned to death; but they will not shoot you. They are much too afraid of the new King of England. They will only kill us—the poor and humble (los pobres y humildes).

"Yesterday again they shot seventeen in the cemetery. In our cell, where there were once 100 there are now only 73. Dear



YEGOR SAZONOV IN PRISON

Courtesy of Messrs. Methuen





comrade foreigner, we three are also condemned to death, and they will shoot us to-night or to-morrow. But you may survive and if you ever come out you must tell the world all about those who kill us because we want liberty and no Hitler.

"The victorious troops of our Government have conquered Toledo and have also got Oviedo, Vittoria and Badajoz. And soon they will be here, and will carry us victoriously through the streets. Further letters will follow this one. Courage. We love you.

"THREE REPUBLICAN MILITIAMEN"

No further letters followed. I learned later that two of the men were shot that very night, and the third, whose sentence was commuted, was sentenced to thirty years' penal servitude—the Spanish equivalent to a life term.

I had to learn that letter by heart. It has literally become a part of my body, for half an hour after I received it my cell was visited by the guard of inspection. I had no time to tear up the note, and so was obliged to swallow it.

*Friday, March 12th.*

Morning librarian. Brought Agatha Christie's "Muerte en las Nubes" (Death in the Clouds). An old usurers is bumped off in an aeroplane with a poisoned Indian blowpipe . . .

Out in the patio the poor and humble are still playing football and leap-frog. Impossible to discover if any are missing, and which.

My paper is coming to an end ; am writing so small that my eyes water.

JOHN MITCHEL

*Escape.*

*June 6th, 1853.* Nearly two months have gone by since the arrest of Nicaragua. He recovered his health and strength slowly. He is at present with us in Nant Cottage ; and the day after to-morrow we shall probably proceed to business. A ship bound for Sydney is to sail on that night from Hobart Town ; and if we can reach Hobart Town after dark, the agents of the ship, who are friendly to me, will place me on board at the mouth of the river, after all clearances by police and custom-house authorities. Nicaragua has been judiciously bribing so far as was prudent ; but with all he can do in this way, the odds against us will be heavy at all times in the police office . . .

*June 8th.* The town is full of police to-day—we put the business off till to-morrow. In the meantime I send James down to Hobart Town to ask the agents if they could delay the ship for a few hours longer. Whatever be the answer, however, we mean to see the affair out to-morrow. By the prudent employment of some money, Nicaragua has made sure that there will not be more than the ordinary guard of constables present. We could bribe them all, if we dared trust the rascals. As matters stand, we are certain to meet not only the police magistrate himself, but also the police clerk, a respectable man, not purchasable by money, and at least two constables, neither of whom has been bribed, and both of whom will, probably, under the eyes of the magistrates, attempt to do their “duty.”

*12th.* In *Westbury district*, full seventy miles from Bothwell.

On the 9th, as we had resolved before, Nicaragua and I mounted at Nant Cottage—he on Donald, I on Fleur-de-lis. The eldest of the boys walked through the fields into Bothwell, that he might be ready at the police office door to hold our horses. Before we had ridden a quarter of a mile from the house, we met James (boy number two), coming at a gallop from Hobart Town. He handed me a note from the shipping agents. Ship gone ; it was impossible to detain her any longer without exciting suspicion ; and the shipping agent conjured me to give the thing up or defer it.

As we stood now, therefore, there was no arrangement for escaping out of the island at all ; and if we got clear out of the police office, it was a matter of indifference to me whether I should ride north, south or east. Westward lay impassable wilderness.

We overtook Mr. Russell of Denistoun, on our way into Bothwell. He asked me, with some interest, what prices I had got for certain grass-fed wethers which I had sold a few days before—also, whether I meant to put any of my land in crop for the ensuing year—to all which I replied with much agricultural sagacity and pastoral experience. All the while I saw John Knox, and the boy number one, hurrying along near the river bank, that they might be in the township as soon as I.

At the entrance of the village Mr. Russell parted company with us, and called at a house. Nicaragua and I rode leisurely down the main street. At the police barrack, on the little hill, we saw eight or nine constables, all armed, and undergoing a sort of drill. At the police office door there was, as usual, a constable on guard. Mr. Barr, a worthy Scotch gentleman, and magistrate of the district, was standing within a few yards of the gate.

We dismounted. I walked in first, through the little gate leading to the court, through the door, which opened into a hall or passage, and thence into the court-room, where I found his worship sitting as usual. Near him sat Mr. Robinson, the police clerk. "Mr. Davis," said I, "here is a copy of a note which I have just despatched to the governor ; I have thought it necessary to give you a copy." The note was as follows :—

*Bothwell, 8th June, 1853*

To the Lieut.-Gov., etc—Sir—I hereby resign the "ticket-of-leave" and withdraw my *parole*.

I shall forthwith present myself before the police magistrate of Bothwell, at his office, show him a copy of this note, and offer myself to be taken into custody.

Your obedient servant,

JOHN MITCHEL.

Mr. Davis took the note ; it was open. "Do you wish me," he said, "to read it ?" "Certainly ; it was for that I brought it." He glanced over the note, and then, looked at me. That instant Nicaragua came in and planted himself at my side. His worship and his clerk both seemed somewhat discomposed at this ; for they knew the "Correspondent of the *New York Tribune*" very well, as also his errand from New York. I have no doubt that Mr. Davis thought I had a crowd outside. There is no other way of accounting for his irresolution.

Then I said, "You see the purport of that note, sir ; it is short and plain. It resigns the thing called 'ticket-of-leave,' and revokes my promise which bound me so long as I held that thing."

Still he made no move, and gave no order. So I repeated my explanation. "You observe, sir, that my parole is at an end from this moment ; and I came here to be taken into custody pursuant to that note."

All this while there was a constable in the adjoining room, besides the police clerk, and the guard at the door ; yet still his worship made no move. "Now, good morning, sir," I said, putting on my hat. The hand of Nicaragua was playing with the handle of the revolver in his coat. I had a ponderous riding-whip in my hand, besides pistols in my breast-pocket. The moment I said "Good morning," Mr. Davis shouted, "No—no ! stay here ! Rainsford ! Constables !" The police clerk sat at his desk, looking into vacancy. We walked out together through the hall ; the constable in the district constable's office, who personally acted as his clerk, now ran out, and on being desired to stop

us, followed us through the court, and out into the street, but without coming very near. At the little gate leading out of the court into the street, we expected to find the man on guard on the alert between us and our horses. But this poor constable, though he heard the magistrate's orders, and the commotion, did not move. He was holding two horses, one with each hand, and looked on in amazement, while we passed him, and jumped into our saddles.

We concluded that we had done enough, and that there was no reason to wait any longer ; therefore

We gave the bridle-rein a shake,  
Said, Adieu for evermore, my dear ;  
And adieu for evermore !

Mr. Davis and two constables rushing against one another, with bare heads and loud outcries—grinning residents of Bothwell on the pathway, who knew the meaning of the performance in a moment, and who, being commanded to stop us in the Queen's name, aggravated the grin into a laugh ; some small boys at a corner, staring at our horses as they galloped by, and offering " three to one on the white 'un "—this is my last impression of Bothwell on the banks of the Tasmanian Clyde.

*June 16th.* I find, also, that Mr. Davis, at Bothwell, charged one of the constables who were present (an Englishman) with failing in his duty, by not securing me, when ordered ; and, further, charged him with having been bribed. He, therefore, dismissed him ; whereupon the man got drunk on the spot, and spent the evening invoking three cheers for me. It is not true that this poor fellow was bribed : but I wish he had been ; for, it is now clear he was open to a bribe, wanted a bribe, and deserved a bribe.

MARIA SPIRIDONOVA

*The Assassination of Luzhenovsky, 1905.*

DEAR COMRADES,

Luzhenovsky rode that way for the last time. He was said to be going to catch a special train at Borissoglebsk, so it had to happen there. I waited a whole day at one station, just as long at another, and two days at a third. One morning, when the train came in, I realised from the presence of the Cossacks that

Luzhenovsky was on it. I got a second-class ticket, so as to be able to use the carriage next to his. I was dressed like a school-girl, and looked bright and happy and composed, so I roused no suspicion at all. But Luzhenovsky did not get out on to the platform.

When the train arrived at Borissoglebsk the station was cleared by gendarmes and Cossacks. I climbed on the running-board of the carriage next to his, and fired a shot at Luzhenovsky from a distance of twelve or thirteen paces as he was passing down a thick line of Cossacks. I had no fear of missing, as I was quite calm and collected, although I had to fire over a Cossack's shoulder. I went on firing as long as I could. After the first shot Luzhenovsky ducked, gripped his stomach, and began staggering this way and that way up and down the platform, as if trying to escape. I jumped down on to the platform and quickly fired three times more, changing my position each time. According to Bogorodisky's report Luzhenovsky received five wounds, two in the stomach, two in the chest, and one in the arm.

The stupefied bodyguard came to its senses. Cossacks rushed into the station, and shouts of 'Go for them! out with your guns and whips!' filled the air. Swords were drawn, and when I saw them flashing I thought my last hour had come. I decided not to let myself be taken alive. I was raising my revolver to my temples when my arm fell, and I found myself lying on the ground, stunned by blows. I heard a Cossack officer asking me where my revolver was, while he hastily searched me. A rain of shattering blows with a club fell on my head and body. I tried to shout 'Shoot me,' but the blows did not cease. I tried to protect my face with my hands, but blows with rifle-butts forced them away. Then a Cossack officer seized my plait, wound it round his arm, and dragged me by it with all his strength along the platform. I fainted, my arms hung limp, blows rained on my face and head. Later they dragged me down the steps by the leg. My head struck each step. I was dragged into the cab by my plait.

A Cossack officer questioned me in some kind of a house. Before the assassination, I was determined not to withhold my name and the reason for the deed for one moment. But now I could not remember my name. I could only talk in a kind of delirium. I was once again struck on the face and breasts. At the police station I was undressed, searched, and taken to a cold cell with a filthy, damp floor.

At twelve or one o'clock in the afternoon Police Officer Zhdanov and the Cossack officer entered my cell. They remained with

me, with short intervals, until eleven o'clock at night. They interrogated me, and were so skilful at torturing that Ivan the Terrible himself would have envied them. Zhdanov kicked me into the corner of the cell, where the Cossack was waiting for me. He trampled on my back and then threw me back again to Zhdanov, who stood on my neck. They ordered me to undress completely and forbade the already ice-cold cell to be heated. They beat my naked body with the knout. Zhdanov swore horribly and shouted at me : ' Well, miss (curses followed), won't you make a stirring speech ? ' I could only see with one eye and the right side of my face was dreadfully bruised. They made a special point of pinching it and asked craftily : ' Does it hurt, darling ? Tell us the names of your accomplices.'

I constantly became delirious and I was tormented by the possibility of having betrayed something during my periods of unconsciousness. But I did not give away anything essential during those periods of delirium, and all my ravings were fantastic nonsense.

When I came round I told them my name, and said I was a Social Revolutionary and that I would make my statement before the examining magistrate. I told them I came from Tambov, which the public prosecutor, Kamenev, and other gendarmes could corroborate. This statement called forth a burst of anger. They tore hairs from my head one at a time and asked again and again where the other revolutionaries were. They extinguished cigarettes on my naked body and shouted : ' Now scream, you carrion ! ' In order to make me cry out they pressed the soles of my ' beautiful ' feet (as they chose to call them) together with their boots as if with pincers, and roared : ' Now scream ! ' (Curses followed.)

' We've made whole villages howl like cattle, and this little girl hasn't made a sound, either here or at the station. Well, you'll shriek yet. It's a pleasure to torture you. . . . We'll give you to the Cossacks for the night.' ' No,' Avramov said, ' we'll have her first, the Cossacks can have her afterwards.' And foul embraces were accompanied by the order ' Shriek ! ' During the whole torture, both at the station and at police headquarters, I did not cry out once. But I was constantly delirious.

At eleven o'clock I was interrogated by the examining magistrate, but later, at Tambov, he declined to hand over the material on the ground that I was delirious the whole time. I was taken to Tambov in a special train. The train went slowly ; it was cold and dark. Avramov's foul curses hung in the air. He cursed me horribly. I could feel the breath of death hovering

over me. Even the Cossacks found the atmosphere uncanny. 'Sing, you fellows; why are you so downhearted? Don't let this sow's dying stop us from enjoying ourselves!' Wild shouting and whistling followed. The singing grew passionate; eyes and teeth sparkling; the song was horrible. I became delirious. 'Water!' There was no water.

The officer took me into a second-class compartment. He was drunk and became gentle with me. His hands encircled me, unbuttoned my dress; his drunken lips whispered coarsely, 'Your breasts are as soft as silk, you have a beautiful body.' . . . I lacked strength to protect myself to push him away. I had no voice with which to cry out, and it would have been in vain. I should have liked to have smashed my head to pieces, but how? The bestial creature would not release me. He kicked hard with his boot against my tightly closed legs so that he might stop their resistance. I shouted for the police officer, but he was asleep. Stroking my chin, Avramov bent over me and whispered gently: 'Why do you grind your teeth like that? You will break your dear little teeth.'

I did not sleep all that night, for I was terrified of being violated. In the morning he offered me chocolate liqueurs. As soon as he was alone he caressed me again. I slept for an hour just before we reached Tambov. I woke, for I felt the arm of the officer lying upon me. He took me to the prison and kept on repeating 'Look; I embrace you.' In Tambov I became delirious again and was very ill indeed.

My statement was as follows: 1. Yes, I wanted to kill Luzhenovsky after previous arrangement with ——. 2. I did it in accordance with the decision of the Tambov committee of the Social Revolutionary Party, because of the criminal way in which Luzhenovsky knouted the peasants and mishandled them with such immeasurable cruelty during the political and agricultural unrests; and because Luzhenovsky in his capacity as Chief District Police Inspector of Borissoglebsk committed many robberies; because he organized the Black Hundred in Tambov. I did it as a reply to the introduction of martial law in Tambov and other governments. The Tambov Committee of the Social Revolutionary Party passed sentence of death on Luzhenovsky. I undertook the execution in accordance with their verdict and in full consciousness of what I was doing.

The interrogation is ended now. I am very ill and constantly delirious. If I am executed I shall die peacefully and with happiness in my heart. . . .

SPIRIDONOVA.



YEGOR SAZONOV

*Letter to his comrades, 1904 : the assassination of Plehve.*

The usual guards were posted all the way to the station—police on foot and on horseback, secret agents in every possible disguise, some dressed as beggars, others as fine gentlemen. Some stood in the thoughtful pose of men absorbed in ethereal dreams, others sauntered along in leisurely, aristocratic fashion. All their faces, however, betrayed the mark of Cain. They all cast inquisitive, questioning, furtive glances around. I had to work my way through this barricade of guards with the greatest possible care, for at any moment a sudden shove might cause me to be prematurely blown up.

The minister's carriage came speeding along like an arrow. I went quickly to meet it and block the way. I saw Plehve quickly changing his position and bowing at the carriage window. I took my bomb and flung it at the window-pane. What happened next I neither saw nor heard. Everything disappeared.

But the next moment consciousness returned. I was lying on the pavement. My first thought was astonishment at being still alive. I tried to get up, but my body felt as if it were not there ; I felt as if nothing were left but thought. I passionately wanted to know the result of my deed. Somehow I managed to raise myself on my elbow and look round. Through the smoke I saw a red general's cloak lying on the ground, and something else, but neither carriage nor horses. According to eye-witnesses I shouted : " Long live freedom ! " Without knowing how badly I was wounded, I was filled with the wish not to be caught by my enemies. The thought, " I may get delirious," ran through my mind. " Rather commit *hara-kiri* in the Japanese manner than die at the filthy hands of the gendarmes." I tried to take my revolver from my pocket, but my hands would not obey me. In the meantime one of the police who always escorted Plehve's carriage on bicycles rushed up, attracted by my cry. He fell upon me and held me down with the weight of his body. And then there began the scenes that are usual in these cases. The first man started hitting me. Then others turned up and started belabouring me in every possible way with their fists, with kicks, with the butts of their revolvers. Yet I felt no pain and no resentment. Everything was indifferent to me. In the blessedness of victory and the peace of approaching death everything faded into insignificance. I heard shouts of " Where's the other bomb ? "

The revolver in my pocket might have gone off and wounded someone while they were flogging me, and I decided that this was unnecessary, so I said : "Leave me alone ! I haven't got another bomb. Take the revolver from my pocket." Then they decided to remove me. I was seized by the leg and dragged along, and my head bumped on the pavement. I was dragged up to the third floor of an hotel, flung on to the bare floor, my clothes were torn from my body, and they beat me again with gnashing of teeth. I do not know how long I lay there naked ; I was only semi-conscious. I saw as in a mist that the room was full of police and officials. Someone felt my head and said, "He'll live ; but it's dangerous to hit him." I was taken to a hospital and came to my senses on the operating-table just as someone was inserting a tube in my throat to clear the supposed poison from my stomach. Then they put me to sleep with chloroform, extracted fragments of the bomb from my body, and amputated two of my toes. . . . As soon as I came round I felt hideously thirsty. I asked for water and heard strange voices, sounding as if they came from a distance (I did not yet know I was deaf), asking : "What's your name ?" "Give me something to drink," I answered. The same voice said, "Tell me your name and you'll get it." "Who are you ?" I asked. "The nurse." "What ! A nurse ! It's a scandal ! You ought to be at the front, not interrogating me !" I was given something to drink. I heard a new voice say (my head was bandaged), "I am the examining magistrate. You are charged with the murder of the Minister Plehve. Tell me your name and your motives." I did not tell him my name, but explained that I was a member of the militant group of the Social Revolutionary Party.

The interrogation lasted a long time and completely exhausted me. Next morning I was taken to the Kresty prison hospital. My eyes were bandaged. Someone bent over me and asked me in a friendly tone how I felt. "I am the doctor," he explained. "We have been waiting for you to wake up, and now I can tell you that you've been delirious and mentioned several names. Your bomb killed and wounded many people. What is particularly dreadful is that a five-year-old girl was killed too." I cried out loud and seized the "doctor's" hand. This torture continued. It was beyond my strength. I had an attack of hysteria. I chased the "doctor" away ; I implored him not to make me a traitor, and then lost consciousness again. When I came to my senses he appeared once more. I did not let him speak. "Go away, or I'll shout. You're no doctor ; you're an examining magistrate or a police agent."

He disappeared, and his place was taken by a real doctor, a prison doctor's assistant. He was very attentive and alleviated my physical pain. But he started talking too. He assured me that we were alone in the cell, that I had been delirious, that the police possessed this information and that. I was left in a terrible state of uncertainty, helplessness, darkness.

My physical sufferings from the wounds were as nothing compared to the moral hell I was going through. Heaven knows what I might have said in my ravings. I cried aloud for death, the deliverer, who had brushed me so closely and then so fearfully betrayed me. Better never to have been born than to disgrace and bring ruin on the cause, betray my comrades, and shatter their faith in me.

I resolved to rid myself of the torture at a blow. I said to the doctor's assistant: "I am prepared to tell you that my surname begins with the letter S." Thanks to this and my ravings they identified me in a day or two. That is all they found out. As if this was the moment they had been waiting for, the doctors removed the bandage from my eyes. Heavens! what did I see? Gendarmes had been on constant duty at my bedside. Every word I had spoken in my delirium had been reported.

YEGOR SAZONOV

*Order Restored.*

*Letter to his mother, February 1907.*

. . . A still worse day followed. Borodulin began putting his reforms into effect. The prison was filled with armed soldiers. We heard Borodulin saying to them: "Be merciless and shoot on the slightest sign of protest, but mind you don't hit the warders." He toyed with his revolver in the presence of our representative and said: "My speciality is cleaning up prisons. I know I may be killed. But I'm not frightened. I'll walk over your dead bodies first." The whole of this magnificent exhibition of brute force was entirely superfluous. For why should men who had just lost Spiridonova bother to fight to keep chains off their legs? Now we were put in chains, made to wear prison uniform, locked in the cells. The master-torturer remained with us for five long days. They seemed years to us. Borodulin left us yesterday, having succeeded in reducing the prison to "order."

YEGOR SAZONOV

*An Unequal Struggle.*

*Letter to Melzhin, February 1907.*

We were taken to the prison office one by one, under heavy guard, and in the depths of the night. Here we found a great to-do. There were glaring lights, all the prison officials were present, and guards were posted at every door. "Caps off! Take their caps off! Undress them! Take all their clothes off! Shave them all by force!" Borodulin appeared from a neighbouring room and rapped out his commands one after the other, only to disappear again and hide behind a wall of bayonets. Those who protested were seized; all their clothing was torn from their bodies and their heads shaved. The first two, and in particular Stilmann (a Jewish Social Revolutionary worker) were dreadfully belaboured with clubs. Borodulin kept on shouting, "Club him over the head! I'll teach you to obey! You're not at Akatui any longer! Your very bones will be lost sight of!"

All this happened not in secret but before a festive gathering, before the very eyes of a large audience. Towards midnight we found ourselves all together again in one cell, and from the several reports we could piece together the complete picture. It was clear that we had a long and bitter path to tread.

As it was obvious that Borodulin sought for pretexts to punish us, and as he could easily find them, we resolved to make no concessions to the prison regime. We decided not to respond to military commands, nor be addressed in the second person singular, nor to take our caps off.

Anything may happen, and we see no limit to his tyranny. Our one way out is, at the last moment, to force this butcher to kill us. The sympathy of the whole prison, including the criminals, with whom Borodulin seeks to curry favour by granting them favours, is with us. We have great difficulty in preventing the other prisoners from interfering. A prison revolt would cost much blood. We dare not hope for a happy outcome, but we are at peace—the peace with which condemned men wait for death. Only to die the death of an active fighter is an entirely different matter from falling a sacrifice to the tyranny of a contemptible Borodulin.

*Letter to Spiridonova.* (About the following night.)

We sat and waited. Partly to keep up our spirits, partly out of defiance, we started to sing. What singing that was! Never in my life have I heard anything more awful. I did not know how to hide from it. I buried my nose in the mattress. My companions forced me to get up. "Don't be so downhearted. Your mood's catching!" I got up and started walking up and down. My legs trembled and shook. I cannot describe what a relief it was when the singing came to an end. Every one sat down to write letters of farewell. I felt no fear, only a feeling of desperation at having to die such a dreadful death, and I grieved for those who would mourn for me, and this awakened in me a feeling of something like shame. During the night we took turns at standing on guard. I lay there, sleepless, late into the night. During the day a resolution had ripened in me, and the more I thought about it the more did it seem to me to be the best way out. Soon there would be a mass-flogging, perhaps torture, perhaps long-drawn-out ill-treatment, perhaps a repetition of the scene at yesterday's reception. By my voluntary death I still might save the others. It would not be cowardice, but the most practical thing I could do. So I swallowed the morphine I brought with me from Akatui.

But the man who gave it to me had let me down. The dose was ineffective. I fell asleep, only to wake up later with a very bad headache and sickness. Now I had lost the last thing I possessed.

We lived through those days like condemned men waiting for execution. Every day, every hour, every minute of the day, and all night as we stood on guard, we waited in momentary expectation of the arrival of the executioner, come to do away with us once and for all. On March 5th he turned up. Comrade Rybnikov met Borodulin in the corridor, did not take off his cap, and was promptly dragged off to the dark cell. There was no doubt that he would be flogged there, or that something still worse might happen to him. So we shouted for Borodulin and threatened to break down the door if he did not come. Borodulin arrived with an escort of soldiers.

"Attention, stand up!" he ordered us. We remained where we were, and explained that we would not stand up. "Return our comrade to us or take us all to the dark cell, because Rybnikov is not any more to blame than we," we said. "Silence! I take

whom I want! Take those two there!" roared Borodulin, pointing at two comrades who were sitting at the outside of the group. The soldiers stepped forward to seize them, but we held them and would not let them go. "Club them over the head!" Borodulin bellowed. A fierce struggle began. We huddled together, held each other's hands and made a closed chain. The soldiers fell on us again. In an animal frenzy, with gnashing teeth, they started striking us with their rifle-butts. Soon three of us were laid out on the floor. One had his head split open, the second man's face was covered in blood, the third was groaning and practically unconscious, clasping his breast. The soldiers had succeeded in dragging one of us into the dark cell, and now they stood before us, gazing at the fruits of their victory. Borodulin stood behind them, looking over their shoulders. Something restrained him from continuing the bloodshed at that moment. He ordered us to be deprived of our bedding, hot meals, and exercise, and the stools to be left in the cell all day.

YEGOR SAZONOV

*The Communal Cell.*

*Letter from Gorny Serentui, November 1908*

The only thing which I cannot get used to is the crowd of people and the resulting constant noise. . . . Apparently the cell is full to overflowing, but every week it seems able to stretch, as if it were blown up like a rubber ball. Russia never tires of sending us new comrades. Who is not represented here? One meets such excellent people that one is lost in brotherly love for them. Sometimes the very reverse occurs, but that is inevitable among such a lot of people.

Picture our room. It is ten paces wide and thirteen paces long, and not much more than six feet high. There are four large windows. Along the length of all four walls are benches, heaped with bedding. A table takes up the whole length of the room. At meal-times, or, for that matter, at other times too, the occupants of the room swarm round it like flies.

Every fraction of space where the light is better or that is anywhere near the lamp is taken by storm. The appearance of the cell is quite decent. The walls and ceilings are whitewashed, we keep the floor clean ourselves. On sunny days fresh air and sunshine stream through the windows, and we can see the mountain-tops, in the distance. At such times the place is quite cheerful. Time passes, but it is frittered away, because of the

noise that fills the cell all day long. I can only work late in the evening and early in the morning. The others have adapted themselves to working in spite of the noise, but I cannot get used to it.

I am filled with admiration for our people ; in spite of walls and imprisonment, in spite of the dreadful diet, of the fact that in the outside world each one has people dear to him who are pining for him, each one of them possesses such strength and resilience of spirit that contemplation of it renews and strengthens one's faith in the future. Your own sufferings disappear when you consider that all your comrades are suffering just like you. If you only knew how splendid it is to feel yourself a fraction of a tremendous whole ; to own nothing whatever of one's own ; to own not only no material possessions such as bread or gold, but even to have lost the sense of one's own separateness ; to be in a state in which even joy and sorrow are common property. If you could really understand and feel what I mean you would have discovered the secret that keeps us so fresh and green, so little sensitive to what, outside, in freedom, is called personal suffering.

ERNST TOLLER

*The Baker's Story.*

(To B.)

*Stadelheim, 1919.*

DEAR

I noticed in prison a prisoner who had a deep red vertical scar on his forehead, between his brows. He was Ludwig S., a baker from Munich. Other comrades told me that he could neither speak nor hear. I asked him to write down his story for me on a piece of paper.

Here is his story :

"I was in the Red Army. On the second of May I was taken prisoner. The White Guards led me to the Matthäuser Brewery. I was brought to an officer. He took down personal details about me. Then I was handed over to a sergeant-major. He took me into the courtyard of a school ; there he said : 'What's the good of these long formalities ? Now, fellow ! Stand against the wall !' I was afraid, but it all happened so quickly that I could not think much. The sergeant-major drew his revolver, aimed and fired.

"I lay in the courtyard, my head fell back, I felt something wet. Perhaps my head lay in a puddle. What had happened? Good Lord! I'd been shot. But . . .? I open my eyes; above me is the sky. I think over what has happened. I think very quickly. The sergeant-major has drawn his revolver, has aimed and fired. That was no dream. But I am not dead. Probably I am only wounded. Where I do not know. I want to get up. But no, no, better not do that. Maybe the sergeant-major is sitting upstairs in his office, and will see that I am still alive. Then he will come and finish me off. I stay there, lying quite stiff. I do not know how much time has passed. I hear voices: 'Look, there lies a Red.' I feel a man searching my pockets, robbing me. One of them says: 'Look, he is still alive.' 'Then give him the *coup-de-grâce*,' says the other. I feel something cold on my forehead.

"I wake up. I am lying in a great hall on an operating-table. I see men in white overalls and nurses. I see their lips move, but I cannot hear. I want to speak. I cannot. Suddenly I remember: I am dead! . . . Am I not dead? . . . I make signs. The people around me see that I can neither hear nor speak. Bye and bye I learn all. The sergeant-major's bullet rebounded from my cigarette-case. From fear and shock I fainted. The soldier who had given me the *coup de grâce* had put his pistol to my forehead but, as my head had fallen back, the bullet did not pierce my forehead but only grazed it. You can put your finger in the place, the scar is so deep. I lay in the courtyard: and at night the soldiers threw the bodies into a van which already held several corpses. They drove it away to the east-cemetery. When I was lying on the ground I moved. A parson saw it and ordered me to be brought to the clinic."

Nothing could give a clearer idea of the spirit of our justice. In the Middle Ages the fate of some prisoners was decided by ordeal. If a man came through, he was freed. We live in the twentieth century. Our time is more advanced! More humane! More enlightened!

The Bavarian Government drags into court a man who has suffered twice all the torments of being shot, who twice, in truth, had to die, tries him and commits the cripple to prison.





**SECTION IV**  
**FICTION**



SILVIO PELLICO

(From *Esther of Engaddi*.)

(Act V, Scene 2. Jephtha, the wicked priest, is scheming to seduce the beautiful Esther by foul means.)

Jephtha (*alone*) :

Still I pause . . . and falter in my purpose !  
And thus are all mankind cowards alike !  
We meditate stern deeds—but stand aghast  
When we should execute them ;—abject still,  
Though bold.—Remorse ? . . . never ! 'tis passion's tumult.—  
Again her beauty won upon my heart.  
Virtue is pictured on that open brow—  
Virtue !—Mysterious fascination . . .  
By all mankind derided,—yet admired.—  
Vain, antiquated dream ! which man, awake,  
Remembers still ;—and still sighs to possess.—  
A dream !—but should it not be so !—What then . . .

O. HENRY

*A Wild West Wedding.*

From *A Chaparral Christmas Gift*.

Sundown Kench was sonorous with the crackling of jokes and six-shooters, the shine of buckles and bright eyes, the outspoken congratulations of the herders of kine.

But while the wedding feast was at its liveliest there descended upon it Johnny McRoy, bitten by jealousy, like one possessed.

"I'll give you a Christmas present," he yelled shrilly at the door, with his '45 in his hand. Even then he had some reputation as an offhand shot.

His first bullet cut a neat underbit in Madison Lane's right ear. The barrel of his gun moved an inch. The next shot would have been the bride's had not Carson, a sheepman, possessed a mind with triggers somewhat well oiled and in repair. The guns of the wedding party had been hung, in their belts, upon nails in the wall when they sat at table, as a concession to good taste. But Carson, with great promptness, hurled his plate of venison and frijoles at McRoy, spoiling his aim. The second bullet, then, only shattered the white petals of a Spanish dagger flower suspended two feet above Rosita's head.

The guests spurned their chairs and jumped for their weapons. It was considered an improper act to shoot the bride and groom

at a wedding. In about six seconds there were twenty or so bullets due to be whizzing in the direction of McRoy.

"I'll shoot better next time," yelled Johnny ; " and there'll be a next time." He backed rapidly out the door.

Carson, the sheepman, spurred on to attempt further exploits by the success of his plate-throwing, was first to reach the door. McRoy's bullet from the darkness laid him low.

The cattlemen swept out upon him, calling for vengeance, for, while the slaughter of a sheepman has not always lacked condonement, it was a decided misdemeanour in this instance. Carson was innocent ; he was no accomplice at the matrimonial proceedings ; nor had anyone heard him quote the line " Christmas comes but once a year " to the guests. . . .

MIGUEL CERVANTES

*A Quixotic Adventure.*

From *Don Quixote*.

Light of heart, Don Quixote issued forth from the inn about break of day, so satisfied and so pleased to see himself knighted, that the joy thereof almost burst his horse's girths. But recollecting the advice of his host concerning the necessary provisions for his undertaking, especially the articles of money and clean shirts, he resolved to return home, and furnish himself accordingly, and also provide himself with a Squire, purposing to take into his service a certain country fellow of the neighbourhood who was poor, and had children, yet was very fit for the squirely office of chivalry. With this determination he turned Rozinante towards his village ; and the steed, as if aware of his master's intention, began to put on with so much alacrity that he hardly seemed to set his feet to the ground. He had not, however, gone far, when, on his right hand, from a thicket hard by, he fancied he heard feeble cries, as from some person complaining. And scarcely had he heard it when he said : " I thank Heaven for the favour it does me, by offering me so early an opportunity of complying with the duty of my profession, and of reaping the fruit of my honourable desires. These are, doubtless, the cries of some distressed person, who stands in need of my protection and assistance." Then, turning the reins, he guided Rozinante towards the place whence he thought the cries proceeded, and he had entered but a few paces into the wood, when he saw a mare tied to an oak, and a lad to another, naked from the waist upwards, about fifteen years of age, who was the person that cried out ;

and not without cause, for a lusty country fellow was laying on him very severely with a belt, and accompanied every lash with a reprimand, and a word of advice ; for, said he, " The tongue slow and the eyes quick." The boy answered : " I will do so no more, dear sir ; by the passion of God, I will never do so again ; and I promise for the future to take more care of the flock."

Don Quixote, observing what passed, now called out in an angry tone : " Discourteous knight, it ill becomes thee to deal thus with one who is not able to defend himself. Get upon thy horse, and take thy lance " (for he had also a lance leaning against the oak, to which the mare was fastened), " and I will make thee sensible of thy dastardly conduct." The countryman, seeing such a figure coming towards him, armed from head to foot, and brandishing his lance at his face, gave himself up for a dead man, and therefore humbly answered : " Signor cavalier, this lad I am chastising is a servant of mine, whom I employ to tend a flock of sheep which I have hereabouts ; but he is so careless that I lose one every day ; and because I correct him for his negligence, or roguery, he says I do it out of covetousness, and for an excuse not to pay him his wages ; but before God, and on my conscience, he lies." " Dar'st thou say so in my presence, vile rustic ? " said Don Quixote. " By the sun that shines upon us, I have a good mind to run thee through with this lance ! Pay him immediately, without further reply ; if not, by the God that rules us, I will despatch and annihilate thee in a moment ! Unbind him instantly ! " The countryman hung down his head, and, without reply, untied his boy. Don Quixote then asked the lad how much his master owed him, and he answered, nine months' wages, at seven reals a month. Don Quixote, on calculation, found that it amounted to sixty-three reals, and desired the countryman instantly to disburse them, unless he meant to pay it with his life. The fellow, in a fright, answered that, on the word of a dying man, and upon the oath he had taken (though, by the way, he had taken no oath), it was not so much ; for he must deduct the price of three pairs of shoes he had given him on account, and a real or two for blood-lettings when he was sick. " All this is very right," said Don Quixote, " but set the shoes and the blood-lettings against the stripes thou hast given him unjustly ; for if he tore the leather of thy shoes, thou hast torn his skin ; and if the barber-surgeon drew blood from him when he was sick, thou hast drawn blood from him when he is well ; so that upon these accounts he owes thee nothing." " The mischief is, signor cavalier," quoth the countryman, " that I have no money about me ; but let Andres go home with me, and I will pay him all,

real by real." "I go home with him!" said the lad; "the devil a bit! No, sir, I will do no such thing; for when he has me alone, he will flay me like any Saint Bartholomew." "He will not do so," replied Don Quixote; "to keep him in awe, it is sufficient that I lay my commands upon him; and, on condition he swears to me, by the order of knighthood which he has received, I shall let him go free, and will be bound for the payment." "Good sir, think of what you say," quoth the boy, "for my master is no knight, nor ever received any order of knighthood; he is John Aldudo, the rich, of the neighbourhood of Quintanar." "That is little to the purpose," answered Don Quixote; "there may be knights of the family of the Aldudos: more especially as every man is the son of his own works." "That's true," quoth Andres; "but what work is my master the son of, who refuses me the wages of my sweat and labour?" "I do not refuse thee, friend Andres," replied the countryman; "have the kindness to go with me; and I swear, by all the orders of knighthood that are in the world, I will pay thee every real down, and perfumed into the bargain." "For the perfuming, I thank thee," said Don Quixote; "give him the reals, and I shall be satisfied: and see that thou failest not; or else by the same oath, I swear to return and chastise thee; nor shalt thou escape me, though thou wert to conceal thyself closer than a lizard. And if thou wouldest be informed who it is thus commands, that thou mayest feel the more strictly bound to perform thy promise, know that I am the valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha, the redresser of wrongs and abuses; so farewell, and do not forget what thou hast promised and sworn, on pain of the penalty I have denounced." So saying, he clapped spurs to Rozinante, and was soon far off.

The countryman eagerly followed him with his eyes; and, when he saw him quite out of the wood, he turned to his lad Andres, and said: "Come hither, child, I wish now to pay what I owe thee, as that redresser of wrongs commanded." "So you shall, I swear," quoth Andres; "and you will do well to obey the orders of that honest gentleman (whom God grant to live a thousand years!), who is so brave a man, and so just a judge, that, egad, if you do not pay me, he will come back and do what he has threatened." "And I swear so, too," quoth the countryman, "and to show how much I love thee, I am resolved to augment the debt, that I may add to the payment." Then, taking him by the arm, he tied him again to the tree, where he gave him so many stripes, that he left him for dead. "Now," said he, "Master Andres, call upon that redresser of wrongs; thou wilt find he will not easily redress this: though I believe I have not quite done

with thee yet, for I have a good mind to flay thee alive, as thou saidst just now." At length, however, he untied him, and gave him leave to go in quest of his judge, to execute the threatened sentence. Andres went away in dudgeon, swearing he would find out the valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha, and tell him all that had passed, and that he should pay for it sevenfold. Nevertheless, he departed in tears, leaving his master laughing at him.

Thus did the valorous Don Quixote redress this wrong ; and, elated at so fortunate and glorious a beginning to his knight-errantry, he went on toward his village, entirely satisfied with himself, and saying in a low voice : " Well mayst thou deem thyself happy above all women living on the earth, O Dulcinea del Toboso, beauteous above the most beautiful ! since it has been thy lot to have subject and obedient to thy whole will and pleasure so valiant and renowned a knight as is and ever shall be Don Quixote de la Mancha ! who, as all the world knows, received but yesterday the order of knighthood, and to-day has redressed the greatest injury and grievance that injustice could invent, and cruelty commit ! To-day hath he wrested the scourge out of the hand of that pitiless enemy, by whom a tender stripling was so undeservedly lashed ! "

JOHN BUNYAN

*Christian's Fight with Apollyon.*

So he went on, and Apollyon met him. Now the monster was hideous to behold : he was clothed with scales like a fish, and they are his pride ; he had wings like a dragon, feet like a bear, and out of his belly came fire and smoke, and his mouth was as the mouth of a lion. When he was come up to Christian, he beheld him with a disdainful countenance, and thus began to question with him :—

*Apol.* Whence came you ? and whither are you bound ?

*Chr.* I am come from the City of Destruction, which is the place of all evil, and am going to the City of Zion.

*Apol.* By this I perceive that thou art one of my subjects : for all that country is mine, and I am the prince and god of it. How is it, then, that thou hast run away from thy king ? Were it not that I hope that thou mayest do me more service, I would strike thee now at one blow to the ground.

*Chr.* I was indeed born in your dominions, but your service was hard, and your wages such as a man could not live on—for the



wages of sin is death (Rom. vi, 23) ; therefore, when I was come to years, I did, as other considerate persons do, look out, if perhaps I might mend myself.

*Apol.* There is no prince that will thus lightly lose his subjects, neither will I as yet lose thee : but since thou complainest of thy service and wages, be content to go back ; and what our country will afford, I do here promise to give thee.

*Chr.* But I have let myself to another, even to the King of princes ; and how can I with fairness go back with thee ?

*Apol.* Thou hast done in this according to the proverb, " changed a bad for a worse " : but it is ordinary for those that have professed themselves his servants, after a while to give him the slip, and return again to me. Do thou so too, and all shall be well.

*Chr.* I have given him my faith, and sworn my allegiance to him ; how, then, can I go back from this, and not be hanged as a traitor ?

*Apol.* Thou didst the same to me, and yet I am willing to pass by all, if now thou wilt yet turn and go back.

*Chr.* What I promised thee was in my nonage ; and, besides, I count that the Prince under whose banner I now stand is able to absolve me ; yea, and to pardon also what I did as to my compliance with thee. And besides, O thou destroying Apollyon ! to speak truth, I like his service, his wages, his servants, his government, his company, and country, better than thine ; therefore leave off to persuade me further : I am his servant, and I will follow him.

*Apol.* Consider, again, when thou art in cold blood, what thou art like to meet with in the way that thou goest. Thou knowest that, for the most part, his servants come to an ill end, because they are transgressors against me and my ways. How many of them have been put to shameful deaths ! And, besides, thou countest his service better than mine ; whereas he never came yet from the place where he is, to deliver any that served him out of their hands : but as for me, how many times, as all the world very well knows, have I delivered, either by power or fraud, those that have faithfully served me, from him and his, though taken by them ? And so will I deliver thee.

*Chr.* His forbearing at present to deliver them is on purpose to try their love, whether they will cleave to him to the end ; and as for the ill end thou sayest they come to, that is most glorious in their account : for, for present deliverance, they do not much

expect it ; for they stay for their glory, and then they shall have it, when their Prince comes in his and the glory of the angels.

*Apol.* Thou hast already been unfaithful in thy service to him ; and how dost thou think to receive wages of him ?

*Chr.* Wherein, O Apollyon, have I been unfaithful to him ?

*Apol.* Thou didst faint at first setting out, when thou wast almost choked in the Gulf of Despond. Thou didst attempt wrong ways to be rid of thy burden, whereas thou shouldst have stayed till the Prince had taken it off. Thou didst sinfully sleep, and lost thy choice things. Thou wast also almost persuaded to go back at the sight of the lions. And when thou talkest of thy journey, and of what thou hast seen and heard, thou art inwardly desirous of vain-glory in all that thou sayest or doest.

*Chr.* All this is true, and much more which thou has left out ; but the Prince whom I serve and honour is merciful, and ready to forgive. But, besides, these infirmities possessed me in thy country ; for there I sucked them in, and I have groaned under them, being sorry for them, and have obtained pardon of my Prince.

Then Apollyon straddled quite over the whole breadth of the way, and said, I am void of fear in this matter. Prepare thyself to die ; for I swear by my infernal den that thou shalt go no further : here will I spill thy soul. And with that he threw a flaming dart at his breast ; but Christian had a shield in his hand, with which he caught it, and so prevented the danger of that.

Then did Christian draw, for he saw it was time to bestir him ; and Apollyon as fast made at him, throwing darts as thick as hail ; by the which, notwithstanding all that Christian could do to avoid it, Apollyon wounded him in his head, his hand, and foot. This made Christian give a little back : Apollyon, therefore, followed his work amain, and Christian again took courage, and resisted as manfully as he could. This sore combat lasted for above half a day, even till Christian was almost quite spent ; for you must know that Christian, by reason of his wounds, must needs grow weaker and weaker.

Then Apollyon, espying his opportunity, began to gather up close to Christian, and, wrestling with him, gave him a dreadful fall ; and with that Christian's sword flew out of his hand. Then said Apollyon, I am sure of thee now. And with that he had almost pressed him to death, so that Christian began to despair of life. But, as God would have it, while Apollyon was

fetching his last blow, thereby to make a full end of this good man, Christian nimbly reached out his hand for his sword, and caught it, saying, "Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy : when I fall, I shall arise" (Micah vii, 8) ; and with that gave him a deadly thrust, which made him give back, as one that had received his mortal wound. Christian, perceiving this, made at him again, saying, "Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us." (Rom. viii, 37, 39. Jas. iv., 7.) And with that Apollyon spread forth his dragon wings, and sped him away, so that Christian saw him no more.

In this combat no man can imagine, unless he had seen and heard, as I did, what yelling and hideous roaring Apollyon made all the time of the fight—he spake like a dragon ; and, on the other side, what sighs and groans burst from Christian's heart. I never saw him all the while give as much as one pleasant look, till he perceived he had wounded Apollyon with his two-edged sword ; then, indeed, he did smile and look upward ! But it was the dreadfulest sight that ever I saw.

So when the battle was over, Christian said, I will here give thanks to Him that hath delivered me out of the mouth of the lion, to Him that did help me against Apollyon. And so he did, saying,—

Great Beelzebub, the captain of this fiend  
Design'd my ruin ; therefore to this end  
He sent him harness'd out ; and he, with rage  
That hellish was, did fiercely me engage.  
But blessed Michael helped me, and I,  
By dint of sword, did quickly make him fly.  
Therefore to him let me give lasting praise,  
And thank and bless his holy name always.

Then there came to him a man with some of the leaves of the tree of life, the which Christian took and applied to the wounds that he had received in the battle, and was healed immediately. He also sat down in that place to eat bread, and to drink of the bottle that was given to him a little before : so, being refreshed, he addressed himself to his journey with his sword drawn in his hand ; for he said, I know not but some other enemy may be at hand. But he met with no other affront from Apollyon quite through this valley.

JOHN BUNYAN

*Vanity Fair.*

Almost five thousand years ago, there were pilgrims walking to the Celestial City, as these two honest persons are ; and Beelzebub, Apollyon, and Legion, with their companions, perceiving, by the path that the pilgrims made, that their way to the city lay through this town of Vanity, they contrived here to set up a fair—a fair wherein should be sold all sorts of vanity ; and that it should last all the year long. Therefore at this fair are all such merchandise sold, as houses, lands, trades, places, honours, preferments, titles, countries, kingdoms, lusts, pleasures ; and delights of all sorts, as harlots, wives, husbands, children, masters, servants, lives, blood, bodies, souls, silver, gold, pearls, precious stones, and what not.

And, moreover, at this fair there are at all times to be seen jugglings, cheats, games, plays, fools, apes, knaves, and rogues, and that of every kind.

Here are to be seen, too, and that for nothing, thefts, murders, adulteries, false-swearers, and that of a blood-red colour.

And as, in other fairs of less moment, there are the several rows and streets under their proper names, where such and such wares are vended ; so here, likewise, you have the proper places, rows, streets (*viz.*, countries and kingdoms), where the wares of this fair are soonest to be found. Here is the Britain Row, the French Row, the Italian Row, the Spanish Row, the German Row, where several sorts of vanities are to be sold. But as in other fairs some one commodity is the chief of all the fair, so the ware of Rome and her merchandise is greatly promoted in this fair ; only our English nation, with some others, have taken a dislike thereat.

JAMES I OF SCOTLAND

*Minerva's Advice to the Lover.*

From *The King's Quair*.

Be true, and meek, and steadfast in thy thought,  
 And prompt the lady's favour to procure,  
 Not only in thy word, for word is naught,  
 Unless thy work and all thy busy cure  
 Accord thereto ; and if done by measure  
 In place, in hour, in manner and in wise,  
 She doubtless will acknowledge thy service.

All things have times, thus says Ecclesiaste ;  
 And well is he his time that will abite :  
 Abide thy time, for he who is in haste  
 Comes little speed, the wise man hath it writ ;  
 And oft good fortune blossoms with good wit ;  
 Therefore, if thou wilt aye be well fortunéd  
 Let wisdom always to thy wish be joined.

But there be many of so brittle sort,  
 That feign the truth in love a little while,  
 And setting all their wits and their disport,  
 The weak confiding woman to beguile,  
 And so to win their purpose with a wile ;  
 Such feigned pretensions are but treachery,  
 Under the cover of hypocrisy.

For as the fowler whistleth in his throat  
 In divers ways to imitate the bird,  
 And feigns, to suit, a sweet or grating note  
 Which in the bush by his deceit is hid,  
 Till she is locked secure his net amid ;  
 Right so the traitor, the false thief, I say  
 With treason sweet oft winneth thus his way.

Fie on all such ! Fie on their doubleness !  
 On their desire and beastly appetite !  
 Their wolfish hearts, disguised in lamb's likenéss ;  
 Their black designs, hid under language white !  
 Fie on the labour, fie on their delight !  
 That feigning outwardly to her honour  
 But in their hearts her virtue would devour.

So hard it is to credit now-a-days  
 The world, it is so false and inconstant,  
 The truth of which is shown in many ways ;  
 More pity 'tis ; for which the remanant  
 Who purpose well and are not variant,  
 For others' guilt suspected of untruth,  
 And suffer oft, and truly this is ruth.

**SECTION V**  
**DEFIANCE**



SIR WALTER RALEIGH

*The Soul's Errand.*

Go, Soul, the body's guest  
Upon a thankless errand ;  
Fear not to touch the best ;  
The truth shall be thy warrant :  
Go, since I needs must die,  
And give them all the lie.

Go tell the Court it glows  
And shines like rotten wood ;  
Go tell the Church it shows  
What's good, but does no good :  
If Court and Church reply  
Give Court and Church the lie.

Tell Potentates they live  
Acting, but oh ! their actions ;  
Not loved, unless they give,  
Not strong but by their factions :  
If Potentates reply,  
Give Potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition,  
That rule affairs of state,  
Their purpose is ambition ;  
Their practice only hate :  
And if they do reply,  
Then give them all the lie.

Tell Physic of her boldness ;  
Tell Skill it is pretension ;  
Tell Charity of its coldness ;  
Tell Law it is contention :  
And if they yield reply,  
Then give them all the lie.

So when thou hast, as I  
Commanded thee, done blabbing ;  
Although to give the lie  
Deserves no less than stabbing :  
Yet stab at thee who will,  
No stab the Soul can kill.



RICHARD LOVELACE

*To Althea from Prison.*

When Love with unconfinèd wings  
Hovers within my gates,  
And my divine Althea brings  
To whisper at the grates ;  
When I lie tangled in her hair  
And fetter'd to her eye,  
The birds that wanton in the air  
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round  
With no allaying Thames,  
Our careless heads with roses crown'd,  
Our hearts with loyal flames ;  
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,  
When health and draughts go free—  
Fishes that tipple in the deep  
No know such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,  
Nor iron bars a cage ;  
Minds innocent and quiet take  
That for an hermitage :  
If I have freedom in my love  
And in my soul am free,  
Angels alone, that soar above,  
Enjoy such liberty.

GEORGE LOVELESS

*Lines written in Court, immediately after receiving sentence of transportation.*

God is our guide ! from field, from wave,  
From plough, from anvil and from loom ;  
We come, our country's rights to save,  
And speak a tyrant faction's doom :  
We raise the watch-word liberty ;  
We will, we will, we will be free !

God is our guide ! no swords we draw,  
 We kindle not war's battle-fires ;  
 By reason, union, justice, law,  
 We claim the birth-right of our sires :  
     We raise the watch-word, liberty,  
     We will, we will, we will be free !

DANIEL DEFOE

*Hymn to the Pillory.*

Hail *Hieroglyphic State Machine*  
 Contrived to Punish Fancy in :  
 Men that are Men, in thee can feel no Pain,  
 And all thy Insignificants Disdain.  
     Contempt, that false New Word for shame,  
     Is without Crime an empty Name.  
     A shadow to Amuse Mankind,  
 But never frights the Wise or Well-fix'd Mind :  
     Vertue despises Humane Scorn,  
     And Scandals Innocence adorn.

Exalted on thy *Stool of State*,  
 What Prospect do I see of Sov'reign Fate ;  
     How th'Inscrutables of Providence  
     Differ from our contracted Sence ;  
     Here by the Errours of the Town,  
     The Fools look out and Knaves look on.  
 Persons or Crimes find here the same respect,  
     And Vice does Vertue oft Correct,  
     The undistinguish'd Fury of the Street,  
     Which Mob and Malice Mankind Greet :  
     No byass can the Rabble draw,  
 But *Dirt* throws *Dirt* without respect to Merit, or to Law.

But if Contempt is on thy Face entail'd,  
     Disgrace it self shall be asham'd ;  
 Scandal shall blush that it has not prevail'd,  
     To blast the Man it has defam'd.  
 Let all that merit equal Punishment,  
 Stand there with him, and we are all Content.

Upon thy Penitential stools,  
 Some People should be placed for Fools :  
 As some for Instance who while they look on  
 See others plunder all, and they got none.  
 Next the Lieutenant General,  
 To get the Devill, lost the De'll and all ;  
 And he some little badge should bear,  
 Who ought in justice to have hang'd 'em there :  
 This had his Honour more maintain'd  
 Than all the spoils at *Vigo* gain'd.

Then Clap thy wooden Wings for joy,  
 And greet the Men of Great Employ ;  
 The Authors of the Nation's Discontent,  
 And Scandal of a Christian Government.  
*Jobbers* and *Brokers* of the City Stocks,  
 With Forty Thousand Tallies at their backs ;  
 Who make our Banks and Companies obey,  
 Or sink 'em all *the shortest way*.  
 Th'Intrinsick Value of our Stocks,  
 Is stated in our Calculating Books ;  
 Th'Imaginary Prizes rise and fall ;  
 As they Command who toss the Ball ;  
 Let 'em upon thy lofty Turrets stand,  
 With *Bear-skins* on the back, *Debentures* in the hand,  
 And write in Capital upon the Post,  
 That here they should remain,  
 Till this Aenigma they explain,  
 How Stocks should Fall, when Sales surmount the Cost,  
 And rise again when Ships are lost.

Then bring those Justices upon thy Bench,  
 Who vilely break the Laws they should defend ;  
 And upon Equity Intrench,  
 By punishing the Crimes they will not Mend.  
 Let every vitious Magistrate  
 Upon thy sumptuous Chariot of the State ;  
 There let 'em all in Triumph ride,  
 Their Purple and their Scarlet laid aside.  
 Let no such Bride-well Justices Protect,  
 As first debauch the Whores which they Correct  
 Such who with Oaths and Drunk'ness sit,  
 And Punish far less Crimes than they Commit.

These certainly deserve to stand  
With Trophies of Authority in Each Hand.  
Upon thy *Pulpit*, see the Drunken Priest,  
Who turns the Gospel to a daily Jest ;  
Let the Fraternity Degrade him there,

Least they like him appear :  
There let him, his *Memento Mori* Preach,  
And by Example, not by Doctrine, Teach.

Next bring the Lewder Clergy there,  
Who Preach those sins down, which *they can't forbear* ;  
Those *Sons of God* who every day *Go in*,  
Both to the *Daughters* and the *Wives* of Men ;  
There let 'em stand to be the Nation's Jest  
And save the Reputation of the rest.

But Justice is inverted when

Those Engines of the Law,  
Instead of pinching Vicious Men,  
Keep Honest ones in awe ;  
Thy Business is, as all Men know,  
To Punish Villains, not to make Men so.

When ever then thou art prepared  
To prompt that Vice thou should'st Reward,  
And by the Terrors of thy Grisly Face,  
Make Men turn Rogues to shun Disgrace ;  
The End of thy Creation is destroy'd,  
Justice expires of Course, and Law's made void.

Thou like the Devil dost appear  
Blacker than really thou art by far :

A wild Chimerick Notion of Reproach,  
Too little for a Crime, for none too much :

Let none th'Indignity resent,  
For Crime is all the Shame of Punishment.  
Thou Bug bear of the Law stand up and speak,

Thy long misconstru'd Silence break,  
Tell us who 'tis upon thy Ridge stands there,  
So full of Fault, and yet so void of Fear ;  
And from the Paper in his Hat,  
Let all Mankind be told for what :

Tell 'em the Men that plac'd him here,  
 Are Friends unto the Times,  
 But at a loss to find his Guile,  
 They can't commit his Crimes.

RALPH CHAPLIN

*Mourn not the Dead.*

Mourn not the dead that in the cool earth lie—  
 Dust unto dust—  
 The calm, sweet earth that mothers all who die  
 As all men must ;

Mourn not your captive comrades who must dwell—  
 Too strong to strive—  
 Each in his steel-bound coffin of a cell,  
 Buried alive ;

But rather mourn the apathetic throng—  
 The cowed and the meek—  
 Who see the world's great anguish and its wrong  
 And dare not speak.

WILLIAM LOVETT AND JOHN COLLINS

*Letter to the Secretary of State.*

*Warwick Gaol, May 6th, 1840.*

To the Right Hon. the Marquis of Normanby, Her Majesty's  
 Secretary of State for the Home Department.

MY LORD,

The Visiting Magistrates of the County Gaol of Warwick having read to us a communication, dated Whitehall, May 5th, and signed S. M. Phillips, in which it is stated that your lordship will recommend us to her Majesty for a remission of the remaining part of our sentence, provided we are willing to enter into our own recognizances in £50 each for our good behaviour for one year, we respectfully submit the following as our answer : 'That to enter into any bond for our future misconduct would at once be an admission of past guilt ; and, however a prejudiced jury may have determined the resolutions we caused to be published, condemnatory of the attack of the police, as an act in

opposition to the law of libel, we cannot yet bring ourselves to believe that any guilt or criminality has been attached to our past conduct. We have, however, suffered the penalty of nearly ten months' imprisonment for having, in common with a large portion of the public press and a large majority of our countrymen, expressed that condemnatory opinion. We have been about the first political victims who have been classed and punished as misdemeanants and felons because we happened to be of *the working class*. We have had our health injured and our constitutions greatly undermined by the treatment already experienced, and we are disposed to suffer whatever future punishment may be inflicted upon us rather than enter into any such terms as those proposed by your lordship.

We remain your lordship's most obedient servants,

W. LOVETT.

JOHN COLLINS.

# THE PRISONERS AT BELLE-ILE

## *Republican Ditties.*

From this rocky wave-bound shore  
 Skyward rings our chorus.  
 Winds may freeze and ocean roar,  
 Day lie stark before us :  
 Yet the rebel soul ablaze  
 Its own furnace lighting  
 Glows and burns with fiery rays,  
 Warms our hearts for fighting.

'Neath the burning Afric sky  
 Moslem tribes shall hear us,  
 Islam shall know the reason why  
 Kings and tyrants fear us :  
 Where freedom builds its barricades  
 The wilderness rejoices :  
 The sea shall hear our fusillades,  
 The desert sands our voices.

The rich, who batten on our sweat,  
 Wealth by our toil increasing,  
 In blood shall make their payment yet-  
 Unite ! wage war unceasing !

Bowed by the burden on his head  
 The worker's new devices  
 Are bread and bullets—for the bread  
 . No longer now suffices.

Oh, Holy Mother Liberty,  
 For thee we joy in dying !  
 The last defeated king shall see  
 Thy blood-red banner flying.  
 Vainly do they plot and plan,  
 Tyrants and their henchmen :  
 Honest hearts republican  
 Flourish still in Frenchmen.

We shall behold once more the Seine,  
 Though bent with age—what matter  
 The galling fetters and the chain  
 Our brothers yet shall shatter ?  
 To the storm we will not bend  
 But join in bonds fraternal,  
 Free or enslaved—there is no end  
 To Freedom's chant eternal.

#### LADY CONSTANCE LYTTON AND OTHERS

*A Letter to The Times.*

(Drafted by Lady Constance Lytton when under trial  
 at Newcastle.)

CENTRAL POLICE STATION,  
 NEWCASTLE.

*October 10th, 1909.*

SIR,

We ask you to give us our last opportunity, before we go through the ordeal awaiting us in Newcastle Prison, of explaining to the public the action which we are now about to take.

We want to make it known that we shall carry out our protest in our prison cells. We shall put before the Government by means of the hunger-strike four alternatives : To release us in a few days ; to inflict violence upon our bodies ; to add death to the champions of our cause by leaving us to starve ; or, and this is the best and only wise alternative, to give women the vote.

We appeal to the Government to yield, not to the violence of

our protest, but to the reasonableness of our demand, and to grant the vote to the duly qualified women of the country. We shall then serve our full sentence quietly and obediently and without complaint. Our protest is against the action of the Government in opposing Woman Suffrage, and against that alone. We have no quarrel with those who may be ordered to maltreat us.

Yours sincerely,

LILY ASQUITH.	WINIFRED JONES.
JANE E. BRAILSFORD.	CONSTANCE LYTTON.
KATHLEEN BROWN.	KITTY MARION.
VIOLET BRYANT.	DOROTHY PETHICK.
ELLEN PITFIELD.	ELLEN W. PITMAN.
DOROTHY SHALLERD.	

TERENCE MACSWINEY

*Letter to the Home Secretary* (dictated and signed).

SIR,

The Medical Commissioner visited me to-day and put me through a medical examination. He confirmed what the medical officer (Dr. Higson) had reported and told me my health was in a dangerous condition. He read to me a document from you, warning me that I would not be released and the consequences of my refusing to take food would rest with myself. Nevertheless the consequences will rest with you. My undertaking on the day of my alleged court-martial that I would be free alive or dead within a month will be fulfilled. It appears from your communication that my release is to be death. In that event the British Government can boast of having killed two Lord Mayors of the same city within six months—an achievement without a parallel in the history of oppression. Knowing the revolution of opinion that will be thereby caused throughout the civilized world and the consequent accession of support to Ireland in her hour of trial I am reconciled to a premature grave. I am prepared to die.

(Signed) TERENCE MACSWINEY,

Lord Mayor of Cork.





**SECTION VI**  
**DOCK AND SCAFFOLD**



## JEREMIAH

### *Jeremiah's Defence.*

Then spake the priests and the prophets unto the princes and to all the people, saying, This man is worthy to die, for he hath prophesied against this city, as ye have heard with your ears.

Then spake Jeremiah unto all the princes and to all the people, saying, The Lord sent me to prophesy against this house and against this city all the words that ye have heard. Therefore now amend your ways and your doings, and obey the voice of the Lord your God ; and the Lord will repent him of the evil that he hath pronounced against you. As for me, behold, I am in your hand : do with me as seemeth good and meet unto you. But know ye for certain, that if ye put me to death, ye shall surely bring innocent blood upon yourselves and upon this city, and upon the inhabitants thereof : for of a truth the Lord hath sent me unto you to speak all these words in your ears.

## JOHN LILBURNE

### *The conclusion of Lilburne's defence, at his trial for treason in 1649.*

“ I have been most unjustly imprisoned, and most Barbarously used and Tyrannized over ; yea, and my Estate by Will and Power taken from me, that should have kept me and mine alive ; and the Legal and Customary allowance of the Tower denied me to this Day ; and although I have used all Christian and Fair Means, to compose my Differences with my Adversaries ; but nothing would serve their turns, but I must have Oppression upon Oppression laid upon me, enough to break the back of a Horse ; and then if I cry out of my Oppressions in any kind, I must have new Treason-snares made to catch me, many Months after their Oppressions were first laid upon me, that if I so much as whimper or speak, in the least, of their unjust Dealing with me, I must dye therefore as a Traytor : O miserable Servitude ! and miserable Bondage, in the first Year of England's Freedom ! I have now no more to say unto you, but only this ; your own Law tells me, Sir Edward Coke speaks it three or four times over in his 3 Part Institutes. That it is the Law of England that any by-stander may speak in the Prisoner's behalf, if he see any thing urg'd against him, contrary to Law, or do apprehend he falls short of urging any material thing that may serve for his Defence and Preservation. Here's your own Law for it, Sir, Coke is full and pregnant to this Purpose, in his 3 part Institutes,

fol. 29, 34, 37. But this hath several times been denied me, in the Case of Mr. Sprat my Solicitor ; and now I demand it again, as my Right by Law, that he may speak a few words for me, according to his often desire, both to me, and the Court : I have almost done, Sir, only once again, I claim that as my Right which you have promised, that I should have Counsel to Matter of Law ; and if you give but your own Promise, which is my undoubted Right by your own Law, and I fear not my Life : But if you again shall deny both these Legal Privileges, I shall desire my Jury to take Notice, that I aver, you rob me of the Benefit of the Law, and go about to Murther me, without and against Law ; and therefore as a free-born English-man, and as a true Christian, that now stands in the Sight and Presence of God, with an upright Heart and Conscience, and with a chearful countenance, cast my Life, and the Lives of all the Honest Freemen of England, into the Hands of God, and his Gracious Protection, and into the Care and Conscience, of my honest Jury and Fellow-Citizens, who I again declare by the Law of England, are the Conservators and sole Judges of my Life, having inherent in them alone, the Judicial Power of the Law, as well as Fact ; you Judges that sit there, being no more, if they please, but Cyphers to pronounce the Sentence, or their Clarks, to say Amen, to them, being at the best, in your Original, but the Norman Conquerours, Intruders ; and therefore you, Gentlemen of the Jury, my sole Judges, the Keepers of my Life ; at whose hands, the Lord will require my Blood, in case you leave any part of my Indictment to the Cruel and Bloody men : And therefore I desire you to know your Power, and consider your Duty, both to God, to Me, to your own Selves, and to your Country ; and the Gracious Assisting Spirit and Presence of the Lord God Omnipotent, the Governour of Heaven and Earth, and all Things therein contained, go along with you, give Counsel, and direct you, to do that which is just and for his Glory."

ALGERNON SIDNEY

*The Very Copy of a Paper delivered to the Sheriffs upon the Scaffold on Tower-hill, on Friday December 7 1683. By Algernon Sidney Esq., Before his Execution there.*

Men, Brethren, and Fathers ; Friends, Countrymen and Strangers ;

It May be expected that I should now say some Great matters unto you, but the Rigour of the Season, and the Infirmities of

my Age, encreased by a close Imprisonment of above Five months, doth not permit me.

Moreover, we live in an Age that maketh Truth pass for Treason : I dare not say any thing contrary unto it, and the Ears of those that are about me will probably be found too tender to hear it. My Tryal and Condemnation doth sufficiently evidence this.

But I was long since told that I must Dye or the Plot must Dye.

Least the means of destroying the best Protestants in *England* should fail, the Bench must be packed with such as had been Blemishes to the Bar.

By these means I am brought to this Place. The Lord forgive these Practises, and avert the Evils that threaten the Nation from them. The Lord Sanctifie these my Sufferings unto me ; and though I fall as a Sacrifice unto Idols, suffer not Idolatry to be Established in this Land. Bless thy People and Save them. Defend thy own Cause, and Defend those that Defend it. Stir up such as are Faint ; Direct those that are Willing ; Confirm those that Waver ; Give Wisdom and Integrity unto All. Order all things so as may most redound unto thine own Glory. Grant that I may dye glorifying Thee for all thy Mercies ; and that at last Thou hast permitted me to be Singled out as a Witness of thy Truth ; and even by the Confession of my Opposers, for that OLD CAUSE in which I from my youth engaged, and for which Thou hast often and wonderfully declared thy Self.

#### JOHN BROWN OF HARPER'S FERRY

*From his last speech, when tried for treason and murder in the first degree.*

This court acknowledges, as I suppose, the validity of the law of God. I see a book kissed here which I suppose to be the Bible, or at least the New Testament. That teaches me that all things whatsoever I would that men should do to me, I should do even so to them. It teaches me, further, to "remember them that are in bonds, as bound with them." I endeavoured to act up to that instruction. I say, I am yet too young to understand that God is any respecter of persons. I believe that to have interfered as

I have done—as I have always freely admitted I have done—in behalf of his despised poor, was not wrong, but right. Now, if it is deemed necessary that I should forfeit my life for the furtherance of the ends of justice, and mingle my blood further with the blood of my children and with the blood of millions in this slave country whose rights are disregarded by wicked, cruel and unjust enactments—I submit, so let it be done !

EDMUND WALLER

*Speech in the House of Commons, on Tuesday, July 4th, 1643 :*

Being brought to the Bar, and having Leave given him by the Speaker, to say what he could for himself, before they proceeded to expel him from the House.

MR. SPEAKER,

I acknowledge it a great Mercy of God, and a great Favour from you, that I am once more suffered to behold this Honourable Assembly. I mean not to make use of it to say any thing in my own Defence, by Justification or Denial of what I have done ; I have already confessed enough to make me appear worthy, not only to be put out of this House, but out of the World too. All my humble request to you is, that if I seem to you as unworthy to live, as I do to my self, I may have the Honour to receive my Death from your own Hands, and not be exposed to a Trial by the Council of War : What-ever you shall think me worthy to suffer in a Parliamentary way, is not like to find stop any where else.

This (Sir) I hope you will be pleased for your own sakes to grant me, who am already so miserable, that nothing can be added to my Calamity, but to be made the Occasion of creating a President to your own disadvantage ; besides the Right I may have to this, consider, I beseech you, that the Eyes of the World are upon you ; you Govern in Chief, and if you should expose your own Members to the Punishment of others, it will be thought that you either want Power, or Leisure to chastise them your selves : Nor let any Man despise the ill Consequence of such a President as this would be, because he seeth not presently the Inconveniencies which may ensue : You have many Armies on foot, and it is uncertain how long you may have Occasion to use them. Soldiers and Commanders (tho' I know well they of the Parliament's Army, excel no less in Modesty than they do in Courage) are generally of a Nature ready to pretend to the

utmost power of this kind, which they conceive to be due to them, and may be too apt, upon any occasion of Discontent, to make use of such a President as this. In this very Parliament you have not been without some taste of the experience hereof ; it is now somewhat more than two Years since you had an Army in the North, paid and directed by your selves ; and yet you may be pleased to remember there was a considerable number of Officers in that Army, which joined in a Petition of Remonstrance to this House, taking Notice of what some of the Members had said there, as they supposed, to their Disadvantage, and did little less than require them of you : 'Tis true there had been some tampering with them, but what has happened at one time, may wisely be thought possible to fall out again at another.

Sir, I presume but to point you out the Danger ; if it be not just I know you will not do me the wrong to expose me to this Trial ; if it be just, your Army may another time require the same justice of you, in their own Behalf, against some other Member, who, perhaps, you would be less willing to part with. Necessity has of late forced you into untrodden Paths ; and in such a Case as this, where you have no President of your own, you may not do amiss to look abroad upon other States and Senates, which exercise the Supreme Power, as you do here.

LOUISE MICHEL

*Speech before the Military Court.*

I do not wish to defend myself. I do not wish to be defended. I belong absolutely to the Social Revolution, and I say that I accept the responsibility of all my actions, I accept it without reservation.

You accuse me of having taken part in the execution of the generals. To that I reply : they intended to have the people shot and I should not have hesitated to have those who gave such orders shot.

As to the arson at Paris, yes, I took part in it. I wanted to place a barrier of flames in the way of the invaders from Versailles. I have no accomplices. I acted of my own accord. . . .

What I ask of you who call yourselves a council of war, who regard yourselves as my judges, and who do not conceal yourselves as a " Commission of Grace," is the field of Sartory where my brothers have already fallen. You must remove me from society : they have told you to do so. Very well : the commissar of the Republic is right. Since it appears that every heart which beats



for liberty has only the right to a bit of lead, I claim my piece. If you let me live I shall not cease to cry for vengeance and I shall claim the assassins of the commission of grace for the vengeance of my brothers. . . .

*The President* : I cannot allow you to speak.

*Louise Michel* : I have finished. If you are not cowards, kill me.

#### WILHELM LIEBKNECHT

*From his speech in the trial of Bebel, Hepner and Liebknecht for High Treason in 1872.*

I am what I have always been. In some respects I have developed, but in the main my standpoint is the same as it was twenty years ago. In my way of judging things and people I was sometimes mistaken ; in my aim, in my general understanding, I am stronger than ever. I am not the base adventurer whom my traducer represents me to be. In my earliest youth I burnt my boats and from that time onwards I have continuously fought for my principles. I have never sought my personal advantage. Where there has been any choice between my interest and my principles, I have never hesitated to sacrifice my interest.

If, after incredible persecutions, I am poor, that is not my shame. No, I am proud of it, because it is eloquent proof of my political honour. Again, I am not a conspirator by profession—not a travelling mercenary of conspiracy. Call me, if you will, a soldier of the Revolution. I don't mind.

Even in my youth a twofold ideal was before me : a free and united Germany, and the emancipation of the working people—that is, the abolition of class tyranny, which means the same as the liberation of humanity. For this twofold aim I have fought with all my strength, and for this twofold aim I will fight as long as there is any breath in me. That is what duty demands.

The President finds the last appeal of the manifesto offensive : "Proletarians of all lands, unite !" What does that mean ? Workers in North and South, in East and West, throughout the whole earth, all who are sorrowful and have burdens, you outcasts and down-trodden for whom there is no room at the table of society, you who by the sweat of your brow create the riches which others enjoy—realise that, in spite of the frontiers which divide you, your cause is everywhere the same : that everywhere your want comes from the same causes : that consequently everywhere the same methods are needed to end your misery. Therefore throw aside national prejudices, which till now have

kept you apart in hostile camps, to the advantage of your common foe, and have led you only too often into fratricidal strife. Unite under the banner of human love and work together, filled with the noble spirit of emulation, in the consciousness of your sublime common aim—like different army corps of one and the same army, different members of one big human family, in the task of the liberation of all.

Who dares to condemn this great world struggle for emancipation? We are in a country where Christianity is the State religion. We stand before judges and a jury who are professing Christians. Has Christ, as his words are handed down, not spoken specially to poor people? Is it not the chief merit of Christianity (in so far as it has not been used for the unholy purposes of class and State) that it broke the narrow-minded nationalism of the Pharisees and put in its place the conception of humanity—that is, to use a modern expression, the international principle? Not that I myself profess to be a Christian; but a State and a society which call themselves Christian have no right to condemn a struggle which harmonises with the fundamental laws of Christianity and the fulfilment of which means its transformation from words to real life.

Moreover—not to speak of Christianity—is not the tendency of all human evolution international? Commerce, industry, art and science are international and cosmopolitan. And every advance in commerce, industry, art and science is a defeat of the national, a triumph of the international principle. Only those who have an interest in the maintenance of existing bad conditions, only those who are enemies of human progress can be hostile to the principles of internationalism or think themselves menaced by it. It is a hopeless task to attempt to stem it. The international principle is immortal, like humanity; libelled, imprisoned, condemned it will rise purified from its ordeal of fire and encompass the earth. But those who fight against this principle have passed sentence upon themselves, and those who condemn our efforts in the existing State as high treason do but bear witness to the justice of our opinion—that only in a universal republic will humanity be able to fulfil its destiny, and that the peace and happiness of the people are impossible while monarchies remain.

I hold in contempt the attacks and libels of my enemies. I consider them as an honour paid to me and I regard the dirt thrown at us by the whole feudal, clerical and bourgeois press as a proof that we are in the right track and that our blows have been effective. . . .

GEORGI DIMITROV

*Extract from his final speech at the Reichstag Fire Trial.*

The Public Prosecutor has proposed that the Bulgarian accused should be acquitted for lack of proof. I dissent from that proposal. It is not enough ; it would not completely clear us from suspicion. The truth is that this trial has proved absolutely conclusively that we had nothing whatsoever to do with the fire and that there is not the slightest ground to entertain further suspicions against us. We Bulgarians, and Torgler too, must all be acquitted, not for lack of proof, but because we, as Communists, neither have nor could have anything to do with an anti-Communist deed.

I therefore propose the following verdict :

(1) That Torgler, Popov, Tanev and myself be pronounced innocent and that the indictment be quashed as ill-founded ;

(2) That van der Lubbe should be declared to be the misused tool of the enemies of the working class ;

(3) That those responsible for the false charges against us should be made criminally liable for them ;

(4) That we should be compensated for the losses which we have sustained through this trial, for our wasted time, our damaged health and for the sufferings which we have undergone.

A time will come when these accounts will have to be settled, with interest ! The elucidation of the Reichstag fire and the identification of the real incendiaries is a task which will fall to the people's Court of the future proletarian dictatorship.

When Galileo was condemned he declared :

“ E pur si muove ! ”

No less determined than old Galileo we Communists declare to-day : “ E pur si muove ! ” The wheel of history moves slowly on towards the ultimate, inevitable, irrepressible goal of Communism. . . .

(The Court forbade Dimitrov to speak further.)

WOLFE TONE

*Speech from the Dock*

Mr. President, and Gentlemen of the Court-Martial,—I mean not to give you the trouble of bringing judicial proof to convict me, legally, of having acted in hostility to the Government of

His Britannic Majesty in Ireland. I admit the fact. From my earliest youth I have regarded the connection between Ireland and Great Britain as the curse of the Irish nation, and felt convinced that, whilst it lasted, this country could never be free nor happy. My mind has been confirmed in this opinion by the experience of every succeeding year, and the conclusions which I have drawn from every fact before my eyes. In consequence, I determined to apply all the powers, which my individual efforts could move, in order to separate the two countries.

That Ireland was not able, of herself, to throw off the yoke, I knew. I therefore sought for aid wherever it was to be found. In honourable poverty I rejected offers, which, to a man in my circumstances, might be considered highly advantageous. I remained faithful to what I thought the cause of my country, and sought in the French Republic an ally to rescue three millions of my countrymen from . . .

*Gen. Loftus* : That seems to have nothing to say to the charge against you, to which only you are to speak. If you have anything to offer in defence or extenuation of that charge the Court will hear you ; but they beg that you will confine yourself to that subject.

*Tone* : I shall, then, confine myself to some points relative to my connection with the French army. Attached to no party in the French Republic, without interest, without money, without intrigue, the openness and integrity of my views raised me to a high and confidential rank in its armies. I obtained the confidence of the Executive Directory, the approbation of my Generals, and I venture to add the esteem and affection of my brave comrades. When I review these circumstances I feel a secret and internal consolation which no reverse of fortune, no sentence in the power of this Court to inflict, can ever deprive me of or weaken in any degree. Under the flag of the French Republic I originally engaged with a view to save and liberate my own country. For that purpose I have repeatedly braved the terrors of the ocean, covered, as I knew it to be, with the triumphant fleets of that Power which it was my glory and my duty to oppose. I have sacrificed all my views in life ; I have courted poverty ; I have left a beloved wife unprotected, and children whom I adored, fatherless. After such sacrifices, in a cause which I have always conscientiously considered as the cause of justice and freedom—it is no great effort, at this day, to add, “ the sacrifice of my life.”

But I hear it said that this unfortunate country has been a prey to all sorts of horrors. I sincerely lament it. I beg,

however, it may be remembered that I have been absent four years from Ireland. To me these sufferings can never be attributed. I designed by fair and open war, to procure the separation of the two countries. For open war I was prepared ; but if, instead of that, a system of private assassination has taken place, I repeat, whilst I deplore it, that it is not chargeable on me. Atrocities, it seems, have been committed on both sides. I do not less deplore them ; I detest them from my heart ; and to those who know my character and sentiments, I may safely appeal for the truth of this assertion. With them I need no justification.

In a cause like this, success is everything. Success in the eyes of the vulgar fixes its merits. Washington succeeded, and Kosciusko failed.

After a combat nobly sustained, a combat which would have excited the respect and sympathy of a generous enemy, my fate was to become a prisoner. To the eternal disgrace of those who gave the order, I was brought hither in irons like a felon. I mention this for the sake of others ; for me I am indifferent to it ; I am aware of the fate which awaits me, and scorn equally the tone of complaint and that of supplication.

As to the connection between this country and Great Britain, I repeat it, all that has been imputed to me—words, writings, and actions—I here deliberately avow. I have spoken and acted with reflection and on principle, and am ready to meet the consequences. Whatever be the sentence of this Court I am prepared for it. Its members will surely discharge their duty ; I shall take care not to be wanting to mine.

*Censored passage of the speech.*

“ I have laboured in consequence to create a people in Ireland, by raising three millions of my Countrymen to the rank of citizens. I have laboured to abolish the infernal spirit of religious persecution by uniting the Catholics and Dissenters. To the former I owe more than can ever be repaid ; the services I was so fortunate as to render them they rewarded munificently. But they did more. When the public cry was raised against me, when the friends of my youth swarmed off and left me alone, the Catholics did not desert me—they had the virtue even to sacrifice their own interests to a rigid principle of honour. They refused, though strongly urged, to disgrace a man, who, whatever his conduct towards the Government might have been, faithfully and conscientiously discharged his duty towards them : and in so doing, though it was in my own case, I will say that they

showed an instance of public virtue and honour, of which I know not whether there exists another example."

ROBERT EMMET

*Speech after hearing his Sentence.*

*My Lords* :—I am asked, what have I to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced on me, according to law? I have nothing to say that can alter your predetermination, nor that it will become me to say, with any view to the mitigation of that sentence which you are to pronounce, and I must abide by. But I have that to say which interests me more than life, and which you have laboured (as was necessarily your office in the present circumstances of this oppressed country) to destroy—I have much to say, why my reputation should be rescued from the load of false accusation and calumny which has been heaped upon it. I do not imagine that, seated where you are, your minds can be so free from impurity, as to receive the least impression from what I am going to utter. I have no hopes that I can anchor my character in the breasts of a Court constituted and trammelled as this is. I only wish, and it is the utmost I expect, that your Lordships may suffer it to float down your memories untainted by the foul breath of prejudice, until it finds some more hospitable harbour to shelter it from the storm by which it is at present buffeted.

(He defended his motives, and was interrupted by the judge.)

Again I say, that what I have spoken was not intended for your Lordships, whose situation I commiserate rather than envy—my expressions were for my countrymen—if there is a true Irishman present, let my last words cheer him in the hours of affliction.

(Here he was again interrupted; Lord Norbury said he did not sit there to hear treason.)

I have always understood it to be the duty of a judge, when a prisoner has been convicted, to pronounce the sentence of the law; I have also understood that judges sometime think it their duty to hear with patience, and to speak with humanity; to exhort the victim of the laws, and to offer, with tender benignity, his opinion of the motives by which he was actuated in the crime of which he was judged guilty. That a judge has thought it his duty so to have done, I have no doubt; but where is the boasted

freedom of your institutions—where is the vaunted impartiality, clemency, and mildness of your courts of justice, if an unfortunate prisoner, whom your policy, and not your justice, is about to deliver into the hands of the executioners, is not suffered to explain his motives sincerely and truly, and to vindicate the principles by which he was actuated.

My Lords, it may be a part of the system of angry justice to bow a man's mind by humiliation to the proposed ignominy of the scaffold—but more to me than the proposed shame or the scaffold's terrors would be the shame of such foul and unfounded imputations as have been laid against me in this court. You, my Lord, are a judge ; I am the supposed culprit ; I am a man ; you are a man also ; by a revolution of power, we might change places, though we never could change characters. If I stand at the bar of this court and dare not vindicate my character, how dare you calumniate it ? Does the sentence of death, which your unhallowed policy inflicts upon my body, also condemn my tongue to silence, and my reputation to reproach ? Your executioner may abridge the period of my existence, but whilst I exist I shall not forbear to vindicate my character and my motives from your aspersions ; and as a man to whom fame is dearer than life, I will make the last use of that life in doing justice to that reputation which is to live after me, and which is the only legacy I can leave to those I honour and love, and for whom I am proud to perish.

I am charged with being an emissary of France. . . . No ! I am no emissary, and my ambition was to hold a place among the deliverers of my country—not in power, not in profit, but in the glory of the achievement.  
(Several more interruptions.)

I do not fear to approach the Omnipotent Judge, to answer for the conduct of my whole life, and am I to be appalled and falsified by a mere remnant of mortality here ! By you, too, who, if it were possible to collect all the innocent blood that you have caused to be shed, in your unhallowed ministry, into one great reservoir, your Lordship might swim in it.

My Lords, you are impatient for the sacrifice—the blood which you seek is not congealed by the artificial terrors that surround

your victim ; it circulates warmly and unruffled through the channels which God created for nobler purposes, but which you are bent to destroy, for purposes so grievous that they cry to Heaven. Be ye patient ! I have but a few words more to say. I am going to my cold and silent grave : my lamp of life is nearly extinguished : my race is run : the grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom ! I have but one request to ask at my departure from this world ; it is for the charity of its silence ! Let no man write my epitaph ; for as no man who knows my motives dare now vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them and me repose in obscurity and peace, and my tomb remain uninscribed, until other times and other men can do justice to my character. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth—then, and not till then—let my epitaph be written. I HAVE DONE.

SIR ROGER CASEMENT

*Speech from the Dock.*

*June 29th, 1916.*

My Lord Chief Justice, as I wish to reach a much wider audience than I see before me here, I intended to read all that I propose to say. What I shall read now is something I wrote more than twenty days ago. I may say, my lord, at once, that I protest against the jurisdiction of this Court in my case on this charge, and the argument that I am now going to read is addressed not to this Court, but to my own countrymen.

There is an objection, possibly not good in law, but surely good on moral grounds, against the application to me here of this old English statute, 565 years old, that seeks to deprive an Irishman to-day of life and honour, not for "adhering to the King's enemies," but for adhering to his own people.

When this statute was passed, in 1351, what was the state of men's minds on the question of a far higher allegiance—that of man to God and His Kingdom ? The law of that day did not permit a man to forsake his Church or deny his God save with his life. The "heretic" then had the same doom as the "traitor."

To-day a man may forswear God and His heavenly kingdom without fear or penalty, all earlier statutes having gone the way of Nero's Edicts against the Christians, but that Constitutional phantom, "The King," can still dig up from the dungeons and torture chambers of the Dark Ages a law that takes a man's life and limb for an exercise of conscience.



If true religion rests on love, it is equally true that loyalty rests on love. The law I am charged under has no parentage in love and claims the allegiance of to-day on the ignorance and blindness of the past.

Loyalty is a sentiment, not a law. It rests on love, not on restraint. The Government of Ireland by England rests on restraint and not on law ; since it demands no love it can evoke no loyalty.

That, my lord, is the condemnation of English-made law, of English Government in Ireland, that it dare not rest on the will of the Irish people, but it exists in defiance of that will—that it is a rule derived not from right, but from conquest. Conquest, my lord, gives no title, and if it exists over the body, it fails over the mind. It can exert no empire over men's reason and judgment and affections ; and it is from this law of conquest without title to the reason, judgment and affection of my countrymen that I appeal.

My Lord Chief Justice, if I may continue, I am not called upon, I conceive, to say anything in answer to the enquiry your lordship has addressed to me why sentence should not be passed upon me. Since I do not admit any verdict in the Court, I cannot, my lord, admit the fitness of the sentence that of necessity must follow it from this Court. I hope I shall be acquitted of presumption if I say that the Court I see before me now is not this High Court of Justice of England, but a far greater, a far higher, a far older assemblage of justices—that of the people of Ireland. Since in the acts which have led to this trial it was the people of Ireland I sought to serve—and them alone—I leave my judgment and my sentence in their hands.

Let me pass from myself and my own fate to a far more pressing, as it is a far more urgent theme—not the fate of an individual Irishman who may have tried and failed, but the claims and fate of the country that has not failed. Ireland has outlived the failure of all her hopes—and yet she still hopes. Ireland has seen her sons—aye, and her daughters too—suffer from generation to generation always for the same cause, meeting always the same fate, and always at the hands of the same power ; and always a

fresh generation has passed on to withstand the same oppression. For if English authority be omnipotent—a power, as Mr. Gladstone phrased it, that reaches to the very ends of the earth—Irish hope exceeds the dimensions of that power, excels its authority, and renews with each generation the claims of the last. The cause that begets this indomitable persistency, the faculty of preserving through centuries of misery the remembrance of lost liberty, this surely is the noblest cause men ever strove for, ever lived for, ever died for. If this be the cause I stand here to-day indicted for, and convicted of sustaining, then I stand in a goodly company and a right noble succession.

My counsel has referred to the Ulster Volunteers Movement, and I will not touch at length upon that ground save only to say this, that neither I nor any of the leaders of the Irish Volunteers who were founded in Dublin in November 1913, had quarrel with the Ulster Volunteers as such, who were born a year earlier. . . . We aimed at winning the Ulster Volunteers to the cause of a United Ireland. . . . It was not we, the Irish Volunteers, who broke the law, but a British party. The Government had permitted the Ulster Volunteers to be armed by Englishmen, to threaten not merely an English party in its hold on office, but to threaten that party through the lives and blood of Irishmen.

. . . That blessed word "Empire" that bears so paradoxical a resemblance to charity! For if charity begins at home, "Empire" begins in other men's homes, and both may cover a multitude of sins. I for one was determined that Ireland was much more to me than "Empire," and that if charity begins at home so must loyalty. Since arms were so necessary to make our organisation a reality, it was our bounden duty to get arms before all else. I decided with this end in view to go to America, with surely a better right to appeal to Irishmen there for help in an hour of great national trial than those envoys of "Empire" could assert for their week-end descents upon Ireland, or their appeals to Germany. If, as the right honourable gentleman, the present Attorney-General, asserted in a speech at Manchester, Nationalists would neither fight for Home Rule nor pay for it, it was our duty to show him that we knew how to do both. Within a few weeks of my arrival in the States the fund that had been opened to secure arms for the Volunteers in Ireland amounted to many thousands of pounds. In every case the money subscribed,

whether it came from the purse of the wealthy or the still readier pocket of the poor man, was Irish gold.

Then came the War. . . . War between Great Britain and Germany meant, as I believed, ruin for all the hopes we had founded on the enrolment of the Irish Volunteers. A constitutional movement in Ireland is never very far from a breach of the constitution, as the Loyalists of Ulster have been so eager to show us. The cause is not far to seek. A constitution to be maintained intact must be the achievement and the pride of the people themselves ; must rest on their own free will and on their own determination to sustain it, instead of being something resident in another land whose chief representative is an armed force—armed not to protect the population, but to hold it down. . . . If small nationalities were to be the pawns in this game of embattled giants, I saw no reason why Ireland should shed her blood in any cause but her own, and if that be treason beyond the seas I am not ashamed to own it or to answer for it here with my life. And when we had the doctrine of Unionist loyalty at last—"Mausers and Kaisers and any King you like," and I have heard that at Hamburg, not far from Limburg on the Lahn—I felt I need no other warrant than that these words conveyed, to go forth and do likewise. The difference between us was that the Unionist champions chose a path they felt would lead to the woolsack ; while I went a road I knew must lead to the dock. And the event proves we were both right. The difference between us was that my "treason" was based on a ruthless sincerity that forced me to attempt in time and season to carry out in action what I said in word—whereas their treason lay in verbal incitements that they knew need never be made good in their bodies. And so, I am prouder to stand here to-day in the traitor's dock to answer this impeachment than to fill the place of my right honourable accusers.

We have been told, we have been asked to hope, that after this war Ireland will get Home Rule, as a reward for the life blood shed in a cause which, whoever else its success may benefit, can surely not benefit Ireland. And what will Home Rule be in return for what its vague promise has taken and still hopes to take away from Ireland ? It is not necessary to tread the painful stairs of Irish history—that treadmill of a nation whose labours are as vain for her own uplifting as the convict's exertions are for his redemption—to review the long list of British promises made only to be broken—of Irish hopes raised only to be dashed to the ground. Home Rule when it comes, if come it does, will find an Ireland drained of all that is vital to its very existence—

unless it be that unquenchable hope we build on the graves of the dead. We are told that if Irishmen go by the thousand to die, not for Ireland, but for Flanders, for Belgium, for a patch of sand on the deserts of Mesopotamia, or a rocky trench on the heights of Gallipoli, they are winning self-government for Ireland. But if they dare to lay down their lives on their native soil, if they dare to dream even that freedom can be won only at home by men resolved to fight for it there, then they are traitors to their country, and their dream and their deaths alike are phases of a dishonourable phantasy. But history is not so recorded in other lands. In Ireland alone in this twentieth century is loyalty held to be a crime. If loyalty is something less than love and more than law, then we have had enough of such loyalty for Ireland or Irishmen. If we are to be indicted as criminals, to be shot as murderers, to be imprisoned as convicts because our offence is that we love Ireland more than we value our lives, then I know not what virtue resides in any offer of self-government held out to brave men on such terms. Self-government is our right, a thing born in us at birth ; a thing no more to be doled out to us or withheld from us by another people than the right to life itself—than the right to feel the sun or smell the flowers, or to love our kind. It is only from the convict these things are withheld for crime committed and proven—and Ireland that has wronged no man, that has injured no land, that has sought no dominion over others—Ireland is treated to-day among the nations of the world as if she was a convicted criminal. If it be treason to fight against such an unnatural fate as this, then I am proud to be a rebel, and shall cling to my “rebellion” with the last drop of my blood. If there be no right of rebellion against a state of things that no savage tribe would endure without resistance, then I am sure that it is better for men to fight and die without right than to live in such a state of right as this. Where all your rights become only an accumulated wrong ; where men must beg with bated breath for leave to subsist in their own land, to think their own thoughts, to sing their own songs, to garner the fruits of their own labours—and even while they beg to see these things inexorably withdrawn from them—then surely it is braver, a saner and a truer thing, to be a rebel in act and deed against such circumstances as these than tamely to accept it as the natural lot of man.

My lord, I have done. Gentlemen of the jury, I wish to thank you for your verdict. I hope you will not take amiss what I said, or think that I made any imputation upon your truthfulness or your integrity when I spoke and said that this was not a trial

by my peers. I maintain that I have a natural right to be tried in that natural jurisdiction, Ireland, my own country, and I would put it to you, how would you feel in the converse case, if an Englishman had landed here in England and the Crown or the Government, for its own purposes, had conveyed him secretly from England to Ireland under a false name, and brought him before a tribunal in Ireland under a statute which they knew involved a trial before an Irish jury. How would you feel yourselves as Englishmen if that man was to be submitted to trial by jury in a land inflamed against him and believing him to be a criminal, when his only crime was that he cared for England more than for Ireland ?

### DHINGRA

#### *Speech from the Dock.*

I admit the other day I attempted to shed English blood as an humble revenge for the inhuman hangings and deportations of patriotic Indian youths. In this attempt I have consulted none but my own conscience. I have conspired with none but my own duty.

I believe that a nation held down by foreign bayonets is in a perpetual state of war, since open battle is rendered impossible to a disarmed race. I attacked by surprise ; since guns were denied me I drew my pistol and fired.

As an Hindoo I felt that wrong to my country is an insult to God. Her cause is the cause of Shri Ram, her service is the service of Shri Krishna. Poor in wealth and intellect, a son like myself has nothing else to offer to the Mother but his own blood, and so I have sacrificed the same on her altar.

The only lesson required in India at present is to learn how to die, and the only way to teach it is by dying ourselves. Therefore I die, and glory in my martyrdom.

This war will continue so long as the Hindoo and English races last (if this present unnatural relation does not cease).

My only prayer to God is may I be reborn of the same Mother, and may I re-die in the same sacred cause till the cause is successful, and she stands free for the good of humanity and to the glory of God—BANDE MATARAM."

AUGUSTE VAILLANT

*On Assassination.*

Ah, gentlemen, if the governing classes could go down among the unfortunates ! But no, they prefer to remain deaf to their appeals. It seems that a fatality impels them, like the royalty of the eighteenth century, toward the precipice which will engulf them ; for woe be to those who remain deaf to the cries of the starving, woe to those who, believing themselves of superior essence, assume the right to exploit those beneath them ! There comes a time when the people no longer reason ; they rise like a hurricane, and rush onward like a torrent. Then we see bleeding heads impaled on pikes.

Among the exploited, gentlemen, there are two classes of individuals. Those of one class, not realizing what they are and what they might be, take life as it comes, believe that they are born to be slaves, and content themselves with the little that is given them in exchange for their labour. But there are others, on the contrary, who think, who study, and, looking about them, discover social iniquities. Is it their fault if they see clearly and suffer at seeing others suffer ? Then they throw themselves into the struggle, and make themselves the bearers of the popular claims.

I know very well that I shall be told that I ought to have confined myself to speech for the vindication of the people's claims. But what can you expect ! It takes a loud voice to make the deaf hear. Too long have they answered our voices by imprisonment, the rope, and rifle-volleys. Make no mistake ; the explosion of my bomb is not only the cry of the rebel Vaillant, but the cry of an entire class which vindicates its rights, and which will soon add acts to words. For, be sure of it, in vain will they pass laws. The ideas of the thinkers will not halt !

ALEXANDRE JACOB

*A Modern Robin Hood addresses the Jury.*

You know now who I am ; a revolutionary living by the fruits of brigandage. Moreover, I have set fire to several hotels and I have defended my liberty against the aggression of the agents of authority.

I have laid bare my whole life of struggle ; I submit it as a problem for your intelligence. Not recognising that anyone has

the right to judge me, I ask neither for pardon nor for merciful treatment. I don't beg from those whom I hate and despise. You are the stronger party ; dispose of me as you like, send me to the penal settlement or to the scaffold, it doesn't matter much to me ! But before we part let me say a last word to you.

Since you reproach me above all with being a thief it is useful to define what theft is.

Theft is restitution, it is the act of taking possession again. Rather than be cloistered in a factory as though I were in a penal settlement, rather than beg for that which is my right . . . I preferred to rebel and fight every inch of the ground with my enemies by making war on the rich and attacking their belongings. Of course, I understand that you would have preferred that I should submit myself to your laws, that as a docile and brow-beaten worker I should create wealth in exchange for a ridiculous wage, and that with my body played out and my brain stultified I should go and die like a dog in the gutter. Then you would not call me a "cynical bandit" but an "honest worker." Using flattery, you would even have awarded me the "médaille de travail." . . . The priests promise their dupes Paradise : you are less abstract, you offer them a scrap of paper !

I thank you very much for so much kindness, for so much gratitude, gentlemen ! I prefer to be a cynic aware of his rights than an automaton, a caryatid.

ARTURO M. GIOVANITTI

*Address to the Jury.*

MR. FOREMAN AND GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY :

It is the first time in my life that I speak publicly in your wonderful language, and the most solemn moment in my life. I know not if I will go to the end of my remarks. The District Attorney and the other gentlemen here who are used to measure all human emotions with the yardstick may not understand the tumult that is going on in my soul at this moment. But my friends and my comrades before me, these gentlemen here who have been with me for the last seven or eight months, know exactly, and if my words will fail before I reach the end of this short statement to you, it will be because of the superabundance of sentiments that are flooding to my heart.

I speak to you not because I want to review this evidence at all. I shall not enter into the evidence that has been offered here, as I

feel that you, gentlemen of the jury, have by this time a firm and set conviction ; by this time you ought to know, you ought to have realised whether I said or whether I did not say those words that have been put into my mouth by those two detectives. You ought to know whether it is possible, not for a man like me but for any living human being to say those atrocious, those flagitious words that have been attributed to me. I say only this in regard to the evidence that has been introduced in this case, that if there is or ever has been murder in the heart of any man that is in this court-room to-day, gentlemen of the jury, that man is not sitting in this cage. We had come to Lawrence, as my noble comrade Mr. Ettor said, because we were prompted by something higher and loftier than what the District Attorney or any other man in this presence here may understand and realise. Were I not afraid I was being somewhat sacrilegious, I would say that to go and investigate into the motives that prompted and actuated us to go into Lawrence would be the same as to inquire, why did the Saviour come on earth, or why was Lloyd Garrison in this very Commonwealth, in the city of Boston, dragged through the streets with a rope around his neck ? Why did all the other great men and masters of thought—why did they go to preach this new gospel of fraternity and brotherhood ? It is just that truth should be ascertained, it is right that the criminal should be brought before the bar of justice. But one side alone of our story has been told here. There has been brought only one side of this great industrial question, the method and the tactics. But what about, I say, the ethical part of this question ? What about the human and humane part of our ideas ? What about the grand condition of to-morrow as we see it, and as we foretell it now to the workers at large, here in this same cage where the felon has sat, in this same cage where the drunkard, where the prostitute, where the hired assassin has been ? What about the better and nobler humanity where there shall be no more slaves, where no man will ever be obliged to go on strike in order to obtain fifty cents a week more, where children will not have to starve any more, where women no more will have to go and prostitute themselves ; where at last there will not be any more slaves, any more masters, but one great family of friends and brothers. It may be, gentlemen of the jury, that you do not believe in that. It may be that we are dreamers ; it may be that we are fanatics, Mr. District Attorney. But so was a fanatic Socrates, who instead of acknowledging the philosophy of the aristocrats of Athens, preferred to drink the poison. And so was a fanatic the Saviour Jesus Christ, who instead of acknowledging that Pilate, or that Tiberius was



emperor of Rome, and instead of acknowledging his submission to all the rulers of the time and all the priestcraft of the time, preferred the cross between two thieves.

(November 23rd, 1912)

BARTOLOMEO VANZETTI

*Statement after receiving sentence : April 9th, 1927.*

If it had not been for these things, I might have lived out my life talking at street corners to scolding men. I might have died, unmarked, unknown, a failure. Now we are not a failure. This is our career and our triumph. Never in our full life could we hope to do such work for tolerance, for justice, for man's understanding of man as now we do by accident. Our words—our lives—our pains—nothing! The taking of our lives—lives of a good shoe-maker and a poor fish-peddler—all! That last moment belongs to us—that agony is our triumph.

H. LESTER HUTCHINSON

*Statement given in his own defence, at Meerut, India, against a charge of "Conspiracy against the King." July 16th, 1931.*

. . . The terrorising of political opinion is as bad in India as in Italy. It is considered a crime to hold any opinions which are not favourable to Imperialism. Imperialism is much helped by its Indian Penal Code. Section 124A provides a maximum penalty of transportation for life for anyone charged with making a so-called seditious speech. Other sections of the law give any executive officer dictatorial powers to ban meetings, demonstrations, assemblies of more than five people, carrying sticks, etc. Then the Indian Penal Code contains the magnificent Section 121A, which provides for conspiracy to deprive the King of his sovereignty of India a maximum penalty of transportation for life. This is the masterpiece of Imperialist legislation. Under this section people who are merely disliked by the Government can be rounded up without their having committed any offence against the established law, and sentenced to long terms of imprisonment and to transportation for life. It has been explained to us in the present case, ad nauseam, that it was not necessary for us to have committed any illegal act to be sentenced under Section 121A. It is sufficient to us to have the same opinions, distasteful to Imperialism, to be sentenced for conspiring

by legal acts to do an illegal act. Such sophistry is ridiculous. To sentence a man for life for admittedly no crime under a section which would be applicable to the majority of the population of the Empire is a stroke of genius.

Imperialism in India makes good use of the present oppressive laws to fight its political adversaries. That is why all the jails in India are full of young men spending the best years of their lives in prison, for doing nothing more than holding opinions distasteful to the Executive. That is why you cannot open an Indian newspaper without finding it full of the reports of political trials.

But even the iniquitous Indian Penal Code is not sufficient for Imperialism. Frequently they do without their law altogether. There is Regulation III of 1818 which allows the Executive to keep people in prison for indefinite periods without trial or hearing. There is the famous Bengal Ordinance which has filled all the jails of Bengal with young men—for the most part innocent of any illegal act—without trial. In what respects, therefore, does the legislation of British Imperialism differ from that of Fascist Terrorism in Italy? In no respect.

Many political prisoners are not left alone in jail, even after conviction. Systematic attempts are made to break their spirit by continual hardships, punishments and official brutality. Torture itself is by no means unheard of. We have heard of the obscene tortures employed by the Police on political prisoners in the lock-ups. Electricity seems to be the favourite method of the C.I.D., because it leaves no injuries. We have heard of prisoners being kept standing in handcuffs for days, fed on bread and water. We have read in newspapers of political prisoners being suspended by the feet from the roof. We have heard of and seen indiscriminate flogging of political prisoners. For example, in the District Jail, Meerut, at the end of August last year thirteen young Satyagrahi prisoners were mercilessly flogged, being given thirty strokes each, until many were carried away in an unconscious state, for some petty breach of jail discipline, provoked by the jailer. We have heard of false confessions and statements being extorted from prisoners by torture. This being so, in what respect do the Police and jail methods in British India differ from the Police Third Degree in America? In no respect.

Police terrorism reached its zenith last year during the Civil Disobedience Movement. The villagers, growing restive under the yoke of the zemindars and money-lenders, were terrorised by the Police to an almost incredible extent. Many were flogged to the point of death and women raped, until whole districts were

evacuated and left desolate. The worst example of this was in the Bardoli Taluka, and the revelations of Mr. H. N. Brailsford, who investigated the charges by paying a special visit to Bardoli last year, which were published in the Indian press and the *Manchester Guardian*, are conclusive. There is no doubt that the Police practised incredible atrocities on the peasantry in India—atrocities which are unpardonable.

Other outstanding examples of Police Terrorism during the Civil Disobedience Movement occurred at Peshawar, Sholapur and Chittagong. At Peshawar there was indiscriminate shooting of men, women and children, and even the Congress Report prepared by such a hoary old reactionary as Vithalbhai Patel contained so much material on official terrorism that the Government promptly proscribed it. At Sholapur, martial law was applied and people were sentenced to long terms of imprisonment by military courts for nothing at all. Many were mercilessly flogged by the soldiery, and this chapter of repression concluded with the judicial murder by hanging of four innocent men a few days before the notorious Gandhi-Irwin pact. After the raid in the armoury at Chittagong in May, 1930, Police Terrorism was instituted there and continues up to this day. It is not necessary for me to go into details. The events are too recent for anyone to be ignorant of them. The whole of last year was a chapter of Lathi charges, broken heads and betrayed hopes. While MacDonald was mouthing pious platitudes to the delegates of the Round Table Conference in London, his subordinates in India were carrying on a reign of ruthless terror against the Indian masses ; and MacDonald and his henchmen were aware of this when they were mumbling about equal partnership and brotherly love.

### MAHATMA GANDHI

*Extract from the written statement of Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi, read at his trial in 1922.*

Little do town-dwellers know how the semi-starved masses of India are slowly sinking to lifelessness. Little do they know that their miserable comfort represents the brokerage they get for the work they do for the foreign exploiter, that the profits and the brokerage are sucked from the masses. Little do they realize that the government established by law in British India is carried on for this exploitation of the masses. No sophistry, no jugglery in figures, can explain away the evidence the skeletons in many

villages present to the naked eye. I have no doubt whatsoever that both England and the town-dwellers of India will have to answer, if there is a God above, for this crime against humanity which is perhaps unequalled in history.

The law itself in this country has been used to serve the foreign exploiter. My unbiased examination of the Punjab Martial Law cases has led me to believe that at least ninety-five per cent of the convictions were wholly bad. My experience of political cases in India leads me to the conclusion that in nine out of every ten the condemned men were totally innocent. Their crime consisted in love of their country. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred justice has been denied to Indians as against Europeans (i.e. Englishmen) in the courts of India. This is not an exaggerated picture. It is the experience of almost every Indian who has had anything to do with such cases. In my opinion the administration of the law is thus prostituted, consciously or unconsciously, for the benefit of the exploiter.

The greatest misfortune is that Englishmen and their Indian associates in the administration of the country do not know that they are engaged in the crime I have attempted to describe. I am satisfied that many English and Indian officials honestly believe that they are administering one of the best systems devised in the world and that India is making steady though slow progress. They do not know that a subtle but effective system of terrorism and an organized display of force on the one hand and the deprivation of all powers of retaliation or self-defence on the other have emasculated the people and induced in them the habit of simulation. This awful habit has added to the ignorance and self-deception of the administrators.

Section 124A, under which I am happily charged, is perhaps the prince among the political sections of the Indian Penal Code designed to suppress the liberty of the citizens.

Affection cannot be manufactured or regulated by law. If one has no affection for a person or thing one should be free to give the fullest expression to his disaffection so long as he does not contemplate, promote or incite to violence. But the section under which Mr. Banker and I are charged is one under which mere promotion of disaffection is a crime. I have studied some of the cases tried under it, and I know that some of the most loved of India's patriots have been convicted under it. I consider it a privilege, therefore, to be charged under it.

I have endeavoured to give in their briefest outline the reasons for my disaffection. I have no personal ill-will against any single administrator, much less can I have any disaffection

toward the King's person. But I hold it to be a virtue to be disaffected toward a government which in its totality has done more harm to India than any previous system. India is less manly under British rule than she ever was before. Holding such a belief, I consider it to be a sin to have affection for the system. And it has been a precious privilege for me to be able to write what I have in the various articles tendered in evidence against me.

In fact, I believe that I have rendered a service to India and England by showing in non-cooperation the way out of the unnatural state in which both are living. In my humble opinion non-cooperation with evil is as much a duty as cooperation with good. But in the past, non-cooperation has been deliberately expressed in violence to the evil-doer. I am endeavouring to show to my countrymen that violent non-cooperation only multiplies evil, and that as evil can only be sustained by violence withdrawal of support of evil requires complete abstention from violence.

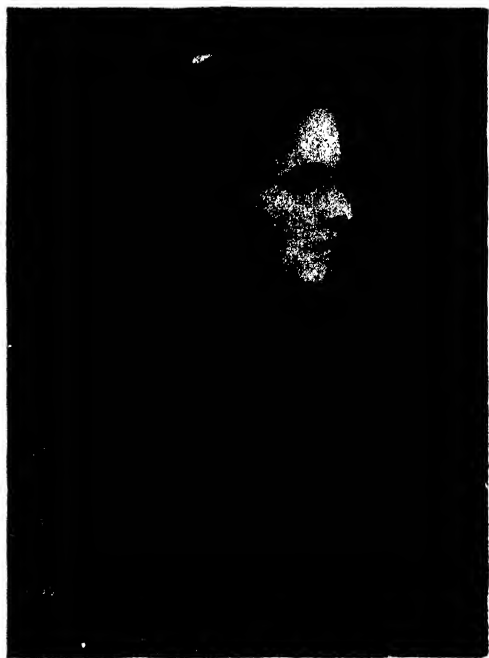
Non-violence implies voluntary submission to the penalty for non-cooperation with evil. I am here, therefore, to invite and submit cheerfully to the highest penalty that can be inflicted upon me for what in law is a deliberate crime and what appears to me to be the highest duty of a citizen. The only course open to you, the Judge and the Assessors, is either to resign your posts and thus dissociate yourselves from evil if you feel that the law you are called upon to administer is an evil and that in reality I am innocent, or to inflict on me the severest penalty if you believe that the system and the law you are assisting to administer are good for the people of this country and that my activity is therefore injurious to the public weal.

#### EUGENE DEBS

*From Debs' Statement to the Court after trial, December 2nd, 1918.*

Your honor, years ago I recognized my kinship with all living beings, and I made up my mind that I was not one bit better than the meanest of earth. I said then, and I say now, that while there is a lower class, I am in it, while there is a criminal element I am of it, and while there is a soul in prison, I am not free.

Standing here this morning, I recall my boyhood. At fourteen I went to work in a railroad shop; at sixteen I was firing a freight engine on a railroad. I remember all the hardships and



SPIRIDONOVA  
From a drawing 1906.



SPIRIDONOVA IN 1930  
Courtesy of Messrs. Methuen



privations of that earlier day, and from that time until now my heart has been with the working class. I could have been in Congress long ago. I have preferred to go to prison.

In the struggle—the fierce and unceasing struggle—between the toilers and producers and their exploiters, I have tried as best I might to serve those among whom I was born, and whose lot I expect to share to the end of my days.

I am thinking this morning of the men in the mills and factories ; of the men in the mines and on the railroads. I am thinking of the women who for a paltry wage are compelled to work out their barren lives ; of the little children who in this system are robbed of their childhood and in their tender years are seized in the remorseless grasp of Mammon and forced into the industrial dungeons, there to feed the monster machines while they themselves are being starved and stunted, body and soul. I see them dwarfed and diseased and broken and blasted because in this high noon of our twentieth century Christian civilization money is still so much more important than the flesh and blood of our childhood. In very truth gold is god to-day and rules with pitiless sway in the affairs of men.

In this country—the most favored beneath the bending skies—we have vast areas of the richest and most fertile soil, material resources in inexhaustible abundance for every man, woman and child—and if there are still vast numbers of our people who are the victims of poverty and whose lives are an unceasing struggle all the way from youth to old age, until at last death comes to their rescue and stills their aching hearts and lulls these hapless victims to dreamless sleep, it is not the fault of the Almighty ; it cannot be charged to nature, but it is due entirely to the outgrown social system in which we live that ought to be abolished not only in the interest of the toiling masses but in the higher interest of all humanity.

I am thinking of the children of poverty ; the little girls in the textile mills of the East and in the cotton factories of the South, at work in a vitiated atmosphere, when they ought to be at play or at school, who, when they do grow up, if they live long enough, and approach the marriage state, will be unfit for it. Their nerves are worn out, their tissue is exhausted, their vitality is spent. They have been fed to industry. Their lives have been coined into gold. Their offspring are born weak and tired. That is why there are so many so-called failures in our modern life.

This order of things cannot always endure. I have registered



my protest against it. I recognize the feebleness of my effort, but, fortunately, I am not alone. There are multiplied thousands of others who, like myself, have come to realize that before we may truly enjoy the blessings of civilized life we must reorganize society upon a mutual and co-operative basis ; and to this end we have organized a great economic and political movement that spreads over the face of all the earth.

There are to-day upwards of sixty millions of Socialists, loyal, devoted, adherents to this cause, regardless of nationality, race, creed, color, or sex. They are all making common cause. They are spreading with tireless energy the propaganda of the new social order. They are waiting, watching and working hopefully through all the hours of the day and the night. They are still in a minority. But they have learned how to be patient and to bide their time. They feel—they know, indeed—that the time is coming, in spite of all opposition, all persecution, when this emancipating gospel will spread among all the peoples, and when this minority will become the triumphant majority and, sweeping into power, inaugurate the greatest social and economic change in history.

In that day we shall have the universal commonwealth—the harmonious co-operation of every nation with every other nation on earth.

Your honor, I ask no mercy and I plead for no immunity. I realize that finally the right must prevail. I never so clearly comprehended as now the great struggle between the powers of greed and exploitation on the one hand and upon the other the rising hosts of industrial freedom and social justice.

I can see the dawn of the better day for humanity. The people are awakening. In due time they will and must come to their own.

“When the mariner, sailing over tropic seas, looks for relief from his weary watch, he turns his eyes towards the southern cross, burning luridly above the tempest-vexed ocean. As the midnight approaches, the southern cross begins to bend, the whirling worlds change their places, and with starry finger-points the Almighty marks the passage of time upon the dial of the universe, and though no bell may beat the glad tidings, the lookout knows that the midnight is passing and that relief and rest are close at hand.

Let the people everywhere take heart of hope, for the cross is

bending, the midnight is passing, and joy cometh with the morning."

Your honor, I thank you and I thank all this court for the kindness and consideration shown me which I shall always remember.

I am now prepared to receive my sentence.

J. HEEMROTH

*Fragment of a letter.*

DEAR JUDGES,

As I have to justify myself here before you to-day, and as I have not done anything which deserves punishment but on the contrary always have been kind towards my fellow-beings as demands the love of God, and as I never even made a child cry, I address myself to you here and ask you kindly to treat me and to judge me for God's sake as will be just and right for the God who is yours and mine. You all are present here to punish in the name of God the man who does evil, but also to praise the one who does well, because we are all called by God to love and peace. And for the sake of truth and justice I am prosecuted.

EUGEN LEVINÉ

*From his last Speech at the Trial.*

The Public Prosecutor has provoked me as I have never been provoked before in the whole of my political career. To find good reason for condemning me, the Public Prosecutor had to accuse me of dishonesty and allege cowardice in proof of it. This is one of the heaviest reproaches which could be made against a man who has been fighting in the revolutionary struggle for sixteen years. If the case goes according to the Public Prosecutor's intentions I will ask him to be present when the sentence is carried out. . . .

We Communists, all of us, are only corpses on holiday. I don't know whether they are going to prolong my holiday leave or whether I shall have to join my friend, Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg. In any case I am awaiting their decision with calmness and inward gaiety. I know that whatever decision

they make, events cannot be held up. The Public Prosecutor thinks that we leaders have incited the masses. As the leaders cannot prevent mistakes being made, so the disappearance of one leader will not hinder the movement in any circumstances. In this room, sooner or later, different judges will sit, and the people accused of high treason will be those who act against the dictatorship of the proletariat. The workers of Munich, and I with them, have all tried according to the best of our knowledge and our conscience to do our duty by the proletariat and the international communist world revolution.

KARL LIEBKNECHT

*Letter to the Kommandaturgericht, Berlin, May 8th, 1916.*

These are my comments on the legal case against me :

(1) To the international socialist, high treason is nonsense. He does not know a foreign power, whom he could think of helping. . . . No : for him it is not a case of " helping a foreign power," but " combining with the socialists of other countries to break down all imperialistic powers together." That is the essence of his struggle.

He fights against international capitalism in the name of the international proletariat. He attacks the enemy where he finds him—that is, in his own country. In his own country, in the name of the international proletariat, he fights his own government and his own ruling classes as the representatives of international capitalism.

In this dialectic process, the international class struggle against war is realised in the national class struggle against war.

(2) If for instance the German socialists were to fight the English Government while the English Socialists fought the German Government, this would be a farce, or worse. Of course the international socialist, and he alone, because he leads the class struggle against his own government, has the right to attack the foreign government too. Wherever I saw the opportunity, I have attacked the foreign government in its own country and in Germany as well, when I saw a victory for socialism in the attack. But I would never do so if it helped the war propaganda.

(3) It is in the nature of conscious international struggle, that the socialist keeps in view the international co-operation of socialists in all countries ; he fights for this consciously in his own country, he recognises his own fight and that of the socialists

in other countries as supplementary functions, and he thus fights his own government consciously.

In this sense and in this way the social revolution of the working class faces capitalism.

Soldier-in-arms

KARL LIEBKNECHT.

MARIA SPIRIDONOVA

*Speech at the Court-Martial, March 12th, 1905.*

Yes, I killed Luzhenovsky, and I should like to explain my motives. I am a member of the Social Revolutionary Party. My deed proceeds from the ideas my party—and I as one of its members—believe in, and from the conditions which Russian life imposes upon their realization.

The discontent of the people with the present régime has taken on the definite and threatening form of revolution ; that is, armed resistance to the power of the State, attempts on the lives of State officials, and open fighting in the streets with the armed forces of the Government. The State tried the usual means of silencing the people's needs—bullets, bayonets and guns. These, however, did not suffice, so the next device was a manifesto of liberty. Coinciding with this manifesto an intelligent outlet for popular feeling was found in the form of reactionary pogroms. The manifesto was obviously the result of clever strategy, a clever tactical move and nothing more.

As soon as the bureaucracy appreciated that this manifesto could be withdrawn, it was withdrawn, and the officials returned to their old and trusted measures of repression. The atrocities committed by the Reaction exceeded anything previously known. In the course of two to three months, two hundred men were condemned to death and executed. The rebel intelligentsia were thrown into prison, opposition clubs were forbidden, the Press gagged. A clever spy system set out to paralyse the activities of such clubs, and the armed risings were suppressed. The bureaucracy created conditions which made it impossible for the dissatisfaction of the people ever to reach the head of the State. They managed to create the impression that the country had reached a high state of well-being. The deeds of the bureaucracy in suppressing the peasants' unrest were particularly glorious and should be inscribed in their annals in letters of gold. I will not talk of the punishment of the peasants in other governments, or the Government of Tambov. I will consider one district, and one bloodthirsty hangman, Luzhenovsky alone.

The trophies which Luzhenovsky brought home in his triumphal procession and laid at the feet of the bureaucracy were murdered peasants, ruined farms, raped women, and beaten children.

As commandant of Borisoglebsk, Luzhenovsky covered himself with glory. It was a quiet town. There was no opposition there. On October 18th a peaceful meeting took place; there were speeches, fiery hopes were expressed. Luzhenovsky had all these talkers imprisoned. It looked as though that was all he could possibly do at Borisoglebsk. But no. He started arresting people at random, according to his drunken whim. To be interrogated by Luzhenovsky meant that your life was in danger. The treatment of the relatives of those under arrest was particularly brutal and insulting. He threatened to put the whole of Borisoglebsk under lock and key. He boasted during the dinners which the terrorized merchants of the town gave in his honour that he had killed six peasants with his own hands. Floggings he no longer considered even worthy of mention. He talked as if the peasant were of no human value, as if he were not a human being who regarded a blow in the face as a greater insult than death. I will not talk of Luzhenovsky as spiritual father, inspirer, and founder of that shameful phenomenon in Russian life, the Black Hundred. Everybody knows enough about it. The Tambov Committee of the Social Revolutionary Party, and I as one of its members, recognised in Luzhenovsky the embodiment of evil, despotism, and violence, the typical expression of all the most dreadful characteristics of autocracy. He was quickly climbing the steps to power, the glittering prospect of an unbridled dictatorship over the whole of the west of Russia, or elsewhere where he could give free play to his ungovernable nature, was rising before him. He was becoming an increasingly important pillar in the prison-house in which the people are confined and stifled. He was an oppressor of the people, and there was no way of restraining him other than death.

The Tambov Committee, together with all the members of the Social Revolutionary Party, took upon themselves the duty of defending the working masses, their happiness and their honour. The party aims at the creation of such political and economic conditions as will enable the people to march forward freely towards Socialism, towards planned organization of common labour for the common good, to a social order in which the great words, fraternity, equality, liberty of man will become realities and not merely a dream. In the name of humanity, regard for human personality, truth, and justice, the Tambov Committee and I pronounced sentence of death on Luzhenovsky.

I undertook to carry out the death sentence, in the full knowledge of the consequences of my decision. For it would have broken my heart, it would have been a shame to go on living and hear of the terror and demoralization which reigned in the souls of the peasants after Luzhenovsky's maltreatment.

And after meeting peasants driven to madness by Luzhenovsky's maltreatment, and after seeing an old woman who had gone out of her senses when her lovely fifteen-year-old daughter drowned herself after being outraged by the Cossacks, there was no power in hell, no prospect of the most terrible torture that could move me from my resolution. In truth the revenge of the police régime has surpassed all its traditions. The bureaucracy fell on me and trampled me down with the whole weight of its military police organizations. Nominally torture has been done away with, but it was applied to me. All that I wrote in my letter is true. I was tortured with exquisite refinement, I was insulted and all my feelings violated. I was struck in the face—and do you realize, gentlemen, what that insult means to a human being? I would die eight times rather than endure it!

I repeat once more : In spite of all the horrors I have been through I am happy to have stepped forward in defence of the people and to die for the people.

FRANÇOIS VILLON

*The Epitaph in the Form of a Ballade.*

Which Villon made for himself and his comrades,  
expecting to be hanged along with them.

(Translated by A. C. Swinburne.)

Men, brother men, that after us yet live,  
Let not your hearts too hard against us be ;  
For if some pity of us poor men ye give,  
The sooner God shall take of you pity.  
Here are we five or six strung up, you see,  
And here the flesh that all too well we fed  
Bit by bit eaten and rotten, rent and shred,  
And we the bones grow dust and ash withal ;  
Let no man laugh at us discomforted,  
But pray to God that he forgive us all.

If we call on you, brothers, to forgive,  
Ye should not hold our prayer in scorn, though we

Were slain by law ; ye know that all alive  
Have not wit alway to walk righteously ;  
Make therefore intercession heartily  
With him that of a virgin's womb was bred,  
That his grace be not as a dry well-head  
For us, nor let hell's thunder on us fall ;  
We are dead, let no man harry or vex us dead,  
But pray to God that he forgive us all.

The rain has washed and laundered us all five,  
And the sun dried and blackened ; yea, perdie,  
Ravens and pies with beaks that rend and rive  
Have dug our eyes out, and plucked off for fee  
Our beards and eyebrows ; never are we free,  
Not once, to rest ; but here and there still sped,  
Drive at its wild will by the wind's change led,  
More pecked of birds than fruits on garden-wall ;  
Men, for God's love, let no gibe here be said,  
But pray to God that he forgive us all.

Prince Jesus, that of all art lord and head,  
Keep us, that hell be not our bitter bed ;  
We have nought to do in such a master's hall.  
Be not ye therefore of our fellowhead,  
But pray to God that he forgive us all.

## **SECTION II**

### **DOMESTIC**





## ST. PAUL

From his *Letter from Rome to the Philippians*.

—Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honourable, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report ; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things. The things which ye both learned and received and heard and saw in me, these things do : and the God of peace shall be with you.

But I rejoice in the Lord greatly, that now at length ye have revived your thought for me ; wherein ye did indeed take thought, but ye lacked opportunity. Not that I speak in respect of want : for I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therein to be content. I know how to be abased, and I know also how to abound ; in everything and in all things have I learned the secret both to be filled and to be hungry, both to abound and to be in want. I can do all things in him that strengtheneth me. Howbeit ye did well, that ye had fellowship with my affliction. And ye yourselves also know, ye Philippians, that in the beginning of the gospel, when I departed from Macedonia, no church had fellowship with me in the matter of giving and receiving, but ye only : for even in Thessalonica ye sent once and again unto my need. Not that I seek for the gift ; but I seek for the fruit that increaseth to your account. But I have all things, and abound : I am filled, having received from Epaphroditus the things that came from you, an odour of a sweet smell, a sacrifice acceptable, well-pleasing to God. And my God shall fulfil every need of yours according to his riches in glory in Christ Jesus. Now unto our God and Father be the glory for ever and ever. Amen.

## GANDHI

*Letter to the children at the Ashram, written shortly after his arrest in May, 1930*

Ordinary birds cannot fly without wings. With wings, of course, all can fly. But if you, without wings, will learn how to fly, then all your troubles will indeed be at an end. And I will teach you.

See, I have no wings, yet I come flying to you every day in thought. Look, here is little Vimala, here is Hari and here also Dharmakumar. And you also can come flying to me in thought.

Send me a letter signed by all, and those who do not know how to sign may make a cross.

## MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS

*Letter to Henry III, King of France, written from Fotheringay Castle, on the night before her Execution, dated 8th February, 1587*

Sir, my good brother, having under God's hand for my sins, as I believe, come to throw me in the arms of this Queen, my cousin, where I have had much trouble and passed nigh twenty years, I am at last by her and her Estates condemned to death, and having claimed my papers, by them confiscate, to the end of making my testament, I have been unable to recover aught that would serve me, nor to gain leave freely to make the same, nor that after my death my body should be transported, as I desire, into your realm, where I have had the honour to be queen, your sister and ancient ally.

This day and afternoon has been pronounced to me my sentence, to be executed to-morrow as a criminal at eight o'clock of the morning. I have not had leisure to make you a full discourse of all that has passed, but if it please you to credit my doctor and these others, my heart-broken servants, you will hear the truth ; and as, God be thanked, I despise death and in good faith protest that I receive it innocent of all crime, even were I their subject, the Catholic religion and this maintenance of the right that God has given me to this crown are the two points of my condemnation, and yet they will not let me say it is for the Catholic religion that I die, but for the fear of change to their own ; and for proof, they have taken from me my almoner, nor, for all he is in the house, can I win them to let him come to confess me or give me sacrament at my death ; but they have been very intent with me to receive the consolation and doctrine of their minister, summoned to that end. The bearer and his company, for the most part your subjects, will testify of my carriage in this my latest act. It remains that I beseech you, as king most Christian, good brother and ancient ally, who have ever protested your love for me, that at this hour you give proof in all these points following of your goodness, for the one part in charity giving me solace in that which, for easing of my conscience, I . . .

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

*Letter to his Wife*

*From the Tower, July 1603.*

. . . That I can live never to see thee and my child more !—I cannot. I have desired God and disputed with my reason, but

nature and compassion hath the victory. That I can live to think how you are both left a spoil to my enemies, and that my name shall be a dishonour to my child,—I cannot. I cannot endure the memory thereof. Unfortunate woman, unfortunate child. . . .

. . . To witness that thou didst love me once, take care that thou marry not to please sense, but to avoid poverty, and to preserve thy child. That thou didst also love me living, witness it to others ; to my poor daughter, to whom I have given nothing ; for his sake, who will be cruel to himself to preserve thee. Be charitable to her, and teach thy son to love her for his father's sake. . . .

Oh, what will my poor servants think, at their return, when they hear I am accused to be Spanish who sent them,—at my great charge,—to plant and discover upon his territory.

Oh, intolerable infamy ! O God ! I cannot resist these thoughts. I cannot live to think how I am derided, to think of the expectation of my enemies, the scorns I shall receive. . . . O Death ! destroy my memory which is my tormentor ; my thoughts and my life cannot dwell in one body. But do thou forget me, poor wife, that thou mayest live to bring up my poor child. . . .

I bless my poor child, and let him know his father was no traitor. Be bold of my innocence, for God—to whom I offer life and soul—knows it. And whosoever thou choose again after me, let him be thy beloved, for he is part of me and I live in him ; and the difference is but in the number and not in the kind. And the Lord for ever keep thee and them, and give thee comfort in both worlds.

WOLFE TONE

*Letter to his Wife.*

*Provost Prison—Dublin Barracks,  
le 20 Brumaire, an 7 (10th Nov.), 1798.*

DEAREST LOVE,

The hour is at last come when we must part. As no words can express what I feel for you and our children, I shall not attempt it ; complaint of any kind would be beneath your courage and mine ; be assured I will die as I have lived, and that you will have no cause to blush for me.

I have written on your behalf to the French Government, to

the Minister of Marine, to General Kilmaine, and to Mr. Shee ; with the latter I wish you especially to advise. In Ireland I have written to your brother Harry, and to those of my friends who are about to go into exile, and who, I am sure, will not abandon you.

Adieu, dearest love : I find it impossible to finish this letter. Give my love to Mary ; and, above all things, remember that you are now the only parent of our dearest children, and that the best proof you can give of your affection for me will be to preserve yourself for their education. God Almighty bless you all.

Yours ever,

T. W. TONE.

PS.—I think you have found a friend in Wilson, who will not desert you.

JOHN BROWN

*Letter to a Friend, while awaiting execution.*

No letter I have received since my imprisonment has given me more satisfaction and comfort than yours of the 8th instant. I am quite cheerful, and was never more happy. Have only time to write a word—may God reward you and all yours ! My love to all who love their neighbours. I have asked to be spared from having any weak or hypocritical prayers made over me when I am publicly murdered, and that my only religious attendants be poor little dirty, ragged, bareheaded and barefooted slave boys and girls, led by some gray-headed slave mother.

Farewell ! Farewell !

Your friend,

JOHN BROWN.

ALFRED DREYFUS

*Extract from a letter of Alfred Dreyfus to his Wife (written on January 3rd, 1895, after his conviction and two days before his public degradation.)*

The supreme humiliation, I am told, is to take place the day after to-morrow. I expected it, and was prepared, but, nevertheless, the blow has been violent. I will be strong, as I have promised you, drawing the support I still need from your love, from the affection of all of you, from the thought of my darling children,

and from the supreme hope that one day the truth will out. But it is absolutely necessary for me to feel your affection shining around me. I must feel you fighting by my side. So continue your search without ceasing.

I hope to see you soon and gather strength from your eyes. Let us help and support each other against all our adversaries. I must have your love if I am to live. Without it, the mainspring is broken.

When I am gone, urge everyone not to give up the search. From Saturday on I shall be at the Santé. Take all the necessary steps to see me there. It is there, above all, that I shall need your support. . . .

4.15. Since four o'clock my heart has been beating as if it would break. You are not here, darling. Seconds seem like hours. I prick up my ears to hear if someone is coming for me, but I hear nothing. I keep on waiting.

5 o'clock. I am calmer. It has done me good to see you. . . . Once more a thousand kisses, my darling.

ALFRED.

*From another letter, written from the Santé a few days later :*

Oh, why can't one open a man's heart with a surgeon's knife and see what is written upon it? All the good people who watched me walking past would be able to read there in letters of gold : "This is a man of honour." But I understand them, all the same. In their place I would have been unable to conceal my scorn at the sight of an officer who had been proclaimed a traitor to his country. . . .

EDGAR ANDRÉ

*Letter to his Brother, 2½ hours before execution.*

MY DEAR BROTHER,

This is my last letter. Don't be sad. I remain brave until the last and have but one regret, not to have seen you for such a long time.

But I have just beheld your portrait and seen your good face again, my old brother and comrade.

I am spending the last night with my barrister, who has devoted himself very much to my welfare.

I have struggled till the last moment to prove my innocence but nothing has availed. In two and a half hours I am going to the scaffold.

I have always tried to do my duty, and I think I have succeeded. I die as an honest man, attached to my opinions.

Think of me sometimes. A thousand thanks for all your thoughtfulness in these last moments. Greet Julia and all our friends on my behalf.

Be as courageous as I am and receive a last kiss from him who always loved you as a good brother. To you my last greetings.

EDGAR.

EDGAR ANDRÉ

*To his Wife.*

. . . You know all that I think and feel, so I will only write you these few short lines. You know that to the last I am the same as of old ; there is just one thing more that I want to do—thank you for the ten happy years—and even the years spent here—that I have known.

You have stood by my side like a true and courageous heroine, and it is thanks chiefly to you that I remain erect and steadfast to the last.

Fate comes to all men, to these in one way, to those in another ; to some earlier, to others later.

My wish is that you shall not worry long but seek and find some true and fearless man who will be your friend and support.

You must not remain a widow for ever ; till the last I know that your thoughts will often go to your old friend and true comrade, and as third in your company Ajax will often be in your mind.

This night Dr. Griesbach is sleeping by my side. I have eaten well, and true to my principles I have contented myself even to-night with soda-water and coffee.

Live happy, Mutti, true and beloved, courageous and good. I kiss you with all my heart. Remember me to my Paris friends.

My last thoughts are for you. Why write much more about it you know that I held one thing dearer than you. But among human beings you were first in my heart.

Live happy, and long.

Once more I press you to my heart, my eyes upon your photo lying before me.

To the last,

Your EDIE.

SOPHIA PEROVSKAIA

*Letter to her Mother.*

*March 22 (Old Style), 1881*

MY DEAR, ADORED MAMMA,

The thought of you oppresses and torments me always. My darling, I implore you to be calm, and not to grieve for me ; for my fate does not afflict me in the least, and I shall meet it with complete tranquillity, for I have long expected it, and have known that sooner or later it must come. And I assure you, dear mamma, that my fate is not such a very mournful one. I have lived as my convictions dictated, and it would have been impossible for me to have acted otherwise. I await my fate, therefore, with a tranquil conscience, whatever it may be. The only thing which oppresses me is the thought of your grief, oh, my adored mother ! It is that which rends my heart ; and what would I not give to be able to alleviate it ? My dear, dear mother, remember that you have still a large family, so many grown-up, and so many little ones, all of whom have need of you, have need of your great moral strength. The thought that I have been unable to raise myself to your great moral height has always grieved me to the heart. Whenever, however, I felt myself wavering, it was always the thought of you which sustained me. I will not speak to you of my devotion to you ; you know that from my infancy you were always the object of my deepest and fondest love. Anxiety for you was the greatest of my sufferings. I hope that you will be calm, that you will pardon me the grief I have caused you, and not blame me too much ; your reproof is the only one that would grieve my heart.

In fancy I kiss your hands again and again, and on my knees I implore you not to be angry with me.

Remember me most affectionately to all my relatives.

And I have a little commission for you, my dear mamma. Buy me some cuffs and collars ; the collars rather narrow, and the cuffs with buttons, for studs are not allowed to be worn here. Before appearing at the trial, I must mend my dress a little, for it has become much worn here. Good-bye till we meet again, my dear mother. Once more, I implore you not to grieve, and not to afflict yourself for me. My fate is not such a sad one after all, and you must not grieve about it.

Your own SOPHIA.



## SIR ROGER CASEMENT

*Letter to an old Irish Peasant Woman.*

MY DEAR BRIGID,

I am writing to you through a friend, asking her to send this letter on to you, as she will be able to find out where you are. Your letter came to me yesterday, here in this prison cell, and it was like a glimpse of the garden, with the wallflowers and the Japanese cherry, to get your message.

First, I want to tell you that your Crucifix, the medals and the scapular came to me three weeks ago, but the letter only yesterday. They are always with me, and please God will be as long as I am here.

Remember me to so many, and thank those friends who pray for me—and don't pay any attention to the lies. They are compliments, really, and we need not mind compliments, you and I, Biddy dear.

Do you remember the *Cradle Song* I liked so much? Get Cathal to sing it for me, and give him my love and thanks from my heart, also to Colm, if he is near you, and Dinny and Seaghan Dhu, whenever they come back to you and the old room again. I dreamt last night I was lying before the fire in it, and the boys were there telling stories, and you standing at the door with the pipes. . . . I have thought of you often, and of the garden, and of the last time I saw you, and the message I gave you. Do you remember? I know you carried it out, dear Brigid, because I heard you did. And so farewell—and may God's blessing rest on you and yours and be with you in your work—and may the heartfelt thanks of one in much sorrow and affliction of soul be part of your reward for your affection.

Always your friend,

ROGER CASEMENT.

## SIR THOMAS MORE

*Letter to his Daughter from the Tower, 1534.*

THE HOLY SPIRIT OF GOD BE WITH YOU

If I would with my writing (mine own good daughter) declare how much pleasure and comfort, your daughterly loving letters were unto me, a pack of coals would not suffice to make the pens. And other pens have I (good Margaret) none here, and therefore can I write you no long process, nor dare adventure good daughter to write often.

The cause of my close keeping again, did of likelihood grow of my negligent and very plain true word which you remember. And verily whereas my mind gave me (as I told you in the garden) that some such thing were likely to happen, so doth my mind always give me, that some folk yet ween that I was not so poor as it appeared in the search, and that it may therefore happen that yet eftsoon after than once, some new sudden searches may have to be made in every house of ours, as narrowly as is possible. Which thing if ever it so hap, can make but game to us that know the truth of my poverty, but if they find out my wife's girdle and her golden beads. Howbeit I verily believe in good faith, that the King's grace of his benign pity will take nothing from her . . .

And thus mine own good daughter have me recommended to my good bedfellow, and all my children, men, women and all, with all your babes and your nurses, and all the maids and all the servants, and all our kin, and all our other friends abroad. And I beseech our Lord to save them all and keep them. And I pray you all pray for me, and I shall pray for you all. And take no thought for me whatsoever you shall hap to hear, but be merry in God.

SIR THOMAS MORE

*Letter to his Daughter from the Tower. 6th July 1535—the night before his execution.*

Our Lord bless you good daughter, and your good husband, and your little boy, and all yours, and all my children, and all my God-children, and all our friends. Recommend me when you may to my good daughter Cicily, whom I beseech our Lord to comfort. And I send her my blessing, and to all her children, and pray her to pray for me. I send her an handkerchief: And God comfort my good son her husband. My good daughter Daunce hath the picture in parchment, that you delivered me from my Lady Coniers, the name is on the back side. Show her that I heartily pray her, that you may send it in my name to her again, for a token from me to pray for me. I like special well Dorothy Coly, I pray you be good unto her. I would wit whether this be she you wrote me of. If not I pray you be good to the other, as you may in her affliction, and to my good daughter Joan Aleyne, too. Give her, I pray you, some kind answer, for she sued hither to me this to pray you be good to her.

I cumber you good Margaret much, but I would be sorry if it

should be any longer than tomorrow. For it is St. Thomas's even, and the utas of St. Peter, and therefore tomorrow Long I to go to God ; it were a day very mete and convenient to me.

I never liked your manner toward me better, than when you kissed me last. For I love when daughterly love and dear charity, hath no leisure to look to worldly courtesy.

Farewell my dear child, and pray for me, and I shall for you and all your friends, that we may merrily meet in heaven. I thank you for your great cost. I send now to my good daughter Clement her algorisme stone, and I send her and my godson and all here God's blessing and mine. I pray you at time convenient recommend me to my good son John More ; I liked well his natural fashion. Our Lord bless him and his good wife my loving daughter, to whom I pray him to be good as he hath great cause : and that if the land of mine come to his hand, he break not my will concerning his sister Daunce. And our Lord bless Thomas and Austin and all that they shall have.

THOMAS WENTWORTH, EARL OF STRAFFORD

*Letter to his Son, 11th May, 1641.*

MY DEAREST WILL,

These are the last lines that you are to receive from a father that tenderly loves you. I wish there were a greater leisure to impart my mind unto you ; but our merciful God will supply all things by His grace, and guide you in all your ways ; to whose infinite goodness I bequeath you ; and therefore be not discouraged, but serve Him, and trust in Him, and He will preserve and prosper you in all things.

Be sure you give all respect to my wife, that hath ever had a great love unto you, and therefore will be well becoming you. Never be awanting in your love and care to your sisters, but let them ever be most dear unto you ; for this will give others cause to esteem and respect you for it, and is a duty that you owe them in the memory of your excellent mother and myself : therefore your care and affection to them must be the very same that you are to have of yourself ; and the like regard must you have to your youngest sister ; for indeed you owe it her also, both for her father and mother's sake.

Sweet Will, be careful to take the advice of those friends, which are by me desired to advise you for your education. Serve God diligently, morning and evening, and recommend yourself unto Him, and have Him before your eyes in all your

ways. With patience hear the instruction of those friends I leave with you, and diligently follow their counsel ; for, till you come by time to have experience in the world, it will be far more safe to trust to their judgment than to your own.

Lose not the time of your youth, but gather those seeds of virtue and knowledge, which may be of use to yourself, and comfort to your friends, for the rest of your life. And that this may be the better effected, attend thereunto with patience, and be sure to correct and refrain yourself from anger. Suffer not sorrow to cast you down, but with cheerfulness and good courage go on the race you have to run in all sobriety and truth. Be sure with an hallowed care to have respect to all the commandments of God, and give not yourself to neglect them in the least things, lest by degrees you come to forget them in the greatest : for the heart of man is deceitful above all things. And in all your duties and devotions towards God, rather perform them joyfully than pensively ; for God loves a cheerful giver. For your religion, let it be directed according to that which shall be taught by those which are in God's church the proper teachers therefore, rather than that you ever either fancy one to yourself, or be led by men that are singular in their own opinions, and delight to go ways of their own finding out : for you will certainly find soberness and truth in the one, and much unsteadiness and vanity in the other.

The King I trust will deal graciously with you, restore you those honours and that fortune which a distempered time hath deprived you of, together with the life of your father : which I rather advise might be a new gift and creation from himself, than by any other means, to the end you may pay the thanks to him without having obligation to any other.

Be sure to avoid as much as you can to inquire after those that have been sharp in their judgments toward me, and I charge you never to suffer thought of revenge to enter your heart, but be careful to be informed, who were my friends in this prosecution, and to them apply yourself to make them your friends also ; and on such you may rely, and bestow much of your conversation amongst them.

And God Almighty of His infinite goodness bless you and your children's children ; and His same goodness bless your sisters in like manner, perfect you in every good work, and give you right understanding in all things. Amen.

Your most loving father,

T. WENTWORTH.

*Tower, this 11th of May, 1641.*

You must not fail to behave towards my Lady Clare your grandmother with all duty and observance ; for most tenderly doth she love you, and hath been passing kind unto me. God reward her charity for it. And both in this and all the rest, the same I counsel you, the same do I direct also to your sisters, that so the same may be observed by you all. And once more do I, from my very soul, beseech our gracious God to bless and govern you in all, to the saving you in the day of His visitation, and join us again in the communion of His blessed saints, where is fulness of joy and bliss for evermore. Amen, amen.

ALBIN KÖBES

*Letter to his Parents.*

MY DEAR PARENTS

I have been sentenced to death to-day, September 11th, 1917. Only myself and another comrade ; the others have been let off with fifteen years' imprisonment. You will have heard why this has happened to me. I am a sacrifice of the longing for peace, others are going to follow. I cannot stop it now, it is six o'clock in the morning, I am to be taken to Cologne at 6.30, and on Wednesday September 12th at 9 o'clock in the morning I am going to be sacrificed to military justice. I would have liked to press your hands once more to say goodbye, but I will do it silently. Console Paula and my little Fritz. I don't like dying so young, but I die with a curse on the German-militarist state. These are my last words. I hope that some day you and mother will be able to read them.

Always

YOUR SON.

Dear Comrade, if you should soon be set free, send this to Mr. Karl Köbes, Berlin Reinickendorf, Chausseestr. 16

NICOLO SACCO

*Letter to Mrs. Jack.*

*December 14th, 1923. Dedham Jail.*

MY DEAR MRS. JACK :

In the book I have read with you at Tuesday night if you remember when I have read the word *gorgette*, you asked me if

I know what gorgette was, and I said, yes Mrs. Jack I know what gorgette is, because I used to buy for wife ; and I after say that is not the only gorgette waist I used to buy for comrade-ship, but almost everything ; and another word she wont not go buy anything with out me. I remember Mrs. Jack a years go on our love day when I bouth the first an lovely blu suit for my dear Rosina and the dear remembrance is still rimane in my heart.

That was the first May nineteen twelve in Milford Mass. the celebration day of the five martyrs of Chicago, that in the mind of humanity oppressed it never will be forgot. So in morning May first nineteen twelve I dress up with my new blu suit on and I went over to see my dear Rosina and when I was there I asked her farther if he wont let Rosina came with me in city town to buy something and he said yes. So in after, about one o'clock we both us went in city town, and we went in a big stor and we bouth a broun hat a white underdress a blu suit one pair broun stocking one pair broun shoes and after she was all dress up Mrs. Jack I wish you could see Rosina how nise she was look, while now the sufferance of today had make her look like a old woman.

But Mrs. Jack I never was ambitious to buy her a diomonds and so-so but I always bouth everything could be natural and useful . . .

NICOLO SACCO

*Letter to "Auntie Bee."*

*May 8, 1927. Dedham Jail.*

DEAR AUNTIE BEE,

Next Thursday will be seven years that I have been segregate day after another in this narrow sad cell, and after I have been inexcusably persecute all these long years past, I and my poor family, here am I waiting to the ignominious execution. But however, this morning suddenly after I wake, my gaze were turn with the smile towards the bright and beautiful blue sky, while the gold sunrise were shining the flowers of the little pear tree and the leaves of an oak trunk that beginning to blossom, I was breathing the joy the perfume of these flowers that the friends sent to me, the vivid sweet atmosphere of another day that the gay breeze were blowing in my neat cell. It is sweet to me the date of this day because it remind me, warmly in my heart, the remem-

brance of my first and second old dear mother ; the comradeship, the confidence of all the sudden pain of your life that stick to you, to her, and of the grave yonder, and with it all the other poor sufferance mothers. In the *Herald* issue of May 5th—cutting that you sent me—it weren't pleasant news, when we read, Sacco has refused to sign his name to the Fuller petition because—fanatic and—insane. puff ! oh yes, it was also like that always in the history of past . . . if his act would hurt the purse of an spiteful and tyrant class, after they had crush him to death, they call him felon-fanatic and insane. But, in spite of all, in the right part has remain always the pride of an sincere faith which one have love and for it suffered and know to fall as he have suffered and loved, while at the other side is the ignominious shame for the humanity.

I felt very sorry when Rosina had tell me that the guards have refused to let you in to see me. Well I hope and I please the authority of this institution that next time, I would like that they would let you in anytime you should come to see me. . . .

NICOLO SACCO

*Letter to his Daughter.*

*July 19, 1927. Charlestown State Prison.*

MY DEAR INES,

I would like that you should understand what I am going to say to you, and I wish I could write you so plain, for I long so much to have you hear all the heart-beat eagerness of your father, for I love you so much as you are the dearest little beloved one.

It is quite hard indeed to make you understand in your young age, but I am going to try from the bottom of my heart to make you understand how dear you are to your father's soul. If I cannot succeed in doing that, I know that you will save this letter and read it over in future years to come and you will see and feel the same heart beat affection as your father feels in writing it to you.

I will bring with me your little and so dearest letter and carry it right under my heart to the last day of my life. When I die, it will be buried with your father who loves you so much, as I do also your brother Dante and holy dear mother.

You don't know Ines, how dear and great your letter was to your father. It is the most golden present that you could have given to me or that I could have wished for in these sad days.

It was the greatest treasure and sweetness in my struggling life that I could have lived with you and your brother Dante and your mother in a neat little farm, and learn all your sincere words and tender affection. Then in the summer-time to be sitting with you in the home nest under the oak shade—beginning to teach you of life and how to read and write, to see you running, laughing, crying and singing through the verdent fields picking the wild flowers here and there from one tree to another, and from the clear, vivid stream to your mother's embrace.

The same I have wished to see for other poor girls and their brothers, happy with their mother and father as I dreamed for us—but it was not so and the nightmare of the lower classes saddened very badly your father's soul.

For the things of beauty and of good in this life, mother nature gave to us all, for the conquest and the joy of liberty. The men of this dying old society they brutally have pulled me away from the embrace of your brother and your poor mother. But, in spite of all, the free spirit of your father's faith still survives, and I have lived for it and for the dream that some day I would have come back to life, to the embrace of your dear mother, among our friends and comrades again, but woe is me !

I know that you are good and surely you love your mother, Dante, and all the beloved ones—and I am sure that you love me also a little, for I love you much and then so much. You do not know, Ines, how often I think of you every day. You are in my heart, in my vision, in every angle of this sad walled cell, in the sky and everywhere my gaze rests.

Meantime, give my best paternal greetings to all the friends and comrades, and doubly so to our beloved ones. Love and kisses to your brother and mother.

With the most affectionate kiss and ineffable caress from him who loves you so much that he constantly thinks of you. Best warm greetings from Bartolo to you all.

YOUR FATHER.

ERNST TOLLER

*To the poetess Else Lasker-Schuler, called Prince Jusuff of Theves.*

DEAR PRINCE JUSSUF,

No, no, it is I who am the lucky one ! I love your verses so much. Sometimes I read them to fellow-prisoners, workers from the great cities, farmhands. Nearly all showed a fine appreciation of them ; they have been moved, and made happy by your verses.

And what an honour, that the March flowers, which I found in



the prison courtyard are now allowed to bloom in the Palace of the Prince Jussuf of Thebes ! Every morning in their silent way they'll ask the Prince if he is not happy.

I must tell you a story of the time when we were both children at school. To be sure you were already one of the "grown-ups" when I was only a little "three cheeses high" ; but you certainly liked the school as little as I did.

We had an old cook, called Jule ; for thirty years she lived with our family. Even when she was dying she was still shouting : "Go away from the hearth, Frau Toller, I'll cook the dinner all right."

Jule had a fiancé. He lived nowhere. I looked after that fiancé ; I wrote letters for him myself and played "Love's post-boy." For that I got lots of the most marvellous dainties from Jule. But soon I thought it was too stupid, that the fiancé was supposed to be only a master-tailor ! Love's post-boy for a master-tailor ! I was a proper little middle-class snob then ! I turned up my nose at that. So I shoved the master-tailor up the social scale. The ranks he held in turn ! Baronet, General, Count, Duke, Minister, King and finally Emperor of Mariko, where, far away in Africa, he made war on the black tribesmen of the desert.

Underneath our house I built a station. I had only to go into my sister's bedroom, to shut the door behind me. Then the floor opened ; an express train arrived and took me to the Imperial capital, where I offered the greetings of the Empress. (Jule, you must know, had always moved up with him.) But I did not bring greetings only. His Majesty, resting between bloody battles, liked dainties very much. Sometimes shortcakes, sometimes omelettes and on high feast-days he gobbled up whole tarts. Like a genuine Emperor he had only to whisper his wishes ; once I wrote a telegram (I, the Minister, had pinched the form from my father's office.) "To the Empress of Mariko. The Emperor greets your Majesty. Stop. Dearest Juliane, send a tart baked by your own sweet hand. Stop. The fight is hot, but with the help of God we shall soon conquer the heathen. The war has not yet come to an end, but I shall not yield. I need a tart to strengthen me. Stop. Red-hot kisses. On the battlefield I have plucked daisies for you. My Minister shall bring them to you. Yours ever, Emperor of Mariko." Jule, touched to the heart, hardly dared to hold the daisies. She asked me if I thought they would stand ordinary water. Then she rolled up her sleeves and, out of many good things, baked the best tart in the world. My mother wrung her hands, but in the kitchen Jule was master and mother had to leave the battlefield. I got the tart, invited my friends, opened

the door to the secret room, the ground opened, the express approached and took the tart away to its destination.

COUNTESS MARKIEVICZ

*Letter to her Sister, Eva Gore-Booth.*

*Aylesbury Prison, August 8th, 1916.*

DEAREST OLD DARLING,

The one thing I have gained by my exile is the privilege of writing a letter, but there is very little to say, as I do not suppose "an essay on prison life" would pass the Censor, however interesting and amusing it might be!

What you have called "my misplaced sense of humour" still remains to me, and I am quite well and cheerful.

I saw myself, for the first time for over three months, the other day, and it is quite amusing to meet yourself as a stranger. We bowed and grinned, and I thought my teeth very dirty and very much wanting a dentist, and I'd got very thin and sunburnt. In six months I shall not recognise myself at all, my memory for faces being so bad! I remember a fairy tale of a princess who banished mirrors when she began to grow old. I think it showed a great lack of interest in life. The less I see my face, the more curious I grow about it, and I don't resent it getting old.

It's queer and lonely here, there was so much life at Mountjoy. There were sea-gulls and pigeons, which I had quite tame, there were "Stop Press" cries, and little boys splashing in the canal and singing Irish songs, shrill and discordant, but with such vigour. There was a black spaniel, too, with long, silky ears, and a most attractive convict-baby with a squint, and soft Irish voices everywhere. There were the trains, "Broadstone and Northwall" trams, and even an old melodeon, and a man trying to play an Irish tune on a bugle over the wall! Here it is so still and I find it hard to understand what anyone says to me, and they seem to find the same trouble with me. "English as she is spoke" can be very puzzling. One thing nice here is the hollyhocks in the garden. They seem to understand gardening here. There is a great crop of carrots, too, which we pass every day, going to "exercise" round and round in a ring—like so many old hunters in a summer.

I had the loveliest journey over here. My escort had never been on the sea before and kept thinking she was going to be ill. I lay down and enjoyed a sunny porthole and a fresh breeze. There was a big air-ship (like the picture of a Zeppelin) cruising

about when we arrived. I was awfully pleased, as I had never seen one. I do so long to fly ! Also I'd love to dive in a submarine.

I dreamt of you the other night. You had on a soft-looking dark blue small hat, and it was crooked. You had bought tickets and three donkeys, and you were going to take Esther and me to Egypt, of all places ! When I woke up I had to laugh, but it was wonderfully vivid. Look it up in a dream-book. I have dreamed a good deal since I was in jail and I scarcely ever did so before.

I'd love to show you all the doggerel I wrote in Mountjoy, though I know you'd only jeer—in a kindly way. I love writing it so, and I've not lost it. It's in my head all right !

When is your next book coming out, and the one with my pictures, if it ever does ? They were very bad. I can do much better now. I was just beginning to get some feeling into my black and white when I left Ireland. I made quills out of rooks' feathers that I found in the garden. They are much nicer than most pens : you can get such a fine, soft line.

My darling, I repeat, *don't* worry about me. I am quite cheerful and content, and I would have felt very small and useless if I had been ignored. I am quite patient, and I believe that everything will happen for the best.

One thing I should enjoy getting out for, and that would be to see the faces of respectable people when I met them !

I don't like to send anyone my love, for fear that that most valuable offering would be spurned. I expect, though, that Molly has a soft spot for me somewhere. Very best love to Esther and to Susan and all the "rebelly crew," if ever you come across them.

Do go to the Transport Union headquarters if ever you go to Dublin. They'd all think you were me, and they would love to see you and you could tell them about me.

Send me a budget of news and gossip, when you can write, about all my pals and my family, and anything amusing at all.

Yours,

CON(VICT 12).

BARTOLOMEO VANZETTI

*Letter to Sacco's son Dante.*

*August 21, 1927. From the Death House of Massachusetts State Prison.*

MY DEAR DANTE,

I still hope, and we will fight until the last moment, to revindicate our right to live and to be free, but all the forces of the State and of the money and reaction are deadly against us because we are libertarians or anarchists.

I write little of this because you are now and yet too young to understand these things and other things of which I would like to reason with you.

But, if you do well, you will grow and understand your father's and my case and your father's and my principles, for which we will soon be put to death.

I tell you now that all that I know of your father, he is not a criminal, but one of the bravest men I ever knew. Some day you will understand what I am about to tell you. That your father has sacrificed everything dear and sacred to the human heart and soul for his faith in liberty and justice for all. That day you will be proud of your father, and if you come brave enough, you will take his place in the struggle between tyranny and liberty and you will vindicate his (our) names and blood.

If we have to die now, you shall know, when you will be able to understand this tragedy in its fullest, how good and brave your father has been with you, your father and I, during these eight years of struggle, sorrow, passion, anguish and agony.

Even from now you shall be good, brave with your mother, with Ines, and with Susie—brave, good Susie—and do all you can to console and help them.

I would like you also to remember me as a comrade and friend to your father, your mother and Ines, Susie and you, and I assure you that neither have I been a criminal, that I have committed no robbery and no murder, but only fought modestly to abolish crimes from among mankind and for the liberty of all.

Remember, Dante, each one who will say otherwise of your father and I, is a liar, insulting innocent dead men who have been brave in their life. Remember and know also, Dante, that if your father and I would have been cowards and hypocrits and rinnegators of our faith, we would not have been put to death. They would not even have convicted a lebbrous dog ; not even executed a deadly poisoned scorpion on such evidence as that they framed against us. They would have given a new trial to a matricide and abitual felon on the evidence we presented for a new trial.

Remember, Dante, remember always these things ; we are not criminals ; they convicted us on a frame-up ; they denied us a new trial ; and if we will be executed after seven years, four months and seventeen days of unspeakable torture and wrong, it is for what I have already told you ; because we were for the poor and against the exploitation and oppression of the man by the man.

The documents of our case, which you and other ones will collect and preserve, will prove to you that your father, your

mother, Ines, my family and I have sacrificed by and to a State Reason of the American Plutocratic reaction.

The day will come when you will understand the atrocious cause of the above written words, in all its fullness. Then you will honor us.

Now, Dante, be brave and good always. I embrace you.

PS.—I left the copy of *An American Bible* to your mother now, for she will like to read it, and she will give it to you when you will be bigger and able to understand it. Keep it for remembrance. It will also testify to you how good and generous Mrs. Gertrude Winslow has been with us all. Good-bye, Dante.

BARTOLOMEO.

**SECTION VIII**  
**RELIGION**



**ROBERT TASKER**

*Prison Religion.*

*From Grimhaven.*

The man who embraces a cult while in prison quite often tires of it and abandons it while yet a neophyte. The followers of "the good old religion" occasionally abandon their beliefs, but for a definite reason. There was one old coloured man who sang heartily in the Circle every Sunday. His charge was a sexual one, and, although he maintained his innocence, he confessed loudly and publicly that he had sinned. His devotion was the finest and he grew more fervent as the time approached when he would appear before the Prison Board for sentence. He was letting Jesus bear his burden. It was often observed by irreverent persons that Jesus must be packing an awful load by this time.

At last he went to the Board. That night, it is said, he prayed until the runner came to his cell with the ticket to inform him how much time he must do. It was fifty years !

The next morning he appeared in the yard, Bible in hand. The brethren shook their heads sympathetically and began to approach him with condolence. Suddenly he stepped over to a gigantic latrine, yanked the cover from the Bible, tore the book into fragments, and hurled it into the bowl.

"Bears your burdens, does he?" he barked. "Well, let him do some of this fifty!"

**C. H. NORMAN**

*Common Prayer.*

*Letter from Wormwood Scrubs, 13th August 1918*

I hear the Bishop of London marked his satisfaction at the beginning of the fifth year of the war by consecrating a war shrine in Hyde Park! I could not help wondering whether it was near the Albert Memorial and the architecture of similar taste! By the way, the other Sunday I went through all the lessons (morning and evening) for the holy days and Sundays throughout the year in the book of Common Prayer, and in *no* case has *any* lesson *any* reference to the Sermon on the Mount! No wonder there is not much Christianity when that is how the Established Church treats the whole basis of Christ's teaching. I have *never* heard it read in the pulpit at Church.



EDWARD GIBBON WAKEFIELD

*The Condemned Sermon.*

*Newgate on the Sunday before an execution. 1830.*

The four condemned men are a youth about eighteen years old, condemned for stealing in a dwelling-house goods valued at more than £5, a burglar, a sheep-stealer, and a clergyman convicted of forgery.

They sing the Morning Hymn, which of course reminds the condemned of their prospects for tomorrow morning. Eight o'clock tomorrow morning is to be their last moment. They come to the burial service. The youth, who, alone of all those for whom it is intended, is both able and willing to read, is, from want of practice, at a loss to find the place in the prayer-book. The ordinary observes him, looks to the sheriffs, and says aloud, "the Service for the Dead." The youth's hands tremble as they hold the book upside down. The burglar is heard to mutter an angry oath. The sheep-stealer smiles, and, extending his arms upwards, looks with a glad expression to the roof of the chapel. The forger has never moved.

Let us pass on. All have sung the "Lamentation of a Sinner," and have seemed to pray, "especially for those now awaiting the awful execution of the law." We come to the sermon.

The ordinary of Newgate is an orthodox, unaffected Church of England divine, who preaches plain homely discourses, as fit as any religious discourse can be fit for the irritated audience. The sermon of this day, whether eloquent or plain, useful or useless, must produce a striking effect at the moment of its delivery. The text without another word is enough to raise the wildest passions of the audience, already fretted by an exhibition of gross injustice, and by the contradiction involved in the conjunction of religion with the taking away of lives. "The sacrifices of God are a broken heart: a broken and contrite heart, O God! thou wilt not despise." For a while the preacher addresses himself to the congregation at large, who listen attentively—excepting the clergyman and the burglar, of whom the former is still rolled up at the bottom of the condemned pew, whilst the eyes of the latter are wandering around the chapel, and one of them is occasionally winked, impudently, at some acquaintance amongst the prisoners for trial. At length the ordinary pauses: and then, in a deep tone, which, though hardly above a whisper, is audible to all, says: "Now to you, my poor fellow-mortals, who are

about to suffer the last penalty of the law." But why should I repeat the whole? It is enough to say, that in the same solemn tone he talks for about ten minutes of crimes, punishments, bonds, shame, ignominy, sorrow, sufferings, wretchedness, pangs, childless parents, widows, and helpless orphans, broken and contrite hearts, and death tomorrow morning for the benefit of society. What happens? The dying men are dreadfully agitated. The young stealer in a dwelling-house no longer has the least pretence to bravery. He grasps the back of the pew; his legs give way; he utters a faint groan and sinks on the floor. Why does no one stir to help him? Where would be the use? The hardened burglar moves not, nor does he speak; but his face is of an ashy paleness: and, if you look carefully, you may see blood trickling from his lip, which he has bitten unconsciously, or from rage, or to rouse his fainting courage. The poor sheep-stealer is in a frenzy. He throws his hands far from him and shouts aloud, "Mercy, good Lord! mercy is all I ask. The Lord in His mercy come! There! there! I see the Lamb of God! Oh, how happy! Oh, this is happy!" Meanwhile, the clergyman, still bent into the form of a sleeping dog, struggles violently,—his feet, legs, hands, and arms, even the muscles of his back, move with a quick, jerking motion, not naturally, but, as it were, like the affected parts of a galvanised corpse. Suddenly he utters a short, sharp scream, and all is still.

The silence is short. As the ordinary proceeds "to conclude," the women set up a yell, which is mixed with a rustling noise, occasioned by the removal of those whose hysterics have ended in fainting. The sheriffs cover their faces; and one of their inquisitive friends blows his nose with his glove. The keeper tries to appear unmoved; but his eye wanders anxiously over the combustible assembly. The children round the communion table stare and gape with childish wonder. The two masses of prisoners for trial undulate and duly murmur; while the capital convicts, who were lately in that black pew, appear faint with emotion.

This exhibition lasts for some minutes, and then the congregation disperses; the condemned returning to the cells; the forger carried off by turnkeys; the youth sobbing aloud convulsively, as a passionate child; the burglar muttering curses and savage expressions of defiance; whilst the poor sheep-stealer shakes hands with the turnkeys, whistles merrily, and points upwards with madness in his looks.



**SECTION IX**  
**THE CONSOLATIONS OF PHILOSOPHY**



AMICIUS MANLIUS SEVERINUS BOETHIUS

*The Prayer of the Mind, from the "Consolations of Philosophy."*

O Thou Creator of heaven and earth, that rulest on the eternal throne, Thou that makest the heavens to turn in swift course, and the stars to obey Thee, and the sun with his shining beams to quench the darkness of black night, (so too the moon with her pale beam maketh the stars to grow dim in the heaven, and at times robbeth the sun of his light, coming between him and us men ; and that bright star too that we call the morning star, and which by its other name we call the evening star), Thou that givest short hours to the days of winter, and longer ones to those of summer, Thou that in autumn with the strong north-east wind spoilest the trees of their leaves, and again in spring givest them fresh ones with the soft south-west winds, lo ! all creatures do Thy will, and keep the ordinances of Thy commandments, save man only ; he setteth Thee at naught.

O Almighty Creator and Ruler of all things, help now Thy poor people ! Wherefore, O Lord, hast Thou ever suffered that Fate should change as she doth, for she oppresseth the innocent and harmeth not the guilty at all ? The wicked sit on thrones, and trample the saints under their feet ; bright virtues abide in hiding, and the unrighteous mock the righteous. False swearing bringeth no harm to men, nor false guile that is cloaked with deceits. Wherefore well-nigh all men shall turn to doubt, if Fate shall change according to the will of wicked men, and Thou shalt not check her.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

*A Digression on the Fall of Empires.*

For the rest, if we seeke a reason of the succession and continuance of this boundless ambition in mortall men, we may add to that which hath been already said ; That the Kings and Princes of the world have alwayes laid before them, the actions, but not the ends, of those great Ones which preceded them. They are alwayes transported with the glorie of the one, but they never minde the miserie of the other, till they finde the experience in themselves. They neglect the advice of God, while they enjoy life, or hope it ; but they follow the counsell of Death, upon his first approach. It is he that puts into man all the wisdom of the world, without speaking a word ; which God with all the words of his Law, promises, or threats, doth infuse. *Death* which hateth and destroyeth man, is beleevd ; God which hath made

him and loveth him, is alwayes deferred. *I have considered* (saith Solomon) *all the workes that are under the Sunne, and behold, all is vanitie and vexation of spirit :* but who beleeves it, till Death tells it us ? It was Death, which opening the conscience of Charles the fift, made him enjoyne his sonne *Philip* to restore *Navarre* ; and King *Francis* the first of *France*, to command that justice should be done upon the Murderers of the Protestants in *Merindol* and *Cabrieres*, which till then he neglected. It is therefore Death alone that can suddenly make man to know himselfe. He tells the proud and insolent, that they are but *Abjects*, and humbles them at the instant ; makes them crie, complaine, and repent, yea, even to hate their forepassed happinesse. He takes the account of the rich, and proves him a begger ; a naked begger, which hath interest in nothing, but in the gravel that fills his mouth. He holds a Glass before the eyes of the most beautifull, and makes them see therein, their deformitie and rottennesse ; and they acknowledge it.

O eloquent, just and mightie Death ! whom none could advise, thou hast perswaded ; what none hath dared, thou hast done ; and whom all the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the world and despised : thou hast drawne together all the farre stretched greatnesse, all the pride, crueltie and ambition of man, and covered it all over with these two narrow words, *Hic jacet*.

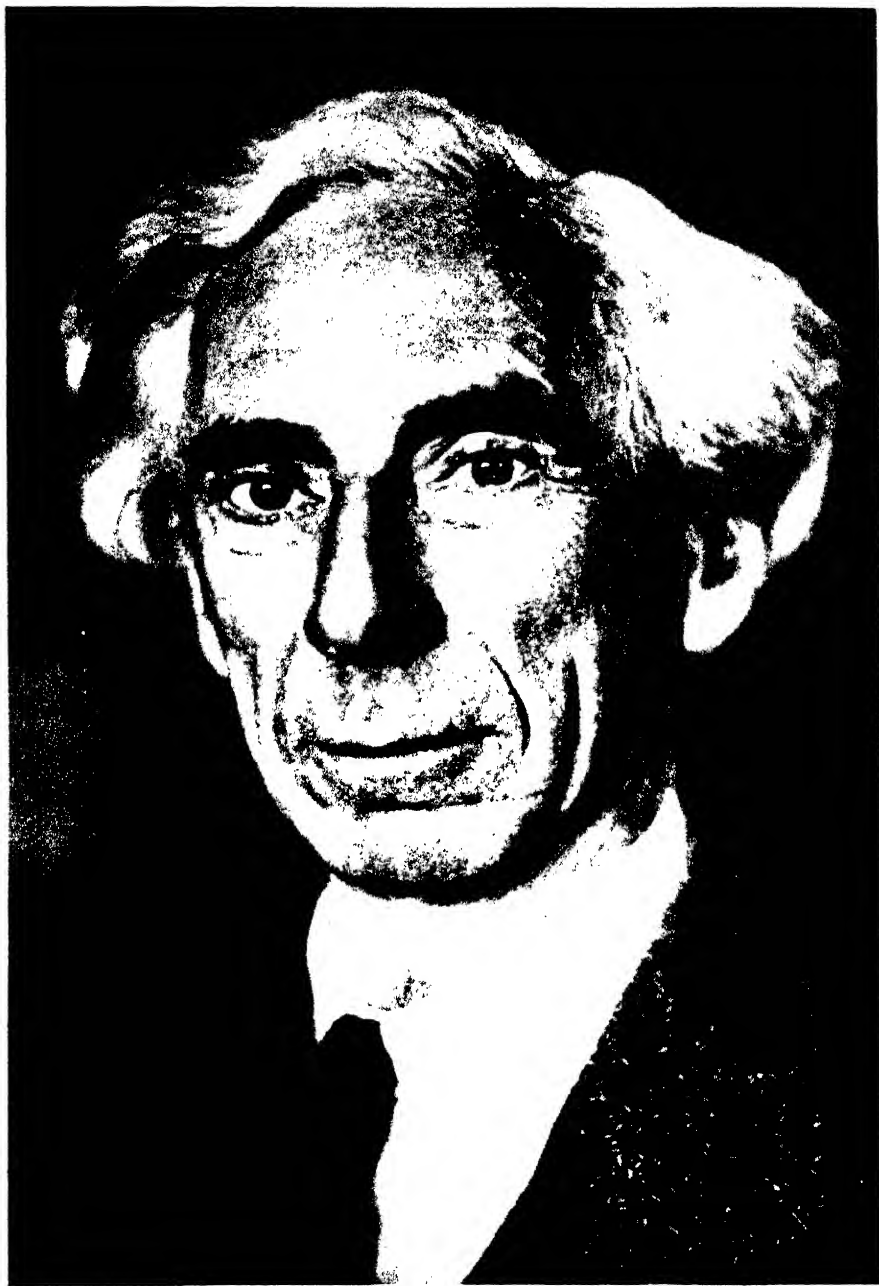
#### FRIAR BACON

##### *On Anger.*

From *the Opus Majus*.

Not only does anger destroy its own subject and loses for him his neighbours and his friends, but it dissipates his wealth, makes him negligent in regard to his good name and careless of honour. For the love of vengeance surpasses every other affection of the mind and overpowers every other vice. Since Seneca says at the end of the second book on Anger, " Anger has spurned avarice, the hardest and least pliant of evils, forcing it to scatter its wealth and set fire to home and possessions . . . "

Not only does a consideration of these evils warn us to renounce anger, but I shall cite some noteworthy examples of philosophers and of illustrious princes which properly have the effect of



BERTRAND RUSSELL  
Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.





quieting down any man who is angry and banishing wrath from his mind. Solinus in his book on the Wonders of the World states among other marvels that Socrates, the parent of the great philosophers, never changed countenance, but always remained in the same habit of mind and face. And Seneca in the second book on Anger states the same fact with regard to Socrates. And Jerome, writing against Jovinian, touches on the subject of Socrates' bad wife. When Socrates was asked why he did not drive away so cross a wife, he said : " I am being trained at home so that I may be able to bear more easily injury and abuse abroad." And in the same place Jerome relates that on a certain occasion Socrates was drenched with dirty water from above after prolonged abuse from his wife, but merely remarked : " I knew that rain would follow that thunder." Cassianus tells us in his book of Dialogues of one who reproached Socrates because he was a corrupter of boys ; but when his pupils wished to assault this detractor Socrates restrained them with the words : " Well, I am, but I keep myself under control." Seneca in the second book on Anger says, Socrates said to his slave, " I would beat you were I not angry." And in the third book he says, " Men say that Socrates on receiving a cuff on the ear, merely remarked that it was annoying that men did not know when they should go forth with a helmet."

MIGUEL CERVANTES

*No Sauce like Hunger.*

*From Don Quixote.*

" Troth, wife," quoth Sancho, " were not I in hopes to see myself, ere it be long, governor of an island, on my conscience I should drop down dead on the spot." " Not so, my chicken," quoth the wife, " ' let the hen live, though it be with pip ' ; do thou live, and let all the governments of the world go to the Devil. Thou camest out of thy mother's belly without government, and thou mayest be carried to thy long home without government, when it shall please the Lord. How many people in this world live without government, yet do well enough, and are well looked upon ? There is no sauce in the world like hunger ; and as the poor never want that, they always eat with a good stomach."

MIGUEL CERVANTES

*Arming for Peace.*

From *Don Quixote*.

I am not a barbarian, and I love letters, but let us beware of according them pre-eminence over arms, or even an equality with arms. The man of letters, it is very true, instructs and illuminates his fellows, softens manners, elevates minds, and teaches us justice, a beautiful and sublime science. But the warrior makes us observe justice. His object is to procure us the first and sweetest of blessings, peace, gentlest peace, so necessary to human happiness. This peace, adorable blessing, gift divine, source of happiness, this peace is the object of war. The warrior labours to procure it for us, and the warrior therefore performs the most useful labour in the world.

SIR JOHN ELIOT

*The Monarchy of Man.*

*Last paragraph.*

There is that great power of operation in the mind, that quicknes and celerity of motion, that in an instant it does passe from extremitie to extremitie, from the lowest to the highest, from the extreamest point oth' west to the horoscope & ascendant in the east, it measures in one thought the whole circumference of Heaven, & by the same line it takes the Geographie of the earth, the seas, the aire, the fire, all things of either, are within the comprehension of the mind, it ha's an influence on them all, whence it takes all that may be usefull, all that may be helpfull in it's government. Noe limitation is prescrib'd it, noe restriction is upon it, but in a free scope it ha's liberty upon all. & in this libertie is the excellence of the mind, in this power and composition of the mind is the perfection of a man, in that perfection is the happines wee look for, when in all Sovraignty it raignes commanding, not commanded ; when at home the subiects are subiect and obedient, not refractory and factious ; when abroad, they are as servants serviceable, & in readines, without hesitation or reluctance ; when to the resolutions of the Counsell, to the digests of the lawes, the actions & affections are inclin'd, this is that *Summum bonum*, & chief good, which in this state & condition

is obtain'd. The mind for this has that transcendence given it, that man, though otherwise the weakest, might be the strongest & most excellent of all creatures ; in that onely is the excellence wee have, and thereby are wee made superiour to the rest, for in the habitts of the body in all the faculties thereof, man is not comparable to others, in sence and motion farre inferiour to many. The Ancients suppose it the indiscretion of *Epimetheus*, haveing the first distribution of the qualities, to leave us soe defective ; when to the rest he gave an excellence in their kinds, as swiftnes & agilitie to some, strength & fortitude to others, & whome he found weakest, those he made most nimble, as in the fowles & others it is scene, & whom he found most slow, to those he gave most strength, as Bull & Elephants doe expresse it, & soe all others in their kinds have some singularitie & excellence, wherein there is a compensation for all wants ; some being arm'd offensively & defensively, & in that having a provisionall securitie, but man onely he left naked, more unfurnisht than the rest, in him there was neither strength nor agilitie to preserve him from the danger of his enemies, multitudes exceeding him in either, many in both, to whom he stood obnoxious & expos'd, haveing noe resistance, noe avoidance for their furies but in this case & necessity, to relieve him, upon this oversight & improvidence of *Epimetheus*, *Prometheus* yt wise, stat's man, whom *Pandora* could not cousen, haveing the present apprehension of the danger, by his quicke judgment & intelligence secretly passes into Heaven, steales out a fire from thence, infuses it into man, by that inflames his mind with a divine spirit & wisdom, & therein give him a full supplie for all : for all the excellence of the creatures, he had a farre more excellence in this ; this one was for them all ; noe strength nor agilitie could match it ; all motions & abilities came short of this perfection, the most choice armes of nature haveing the superlative in it's Arts ; all the Arts of *Vulcan* & *Minerva* have their comparative herein. In this divine fire and spirit, this supernaturall influence of the mind, all excellence organicall is surpast, it is the transcendant of them all, nothing can come to match it, nothing can impeach it, but Man therein is an absolute Master of himselfe, his owne safety and tranquillity by God (for soe wee must remember the Ethicks did expresse it) are made dependant on himselfe, & in that selfe dependance, in the neglect of others, in the intire rule & dominion of himselfe, the affections being compos'd, the actions soe divided, is the perfection of our government, that *summum bonum* in Philosophie, the *bonum publicum* in our pollicie, the true end and object of this Monarchy of man.

BERTRAND RUSSELL

*Making the Point Clear.*

Another illustration may help to make the point clearer. We know that  $2 \times \aleph_0 = \aleph_0$ . Hence we might suppose that the sum of  $\aleph_0$  pairs must have  $\aleph_0$  terms. But this, though we can prove that it is sometimes the case, cannot be proved to happen *always* unless we assume the multiplicative axiom. This is illustrated by the millionaire who bought a pair of socks whenever he bought a pair of boots, and never at any other time, and who had such a passion for buying boots that at last he had  $\aleph_0$  pairs of boots and  $\aleph_0$  pairs of socks. The problem is : how many boots had he, and how many socks? One would naturally suppose that he had twice as many boots and twice as many socks as he had pairs of each, and that therefore he had  $\aleph_0$  of each, since that number is not increased by doubling. But this is an instance of the difficulty, already noted, of connecting the sum of  $v$  classes, each having  $\mu$  terms with  $\mu \times v$ . In our case it can be done with the boots, but not with the socks, except by some very artificial device. The reason for the difference is this : Among boots we can distinguish right and left, and therefore we can make a selection of one out of each pair, namely, we can choose all the right boots or all the left boots ; but with socks no such principle of selection suggests itself, and we cannot be sure, unless we assume the multiplicative axiom, that there is any class consisting of one sock out of each pair. Hence the problem.

BERTRAND RUSSELL

*The Word "The."*

We dealt in the preceding chapter with the words *all* and *some* ; in this chapter we shall consider the word *the* in the singular, and in the next chapter we shall consider the word *the* in the plural. It may be thought excessive to devote two chapters to one word, but to the philosophical mathematician it is a word of very great importance : like Browning's Grammarian with the enclitic  $\delta\epsilon$ , I would give the doctrine of this word if I were "dead from the waist down," and not merely in a prison.

We have already had occasion to mention "descriptive functions," i.e. such expressions as "the father of  $x$ " or "the sine of  $x$ ." These are to be defined by first defining "descriptions."

A "description" may be of two sorts, definite and indefinite (or ambiguous). An indefinite description is a phrase of the form "a so-and-so," and a definite description is a phrase of the form "the so-and-so" (in the singular). Let us begin with the former.

"Who did you meet?" "I met a man." "That is a very indefinite description." We are therefore not departing from usage in our terminology. Our question is: What do I really assert when I assert "I met a man"? Let us assume, for the moment, that my assertion is true, and that in fact I met Jones. It is clear that what I assert is *not* "I met Jones." I may say "I met a man, but it was not Jones"; in that case, though I lie, I do not contradict myself, as I should do if when I say I met a man I really mean that I met Jones. It is clear also that the person to whom I am speaking can understand what I say, even if he is a foreigner and has never heard of Jones.

KURT SCHWARTZ

*Soliloquy.*

*Tegel, 1935.*

Will they one day read about me in books,  
Will my descendants feel with proud emotion :  
"He paved the way, his character, his life,  
Have been the bridge that led to our time"?

Or shall I be but one of many millions,  
Who rose and sank, whose name no one recalls,  
Who are forgotten as most men are forgotten,  
Like drops which will be drowned in one great wave?

I have no time nor right to ask such timid question,  
If I am to fulfil myself, my time,  
It is no faith, no joy of being seen,  
Which helps to calm the dumb and acid pain,  
I am and do because I must and will.



# **SECTION X**

## **COMPLAINT**





SIR THOMAS WYATT

*Epigrams, May 1536.*

Cruel desire my master and my foe,  
Thy self so changed, for shame how mayest thou see.  
Whom I have sought doth chase me to and fro :  
Whom thou didst rule now ruleth thee and me :  
What right is to rule thy subjectes so ?  
And to be ruled by mutability ?  
Lo whereby thee I doubted to have blame,  
Even now by dread again I doubt the same.

Venomous thorns that are so sharp and keen  
Sometime bear flowers fair and fresh of hue :  
Poison oft time is put in medecine,  
And causeth health in man for to renew ;  
Fire that purgeth althing that is unclean,  
May heal and hurt : and if this bené true,  
I trust sometime my harm may be my health :  
Since every woe is joinéd with some wealth.

SIR THOMAS WYATT

*Epigram, 1541.*

Sighs are my food : drink are my tears,  
Clinking of fetters such music would crave :  
Stink and close air away my life wears :  
Innocencie is all the hope I have.  
Rain, wind or weather I judge by mine ears.  
Malice assaulted that righteousness should have.  
Sure I am Brian, this wound shall heal again,  
But yet, alas, the scar shall still remain.

ANDRÉ CHENIER

*The Young Captive.*

Spared by the scythe, ripens the growing ear,  
The grape-vine of the wine-press knows no fear,  
But takes what life can give ;  
And I, who am like them both young and fair,  
Although the present moment has its care  
I too desire to live.

Though Stoics with dry eyes embrace their death  
I weep and hope ; and to the North Wind's breath  
I bow, and raise my head.

Some days are bitter, others sweet no less  
And even honey has its bitterness  
And seas their tempests dread.

By prison walls in vain am I oppressed ;  
Illusion nurtures hope within my breast,  
Her wings remain to me.  
Freed from the fowler's nets, the captive bird  
More joyously far in the skies is heard  
Singing of liberty.

Is it for me to die ? My quiet rest  
And quiet waking never are distressed  
By terror of my fate ;  
But the oppressed, with laughter in their eyes  
Seeing me greet the dawn, themselves arise  
With joy re-animate.

Far from its end my path. I cannot stay,  
For of the shady elms that flank my way  
I have but passed these few.  
The feast of life hardly have I commenced,  
One instant only have my warm lips sensed  
The cup that was my due.

I, who would live my harvest to behold  
And like the sun see green leaves turn to gold,  
Ask that my days be long.  
Pride of the garden, I have seen the fires  
Of morning only, and my heart desires  
Its noon and evensong.

Death, thou canst wait for me. Get thee from here.  
Go, and console those hearts which shame and fear  
And cold despair devour.  
Pallas has still her verdant bowers for me,  
Love, its embrace ; the Muses, melody—  
It is not yet my hour.

TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE

*Letter to General Bonaparte.*

(Written while under arrest and on his way to France.)

*On board the Hero, 1 Thermidor, an X (12/7/1802)*

General Toussaint L'Ouverture to General Bonaparte, First Consul of the French Republic.

CITIZEN FIRST CONSUL,

I will not conceal my faults from you. I have committed some. What man is exempt? I am quite ready to avow them. After the word of honour of the Captain-general who represents the French Government, after a proclamation addressed to the colony, in which he promised to throw the veil of oblivion over the events which have taken place in Saint Domingo, I, as you did on the 18th Brumaire, withdrew into the bosom of my family. Scarcely had a month passed away, when evil-disposed persons, by means of intrigues, effected my ruin with the General-in-chief, by filling his mind with distrust against me. I received a letter from him which ordered me to act in conjunction with General Brunet. I obeyed. Accompanied by two persons I went to Gonaives, where I was arrested. They sent me on board the frigate Creole, I know not for what reason, without any other clothes than those I had on. The next day my house was exposed to pillage; my wife and my children were arrested; they had nothing, not even the means to cover themselves.

Citizen First Consul—a mother fifty years of age, may deserve the indulgence and the kindness of a generous and liberal nation; she has no account to render; I alone ought to be responsible for my conduct to the Government I have served. I have too high an idea of the greatness and the justice of the First Magistrate of the French people, to doubt a moment of its impartiality. I indulge the feeling that the balance in its hands, will not incline to one side more than to the other. I claim its generosity.

Salutations and respect,

TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

PAUL VERLAINE

*The Other Side of the Wall.*

*To Edmond Lapelletier. Nov. 22nd, 1873. Mons.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

This is above all a prayer, an urgent prayer; *write to me* sometimes. Will you promise to do this every fortnight or three

weeks? I hope this isn't too much to ask. You could send me news about our friends and about things in Paris, and—of course, without intruding politics—some general information about important events. I haven't seen a paper now for four and a half months. . . .

My work so far is grinding coffee, which passes the time a little. I go out for an hour every day, during which time I may smoke, but all the rest of the time I am in solitary confinement in the strictest sense of the term. I am in the detention-ward with a good bed and good food. My health remains bad, and the courage which sustained me recently in Brussels looks like leaving me now when I need it more than ever. Let's hope that all this is only temporary. Everybody is very kind to me and I am as comfortable as is possible. But my poor head is so empty, so full of the echoes, so to speak, of all my recent troubles and misfortunes, that I have not yet succeeded in acquiring that sort of somnolence which seems to be the *ultimam solatium* of prisoners.

And therefore I badly need people *on the other side of the wall* to remember me a little and to prove it to me. This is why I want to insist with all my strength on the prayer I make to you above. I rely on a *prompt* answer. Make your letters as full as possible, and write clearly, for the sake of the office. Soon, eh? I shall be more grateful than you can possibly imagine for that sign of friendship.

When is my little book coming out?

FRANÇOIS VILLON

*Epistle in the form of a ballade to his friends.*

(Translated by A. C. Swinburne.)

Have pity, pity, friends, have pity on me,  
 Thus much at least, may it please you, of your grace!  
 I lie not under hazel or hawthorn-tree  
 Down in this dungeon's ditch, mine exile's place  
 By leave of God and fortune's foul disgrace.  
 Girls, lovers, glad young folk and newly wed,  
 Jumpers and jugglers, tumbling heel o'er head,  
 Swift as a dart, and sharp as needle-ware,  
 Throats clear as bells that ring the kine to shed,  
 Your poor old friend, what, will you leave him there?

Singers that sing at pleasure, lawlessly,  
 Light, laughing, gay of word and deed, that race

And run like folk light-witted as ye be  
 And have in hand nor current coin nor base,  
 Ye wait too long, for now he's dying apace.  
 Rhymers of lays and roundels sung and read,  
 Ye'll brew him broth too late when he lies dead.  
 Nor wind nor lightning, sunbeam nor fresh air,  
 May pierce the thick wall's bound where lies his bed ;  
 Your poor old friend, what, will you leave him there ?

O noble folk from tithes and taxes free,  
 Come and behold him in this piteous case,  
 Ye that nor king nor emperor holds in fee,  
 But only God in heaven ; behold his face  
 Who needs must fast, Sundays and holidays,  
 Which makes his teeth like rakes ; and when he hath fed  
 With never a cake for banquet but dry bread,  
 Must drench his bowels with much cold watery fare,  
 With board nor stool but low on earth instead ;  
 Your poor old friend, what, will you leave him there ?

Princes afore-named, old and young foresaid,  
 Get me the king's seal and my pardon sped,  
 And hoist me in some basket up with care :  
 So swine will help each other ill bested,  
 For where one squeaks they run in heaps ahead.  
 Your poor old friend, what, will you leave him there ?

HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY

*Windsor Memories.*

*Windsor, 1537.*

When Windsor walls sustained my wearied arm,  
 My hand, my chin, to ease my restless head,  
 Each pleasant spot revested green with warm,  
 The blossomed boughs, with lusty ver yspread,  
 The flowered meads, the wedded birds so late,  
 Mine eyes discovered. Then did to mind resort  
 The jolly woes, the hateless short debate,  
 The rakehell life, that 'longs to love's disport.  
 Wherewith, alas ! mine heavy charge of care,  
 Heaped in my breast, brake forth against my will ;  
 And smoky sighs, that overcast the air ;  
 My vapoured eyes such dreary tears distil,  
 The tender spring to quicken where they fall ;  
 And I have bent to throw me down withal.

HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY

*The Poet's Lament for his Lost Boyhood.*

*Windsor, 1537.*

So cruel prison ! how could betide, alas !  
As proud Windsor, where I, in lust and joy,  
With a King's son my childish years did pass,  
In greater feast than Priam's son of Troy ;

Where each sweet place returns a taste full sour.  
The large green courts, where we were wont to hove,  
With eyes cast up unto the maidens' tower,  
And easy sighs, such as folk draw in love.

The stately sales : the ladies bright of hue ;  
The dances short ; long tales of great delight ;  
With words and looks, that tigers could but rue,  
Where each of us did plead the other's right.

The palm play, where, despoilèd for the game,  
With dazèd eyes oft we by gleams of love  
Have missed the ball, and got sight of our dame,  
To bait the eyes which kept the leads above.

The gravelled ground : with sleeves tied on the helme,  
On foaming horse, with swords and friendly hearts,  
With cheer, as though the one should overwhelm,  
Where we have fought and chasèd oft with darts.

With silver drops the meads yet spread for ruth,  
In active games of nimbleness and strength  
Where we did strain, trailèd by swarmes of youthe,  
Our tender limbs, that yet shot up in length.

The secret groves, which oft we made resound  
Of pleasant plaint and of our ladies' praise,  
Recording soft, what grace each one had found,  
What hope of speed, what dread of long delays.

The wild forest, the clothèd holt with green,  
With reins avald and swift ybreathed horse,  
With cry of hounds and merry blasts between,  
Where we did chase the fearful hart a-force.

The void walls eke, that harboured us each night :  
Wherewith, alas ! revive within my breast  
The sweet accord, such sleeps as yet delight,  
The pleasant dreams, the quiet bed of rest,

The secret thoughts imparted with such trust,  
The wanton talk, the divers change of play,  
The friendship sworne, each promise kept so just,  
Wherewith we passed the winter nights away.

And with this thought the blood forsakes my face,  
The tears be-rain my cheeks of deadly hue ;  
The which, as soon as sobbing sighs, alas !  
Upsuppèd have, thus I my plaint renew :

“ O place of bliss ! renewer of my woes !  
Give me account where is my noble fere,  
Whom in thy walls thou didst each night enclose,  
To others lief, but unto me most dear.”

Echo, alas ! that doth my sorrow rue,  
Returns thereto a hollow sound of plaint.  
Thus I, alone, where all my freedom grew,  
In prison pine with bondage and restraint ;

And with remembrance of the greater grief,  
To banish the less, I find my chief relief.

HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY

*Reflections from the Tower.*

The storms are past, these clouds are overblown,  
And humble cheer great rigour hath repressed.  
For the default is set a pain foreknown,  
And patience graft in a determined breast.  
And in the heart where heaps of grief were grown,  
The sweet revenge hath planted mirth and rest ;  
No company so pleasant as mine own.  
Thraldom at large hath made this prison free ;  
Danger well past, remembered, works delight.  
Of lingering doubts such hope is sprung, perdie !  
That nought I find displeasing to my sight  
But when my glass presented unto me  
The cureless wound that bleedeth day and night.



To think, alas ! such hap should granted be  
Unto a wretch that hath no heart to fight,  
To spill that blood that hath so oft been shed  
For Britain's sake, alas ! and now is dead.

ERICH MÜHSAM

*Prison.*

The waves are dancing on the sea  
To the wind's free song.  
The cell I have to dance in  
Is ten feet long.

Longing trembles from the heavens  
That makes hearts still.  
My hole is dim with muddy glass  
And barred with a grille.

Love with pale and gentle fingers  
Softly marks a bed.  
My door is made of iron :  
To wooden planks I'm wed.

A thousand riddles, thousand questions  
Make fools of those who try.  
One only have I to answer :  
Why I'm here ? oh why ?

BARON FREDERICK VON DER TRENCK

*Lines written on a Goblet.*

(Translated from the French.)

The vine flourished fair by my labour and toil :  
I thought to enjoy what I'd wrung from the soil,  
But Jezebel covets poor Naboth's domain,  
And that she may drink of my wine am I slain.

Philomel sings, so it cannot be wrong  
To put him in prison to finish his song :



PAUL VERLAINE. AGED 24



The sparrow who does all the damage we see  
Rejoicing in freedom—no captive is he.

A picture which shows

The ill-fortunes of those

Who are blameless, while rascals are happy and free.



**SECTION XI**  
**MISCELLANY**



LEIGH HUNT

*The Descent of Liberty.*

*Invocation to Ceres.*

O Thou that art our Queen again  
And may in the sun be seen again,  
Come, Ceres, come,  
For the war's gone home  
And the fields are quiet and green again.

The air, dear Goddess, sighs for thee,  
The light-heart brooks arise for thee,  
And the poppies red  
On their wistful bed  
Turn up their dark blue eyes for thee.

Laugh out in the loose green jerkin  
That's fit for a goddess to work in,  
With shoulders brown  
And the wheaten crown  
Above thy temples perking.

And with thee come Stout Heart in,  
And Toil, that sleeps his cart in,  
And Exercise  
The ruddy and wise,  
His bathed forelocks parting.

And Dancing too, that's lithèr  
Than willow or birch, drop hither,  
To thread the place  
With a finishing grace  
And carry our smooth eyes with her.

LI SSÜ

*The Letter of Li Ssü to his Emperor.*

It is now thirty years since Your Servant became a minister and had charge of the people's affairs. When during the reign of our late Sovereign, the territory of Ch'in was confined to an area of no more than a thousand *li*, and its soldiers numbered only several hundred thousand, Your Servant tried his best diligently to execute the laws and ordinances, to provide the



counsellors with gold and jade and secretly send them to the feudal lords, in order to exercise persuasion, to perfect armaments privately, to improve government and education, to appoint warriors to official posts, and to honour those officials who had achievements to their credit, rewarding them with high rank and emoluments : therefore we were able to coerce the Han State, weaken the Wei State, crush the States of Yen and Chao, and barbarize the States of Ch'i and Ch'u. In the end, we absorbed the Six States, captured their rulers, and set up Ch'in as the Son of Heaven : this might be considered as the first crime of Your Servant.

Already, at this time, our territory was far from narrow, nevertheless we drove the Hu Hê barbarians northwards and conquered the Pai Yuëh in the south, and in consequence the strength of Ch'in was displayed : this might be considered as the second crime of Your Servant.

To honour great ministers, and reward them with high rank and position in order to consolidate their allegiance : this might be considered as the third crime of Your Servant.

To establish sacrificial altars and restore the ancestral shrines, in order to glorify the merits of Your Majesty : this might be considered as the fourth crime of Your Servant.

Your Servant proceeded to alter the script, standardize the measures, and decide the value of writings, proclaiming all these improvements throughout the world in order to establish the fame of Ch'in : this might be considered the fifth crime of Your Servant.

To construct highways, to erect pavilions, for purposes of recreation, in order to manifest the Sovereign's pleasure : this may be considered the sixth crime of Your Servant.

To mitigate the severity of legal punishments and diminish taxation, so that Your Majesty should win the people's hearts, and the reverence of thousands who, even in death, would not forget Your Majesty : this might be considered the seventh crime of Your Servant.

Here are crimes enough for a minister like Your Servant to have deserved death long ago.

Fortunately for me Your Majesty has endeavoured to exercise the utmost patience until now !

In the hope that Your Majesty will examine this matter.

## TOMMASO CAMPANELLA

*From The City of the Sun.*

Love is foremost in attending to the charge of the race. He sees that men and women are joined together, that they bring forth the best offspring. Indeed, they laugh at us who exhibit a studious care for our breed of horses and dogs, but neglect the breeding of human beings. Thus the education of children is under his rule. So also is the medicine that is sold, the sowing and collecting of fruits of the earth and of trees, agriculture, pasturage, the preparations for the months, the cooking arrangements, and whatever has any reference to food, clothing, and the intercourse of the sexes. Love himself is the ruler, but there are many male and female magistrates dedicated to these arts.

## SIR WALTER RALEIGH'S HISTORY OF THE WORLD

*(From the Preface.)*

I know that, as the charitable will judge charitably, so against those, *qui gloriantur in malitia*, my present adversitie hath disarmed mee. I am on the ground already ; and therefore have not farre to fall : and for rysing againe, as in the Naturall privation there is no recession to habit ; so it is seldom seene in the privation politique. I doe therefore forebeare to stile my Readers *Gentle*, *Courteous*, and *Friendly*, thereby to beg their good opinions, or to promise a second and third volume (which I also intend) if the first receive grace and good acceptance. For that which is already done, may be thought enough ; and too much : and it is certaine, let us claw the Reader with never so many courteous phrases ; yet shall we ever-more be thought fooles, that write foolishly. For conclusion : all the hope I have lies in this, That I have already found more ungentle and uncourteous Readers of my Love towards them, and well-deserving of them, than ever I shall doe againe. For had it beene otherwise, I should hardly have had this leisure, to have made my selfe a foole in print.

## JOHN WILKES

*Peroration of the "Letter on the Public Conduct of Mr. Wilkes," written by himself during his imprisonment*

In the meantime under the weight of the most unjust oppressions, Mr. Wilkes' friends have the comfort of finding that he

possesses peace and fortitude of mind, that he does not *bate a jot of heart or hope, but still bears up and steers right onward*. He might add that all he has suffered has been

*In liberty's defence, his noble task,  
Of which all Europe rings from side to side.*

I hope he will atone for the dissipation of too gay a youth, and that the rest of his life will be usefully employed for this nation, whether in the gloom of a prison, or at large among cheerful and genial friends, of sense and honour, with a steady disinterested and inviolable attachment to the cause of liberty. After a few tedious months he will look back with joy on his past sufferings, and the happy consequences of them to this Kingdom. . . .

I trust that he will no more be a wanderer, nor lost in the primrose path of pleasure, but that we shall see him on every occasion sacrificing to *public virtue*, at all times happy and free in his native country, in the bosom of philosophy and friendship. Although he has suffered a long exile and has been broken on the wheel of fortune, yet being at last returned to the land of freedom, when all his cruel wounds are at length healed and forgotten, I expect that among his household deities he will erect a temple to LIBERTY and dedicate an altar to FORTUNÆ REDUCI.

## MARCO POLO

### *The Travels of Marco Polo.*

#### *Concerning the Province of Zardandan*

When you have left Carajan and have travelled five days westward, you find a province called Zardandan. The people are Idolaters and subject to the Great Kaan. The capital city is called Vochan.

The people of this country all have their teeth gilt ; or rather every man covers his teeth with a sort of golden case made to fit them, both the upper teeth and the under. The men do this, but not the women. The men also are wont to gird their arms and legs with bands or fillets pricked in black, and it is done thus ; they prick the flesh till the blood comes, and then they rub in a certain black colouring stuff, and this is perfectly indelible. It is considered a piece of elegance and a sign of gentility to have this black band. The men are all gentlemen in their fashion, and do nothing but go to the wars, or go hunting and hawking. The ladies do all the business, aided by the slaves who have been taken in war.

And when one of their wives has been delivered of a child, the infant is washed and swathed, and then the woman gets up and goes about her household affairs, whilst the husband takes to bed with the child by his side, and so keeps his bed for forty days ; and all the kith and kin come to visit him and keep up a great festivity. They do this because, say they, the woman has had a hard bout of it, and 'tis but fair the man should have his share of suffering.

They eat all kinds of meat, both raw and cooked, and they eat rice with their cooked meat as their fashion is. Their drink is wine made of rice and spices, and excellent it is. Their money is gold, and for small change they use pig-shells. And I can tell you they give one weight of gold for only five of silver ; for there is no silver-mine within five months' journey. And this induces merchants to go thither carrying a large supply of silver to change among that people. And as they have only five weights of silver to give for one of fine gold, they make immense profits by their exchange business in that country.

These people have neither idols nor churches, but worship the progenitor of their family, " for 'tis he," say they, " from whom we have all sprung." They have no letters or writing ; and 'tis no wonder, for the country is wild and hard of access, full of great woods and mountains which 'tis impossible to pass, the air in summer is so impure and bad, and any foreigner attempting it would die for certain. When these people have any business transactions with one another, they take a piece of stick, round or square, and split it, each taking half. And on either half they cut two or three notches. And when the account is settled the debtor receives back the other half of the stick from the creditor.

And let me tell you that in all those three provinces that I have been speaking of, to wit Carajan, Vochan, and Yachi, there is never a leech. But when anyone is ill they send for their magicians, that is to say the Devil-conjurors and those who are the keepers of the idols. When these are come the sick man tells what ails him, and then the conjurors incontinently begin playing on their instruments and singing and dancing ; and the conjurors dance to such a pitch that at last one of them shall fall to the ground lifeless, like a dead man. And then the devil entereth into his body. And when his comrades see him in this plight they begin to put questions to him about the sick man's ailment. And he will reply : " Such or such a spirit hath been meddling with the man, for that he hath angered the spirit and done it some despite." Then they say : " We pray thee to pardon him, and to take of his blood or of his goods what thou wilt in consideration of

thus restoring him to health." And when they have so prayed, the malignant spirit that is in the body of the prostrate man will (mayhap) answer : " The sick man hath also done great despite unto such another spirit, and that one is so ill disposed that it will not pardon him on any account "—this at least is the answer they get, an the patient be like to die. But if he is to get better the answer will be that they are to bring two sheep, or may be three ; and to brew ten or twelve jars of drink, very costly and abundantly spiced. Moreover it shall be announced that the sheep must be all black-faced, or of some other particular colour as it may hap ; and then all those things are to be offered in sacrifice to such and such a spirit whose name is given. And they are to bring so many conjurors, and so many ladies, and the business is to be done with a great singing of lauds, and with many lights, and store of good perfumes. That is the sort of answer they get if the patient is to get well. And then the kinsfolk of the sick man go and procure all that has been commanded, and do as has been bidden, and the conjuror who had uttered all that gets on his legs again.

So they fetch the sheep of the colour prescribed, and slaughter them and sprinkle the blood over such places as have been enjoined, in honour and propitiation of the spirit. And the conjurors come, and the ladies, in the number that was ordered, and when all are assembled and everything is ready, they begin to dance and play and sing in honour of the spirit. And they take flesh-broth and drink and lign-aloes, and a great number of lights, and go hither and thither, scattering the broth and the drink and the meat also. And when they have done this for a while, again shall one of the conjurors fall flat and wallow there foaming at the mouth, and then the others will ask if he have yet pardoned the sick man ? And sometimes he shall answer yea ! and sometimes he shall answer no ! And if the answer be *no*, they shall be told that something or other has to be done all over again, and then he will be pardoned ; so this they do. And when all that the spirit has commanded has been done with great ceremony, then it shall be announced that the man is pardoned and shall be speedily cured. So when they at length receive such a reply, they announce that it is all made up with the spirit, and that he is propitiated, and they fall to eating and drinking with great joy and mirth, and he who had been lying lifeless on the ground gets up and takes his share. So when they have all eaten and drunken, every man departs home. And presently the sick man gets sound and well.

Now that I have told you of the customs and naughty ways of

the people, we will have done talking of them and their province, and I will tell you about others, all in regular order and succession.

ROSA LUXEMBURG

*On Galsworthy.*

*Wronke, February 18th, 1917.*

. . . It is long since I have been shaken by anything as by Martha's brief report of your visit to Karl, how you had to see him through a grating, and the impression it made on you. Why didn't you tell me about it? I have a right to share in anything which hurts you, and I wouldn't allow anyone to curtail my proprietary rights!

Besides, Martha's account reminded me so vividly of the first time my brother and my sister came to see me ten years ago in the Warsaw citadel. There they put you in a regular cage consisting of two layers of wire mesh; or rather, a small cage stands freely inside a larger one, and the prisoner only sees the visitor through this double trellis-work. It was just at the end of a six-day hunger strike, and I was so weak that the Commanding Officer of the fortress had almost to carry me into the visitors' room. I had to hold on with both hands to the wires of the cage, and this must certainly have strengthened the resemblance to a wild beast in the Zoo. The cage was standing in a rather dark corner of the room, and my brother pressed his face against the wires. "Where are you?" he kept on asking, continually wiping away the tears that clouded his glasses.—How glad I should be if I could only take Karl's place in the cage of Luckau prison, so as to save him from such an ordeal!

Convey my most grateful thanks to Pfemfert for Galsworthy's book. I finished it yesterday, and liked it so much. Not as much as *The Man of Property*. It pleased me less, precisely because in it social criticism is more preponderant. When I am reading a novel I am less concerned with any moral it may convey than with its purely artistic merits. What troubles me in the case of *Fraternity* is that Galsworthy's *intelligence* overburdens the book. This criticism will surprise you. I regard Galsworthy as of the same type as Bernard Shaw and Oscar Wilde, a type which now has many representatives among the British intelligentsia. They are able, ultra-civilised, a trifle bored with the world, and they are inclined to regard everything with a humorous scepticism. The

subtly ironical remarks that Galsworthy makes concerning his own *dramatis personae*, remaining himself apparently quite serious the while, often make me burst out laughing. But persons who are truly well bred, rarely or never make fun of their own associates, even though they do not fail to note anything ludicrous ; in like manner, a supreme artist never makes a butt of his own creations.

Don't misunderstand me, Sonichka ; don't think that I am objecting to satire in the grand style ! For example, Gerhart Hauptmann's *Emanuel Quint* is the most ferocious satire of modern society that has been written for a hundred years. But the author himself is not on the grin as he writes. At the close he stands with lips a-tremble, and the tears glisten in his widely open eyes. Galsworthy, on the other hand, with his smartly-phrased interpolations, makes me feel as I have felt at an evening party when my neighbour, as each new guest has entered, has whispered some appropriate piece of spite into my ear. . . .

ROSA LUXEMBURG

*Dumb Tragedy.*

*Wronke, May 2nd, 1917.*

You ask what I am reading. Natural science for the most part ; I am studying the distribution of plants and animals.

Yesterday I was reading about the reasons for the disappearance of song birds in Germany. The spread of scientific forestry, horticulture, and agriculture, have cut them off from their nesting places and their food supply. More and more, with modern methods, we are doing away with hollow trees, waste lands, brushwood, fallen leaves. I felt sore at heart. I was not thinking so much about the loss of pleasure for human beings, but I was so much distressed at the idea of the stealth and inexorable destruction of these defenceless little creatures, that the tears came into my eyes. I was reminded of a book I read in Zurich, in which Professor Sieber describes the dying-out of the Redskins in North America. Just like the birds, they have been gradually driven from their hunting-grounds by civilised men.

I suppose I must be out of sorts to feel everything so deeply. Sometimes, however, it seems to me that I am not really a human being at all but like a bird or a beast in human form. I feel so much more at home even in a scrap of garden like the one here, and still more in the meadows when the grass is humming with

bees than—at one of our party congresses. I can say that to you, for you will not promptly suspect me of treason to socialism! You know that I really hope to die at my post, in a street fight or in prison.

But my innermost personality belongs more to my tomcats than to my comrades. This is not because, like so many spiritually bankrupt politicians, I seek refuge and find repose in nature. Far from it, in nature at every turn I see so much cruelty that I suffer greatly.

Take the following episode, which I shall never forget. Last spring I was returning from a country walk when, in the quiet, empty road, I noticed a small dark patch on the ground. Leaning forward I witnessed a voiceless tragedy. A large beetle was lying on its back, and waving its legs helplessly, while a crowd of little ants were swarming round it and eating it alive! I was horror-stricken, so I took my pocket handkerchief and began to flick the little brutes away. They were so bold and stubborn that it took me some time, and when at length I had freed the poor wretch of a beetle and had carried it to a safe distance on the grass, two of its legs had already been gnawed off. . . .

I fled from the scene feeling that in the end I had conferred a very doubtful boon.

ROSA LUXEMBURG

*The Unanswerable Question.*

*Wronke, May 23rd, 1917.*

. . . Sonyusha, you are feeling embittered because of my long imprisonment. You ask: "How can human beings dare to decide the fate of their fellows? What is the meaning of it all?" You won't mind—I couldn't help laughing as I read. In Dostoyeffsky's novel, *The Brothers Karamazoff*, one of the characters, Madame Hokhlakova, used to ask the same questions; she would look round from one member of the company to another, and would then blurt out a second question before there had been time to begin an answer to the first. My dear little bird, the whole history of civilisation (which according to a modest estimate extends through some twenty thousand years) is grounded upon "human beings deciding the fate of their fellows"; the practice is deeply rooted in the material conditions of existence. Nothing but a further evolution, and a painful one, can change such things. At this hour we are living in the very chapter of the



transition, and you ask "What is the meaning of it all?" Your query is not a reasonable one to make concerning the totality of life and its forms. Why are there blue-tits in the world? I really don't know, but I'm glad that there are, and it is sweet to me when a hasty "zeezeebey" sounds suddenly from beyond the wall.

ROSA LUXEMBURG

*The Migration of Birds.*

*Breslau, Mid-November, 1917.*

... What I have just written reminds me of an incident I wish to tell you of, for it seems to me so poetical and so touching. I was recently reading a scientific work upon the migrations of birds, a phenomenon which has hitherto seemed rather enigmatic. From this I learnt that certain species, which at ordinary times live at enmity one with another (because some are birds of prey, while others are victims), will keep the peace during their great southward flight across the sea. Among the birds that come to winter in Egypt—come in such numbers that the sky is darkened by their flight—are, besides hawks, eagles, falcons and owls, thousands of little song birds such as larks, golden-crested wrens, and nightingales, mingling fearlessly with the great birds of prey. A "truce of God" seems to have been declared for the journey. All are striving towards the common goal, to drop, half dead from fatigue, in the land of the Nile, and subsequently to assort themselves by species and localities. Nay more, during the long flight the larger birds have been seen to carry smaller birds on their backs, for instance, cranes have passed in great numbers with a twittering freight of small birds of passage. Is not that charming?

ST. PERPETUA

*The Dream of Saint Perpetua.*

And I saw a huge crowd watching eagerly. And because I knew that I was condemned to the beasts, I marvelled that there were no beasts let loose on me. And there came out an Egyptian, foul of look, with his attendants to fight against me. And to me also there came goodly young men to be my attendants and supporters. And I was stripped and was changed into a man. And my supporters began to rub me down with oil, as they are wont

to do before a combat ; and I saw the Egyptian opposite rolling in the sand. . . .

And we came near to one another and began to use our fists. My adversary wished to catch hold of my feet, but I kept striking his face with my heels. And I was lifted up into the air, and began to strike him in such fashion as would one that no longer trod on earth. But when I saw that the fight lagged, I joined my two hands, linking the fingers of the one with the fingers of the other. And I caught hold of his head, and he fell on his face ; and I trod upon his head. And the people began to shout, and my supporters to sing psalms. . . .

And I awoke. And I perceived that I should not fight with beasts but with the Devil ; but I knew the victory to be mine. Such were my doings up to the day before the Games. Of what was done in the Games themselves let him write who will.

CHARLES CHAPIN

*Dreams.*

Once I dreamed that Colonel Arthur Wood, my intimate friend, had come to visit me, telling me that he had permission from the Warden to take me down to the city. We drove in his automobile and went direct to the Knickerbocker Hotel (at that time it had closed for good) and Wood asked me to sit in the lobby until he returned. In my dream I sat there for hours, then realizing that I must get back for the night count I went over to Grand Central and tried to persuade the ticket seller to let me have an Ossinging ticket, telling him who and what I am and promising that the Warden would send the money the first thing the next morning. It was not until I thought to offer him my watch as security that he would part with the ticket. I caught the train, but when I got to the prison there was a strange officer at the door who refused to let me in, notwithstanding I showed him my gray regulation clothes. I recall how great was my distress at the thought that I would be reported missing when the count was taken. I was still on the outside, pleading for admission, when I woke up. Perhaps the lesson of my dream is that it is sometimes (rarely) more difficult to get into prison than it is to get out.

In another realistic dream, I went out of prison, but with no intent of running away, and walked leisurely along the road, enjoying the freedom and fresh air, still with no thought of escaping, and finally I reached the city. Then I began to notice that my gray clothes and cap were attracting attention. So I went

into a store and bought the loudest green-plaid suit you ever saw, so vivid in its colouring that it fairly shrieked. I don't know how I paid for it, for I had no money. Then I deliberately started to retrace my footsteps, for having no money I had to walk, but I grew so tired from walking so far that it was late when I reached here. I knew the officer who let me in and he told me that the P.K. was furious at my having gone out. I went straight to the P.K.'s office to explain, but he only glared at me, refusing to believe that I hadn't intended to run away, and demanded where I got the green-plaid suit. In his mind the green-plaid suit condemned me and he ordered them to lock me up, not so much for running away as for the clothes I had on. Now the only incident of the day before I can associate with my dream is that I ate a piece of mince pie with dinner. Freud has got to *show* me.

CHARLES CHAPIN

*Letters to his Creditors.*

GENTLEMEN,

No doubt you have heard the story of how the old darkey responded to the dun of a banker he borrowed money from (neither new nor original). He wrote to the banker something like this : " I got your letter about my note being due and in reply let me say that if when the day of judgment comes it finds you no better prepared to meet your God than I am to pay the note, then, Mr. Banker man, you sure am going to hell."

When I wrote your Mr. Rousseau something over a year ago I had expectations that have never been realized. The book, I am told, was a very great success in a way, inasmuch as the publishers have more than 2,500 press clippings about it, many of them more than a full newspaper page in length, English as well as American, and I am further told that the book has been read and favourably commented on by many thousands, nearly all of whom borrowed a copy from someone else or from a circulating library. The two thousand free copies that were sent to newspapers for review, were widely circulated, for newspaper workers are valiant borrowers. But as for the royalties I hoped to receive, they were tangible only in my dreams. Gentlemen, if ever you are tempted to write a book in hopes of paying a banker what you have borrowed from him, restrain yourselves. It isn't done.

As for my not replying to your previous letter, please do not think me discourteous if I suggest that a man who is serving a life

sentence in a State Prison and has been stripped of everything he ever had, might be privileged to consider himself immune from the importunities of his creditors and their lawyers. May I wish you a Merry Christmas?

## ANONYMOUS

*Song of the Bog Brigade.*

We camp in this bleak spot  
Mid desolate heath and sedge,  
Where gladness enters not  
The tangled barbed-wire hedge.

(Chorus) We are the Bog Brigade,  
Daily with shouldered spade  
The wilderness we raid.

No bird for our delight  
Sings in the barren air ;  
The moors stretch far from sight,  
The oaks grow bent and bare.

We are the Bog Brigade,  
Daily with shouldered spade  
The wilderness we raid.

Sadly when night is done  
Over the heath we roam  
To dig in blazing sun  
With thoughts that wander home.

We are the Bog Brigade,  
Daily with shouldered spade  
The wilderness we raid.

Sentries on endless rounds  
Going and coming tramp :  
Death guards the wall that bounds  
Four times our lonely camp.

We are the Bog Brigade,  
Daily with shouldered spade  
The wilderness we raid.

Homeward our sad thoughts fly  
From this drear prison life,

Dreaming with many a sigh  
Of parent, child and wife.

We are the Bog Brigade,  
Daily with shouldered spade  
The wilderness we raid.

Comrades, we'll not complain,  
Spring follows after frost !  
We shall possess again  
The heritage we've lost.

No more the Bog Brigade  
Will march with shouldered spade  
The wilderness to raid.

## **SECTION XII**

**WHO'S WHO AND INDEX OF AUTHORS.**



## ALDAM, THOMAS

These extracts are from a letter which is signed by "Tho. Aldam A Prisoner of the Lord Att Yorke Castle." The letter is endorsed by George Fox with the words: "t. aldam to john lambard 1652 a presener who died in the truth a good minister" (i.e. of the Friends or Quakers). P. 76.

## ANDRÉ, EDGAR

Edgar André was a Communist, "framed" by the German Government on a "moral responsibility" murder charge at the age of forty-three. The evidence, by the chief witness's admission, was perjured. He was tortured in jail, where he was kept for three years before his execution in October 1936. Pp. 211, 212.

## ARMAND, EMILE

Under the Government of Clémenceau Emile Armand, French libertarian poet, was sentenced to two years' imprisonment on the charge of having helped a soldier to desert. In jail he wrote numerous poems, many of which were published in *L'en dehors*. P. 118.

## BACON, FRIAR ROGER

Roger Bacon was in prison for fourteen years (1278-1292) on account of his writings, which were unbelievably daring for the age in which they were written. The extract from his *Opus Majus* quoted here is given in the translation by Robert Belle Burke in the edition published by the Pennsylvania University Press. P. 236.

## BAKUNIN, MICHAEL

Born 1814, died 1876. He was sentenced to death because he took part in the May Revolution of 1849 in Dresden. The letter quoted is written on 16 February 1850, from Königstein, after his sentence, to Mathilde Reidel, a sister of one of his friends. P. 94.

## BELLE-ILE PRISONERS

These verses, sung by the Belle-Ile prisoners, are translated from a version given by Maurice Dommanget in his book, *Blanqui à Belle-Ile*. The authorship is unknown, but they must have been written by a prisoner or prisoners between 1850 and 1857. P. 165.

## BENNEY, MARK

Mark Benney states in his autobiography, *Low Company*, that he was brought up among the so-called "criminal classes," adopted burglary as a profession with great enthusiasm, and was convicted and given eighteen months' hard labour, most of which he did in Chelmsford Prison. The extracts from that autobiography which are quoted here were written during his sentence, though most of it was not written till after his release, owing to modern prison regulations.

As one of the few writers of distinction who is definitely a product



rather than an investigator of the underworld he writes about, his observations on crime and prisons have a special interest. Pp. 58, 65.

#### BERKMAN, ALEXANDER

The letters which we publish here were first published in Berkman's *Prison Memoirs of an Anarchist*. This book is an account of twenty-two years which the author spent in prison ; but the letters which he included in his text were the only parts of the book which were actually written during this period. Berkman was sentenced for an attempt to murder Henry Clay Frick, an American employer who had used violently repressive measures against the iron and steel workers at Pittsburgh. He was sentenced in 1892. Pp. 95, 124.

#### BLUNT, WILFRID SCAWEN

Wilfrid Scawen Blunt wrote the series of sonnets which were later published under the title *In Vinculis* during his imprisonment in 1887. He was sentenced for attempting to address a meeting in Galway on the subject of Irish Home Rule and Free Speech. Pp. 67, 117.

#### BÆTHIUS, AMICIUS MANLIUS SEVERINUS

Amicius Manlius Severinus Bæthius was a Roman philosopher and statesman in the reign of the Emperor Theodoric. He is said to have made enemies through his incorruptibility, and was accused of conspiring against the Emperor. After many months of imprisonment he was tortured and put to death.

The *De Consolatione Philosophiae*, which he wrote during this imprisonment, became the most famous book of abstract philosophy throughout the Middle Ages. Every scholar knew it, and many translated it. The version from which our selection is taken is a modernized rendering of King Alfred's, which was the first English translation. P. 235.

#### BOG BRIGADE, THE

(The "Börgermoor Song.") The authorship of this song is unknown, and there appears to be more than one version of it. According to Wolfgang Langhoff, in his book *Rubber Truncheon*, it was the work of a poet (whom he does not name) who wrote it in the Prussian State Concentration Camp at Börgermoor, near Papenburg. Though officially banned, it touched even the hearts of the Nazis in charge of the prisoners, who permitted and even encouraged on occasion the singing of this song by the prisoners on their way to work. P. 269.

#### BÖSTERLI, ALFRED

This extract from a letter by a Swiss war resister, who had been imprisoned for refusing military service, was published a few years ago by the War Resisters' International. It is a post-War document, illustrating

the struggle against conscription which is going on in peace-time in many countries. P. 67.

### BROWN, A. BARRATT

Principal of Ruskin College, Oxford. During the War he was imprisoned as a Quaker pacifist refusing military service. The quatrain we quote appeared first in the *Canterbury Clinker*, a small journal illegally issued in prison, in which articles and poems were beautifully inscribed on toilet paper. P. 120.

### BROWN, JOHN

John Brown of Harper's Ferry was executed in 1859 for a quixotic attempt to free the slaves in the Southern American States by a *coup de main* in Virginia. It is a pity that his immortality should have found expression in a phenomenally bad song. Pp. 173, 210.

### BUNYAN, JOHN

See Introduction. Pp. 151, 155.

### CAMPANELLA, TOMMASO

Tommaso Campanella was imprisoned in 1599 for his alleged complicity in a plot to free Naples from Spanish rule. During his twenty-seven years of imprisonment he wrote numerous philosophical works as well as verse. As a philosopher he represents a transitional stage when the scholastic method was being undermined by scientific knowledge; but he was considered sufficiently revolutionary in his attitude to authority to merit his detention by the officers of the Inquisition for three years after his nominal release in 1626. The *Civitas Solis* was written in 1623, and outlines the writer's conception of a "corporate state." P. 259.

### CARTER, GEORGE

Carter's *Ballade of Misery and Iron* is reproduced by us from Upton Sinclair's anthology, *The Cry for Justice*; and we know nothing more about it than what Mr. Sinclair states in his note. The author was apparently an Englishman who wrote from the cells of the State Penitentiary at Minnesota. He had been driven to theft by physical starvation. The poem first appeared in the *Century Magazine*. P. 44.

### CASEMENT, ROGER

The circumstances which led to the arrest and trial of Roger Casement for high treason are fairly well known, though the forgeries secretly circulated by the late Lord Birkenhead (in order to obviate any possibility of Casement's reprieve) are not known so widely. Casement was executed on 3 August 1916, his lifelong public service in

humanitarian causes being insufficient to save him from the vengeance of the Unionist members in the Coalition Cabinet. Pp. 183, 214.

### CERVANTES, MIGUEL DE

See Introduction. Pp. 148, 237, 248.

### CHAPIN, CHARLES

A former editor of the *New York World*, Chapin was sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment for the murder of his wife, in tragic circumstances. In prison he edited the *Sing-Sing Bulletin*, wrote an autobiography and produced two volumes of letters, only one of which was published. The dreams and the letter we have selected were in the unpublished volume, and are supplied to us by the courtesy of Viola Irene Cooper, to whom many of Chapin's letters were addressed. Pp. 267, 268.

### CHAPLIN, RALPH

An active member of the "Wobblies" (Industrial Workers of the World), Ralph Chaplin opposed militarism, and in 1917 was sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment for the expression of his opinions in his native country (America). Pp. 50, 164.

### CHENIER, ANDRÉ

André Chenier was one of the victims of Robespierre. In the prison of Saint-Lazare he was inspired by the beauty of Aimée de Coigny, Duchesse de Fleury, to write the stanzas of which we have given a very inadequate translation. He was sent to the guillotine at the age of thirty-one. On his way to execution he is said to have struck his forehead, crying out: "And yet I had something behind that!" P. 245.

### COLLINS, JOHN

John Collins, shoemaker, was associated with Lovett (q.v.) in the Chartist Movement and went to prison with him. His health suffered so much from the treatment he received there that at the time of his discharge he was able to thrust his top-hat inside the waistband of his trousers. Pp. 80, 164.

### COOPER, THOMAS

Imprisoned at Stafford Jail in 1842, after conviction on a charge of "seditious conspiracy," Thomas Cooper wrote a long epic from which these lines are taken. He was a Chartist leader, entirely self-educated and extremely erudite. P. 82.

### DEBS, EUGENE V.

The most beloved of all American Socialists, Eugene Debs was "framed" in 1918 and charged with violation of the Espionage Law.

He was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment, but was released in 1921. He died in 1926. The "Branstetter Letter" was smuggled out of prison in spite of a careful censorship. Pp. 96, 196.

### DEFOE, DANIEL

The author of *Robinson Crusoe* was a political journalist with wits too subtle for his welfare. In 1703 he wrote *The Shortest Way with the Dissenters*, a satire which the authorities mistook for serious proposals. He was sentenced to a fine, three exposures in the pillory, and indefinite imprisonment, from which, however, he was released within the year. The *Hymn to the Pillory* was written after sentence, and became a best seller round the stocks in which its author was standing. P. 161.

### DHINGRA

In 1909 Sir Curzon Wylie and Dr. Lalcaca were assassinated by an Indian named Dhingra. The motive of the murder was purely political.

At the police court Dhingra claimed that it was his right as a patriot to commit this deed, and later at the Old Bailey he denied the right of the Lord Chief Justice to pass sentence on him. "After one of the shortest trials of a capital charge on record, lasting hardly an hour, he was found guilty by the jury, and listened to the passing of the dread sentence without a tremor on his features" (*Daily News*, 18 August 1909).

"The whole English Press," wrote Wilfrid Scawen Blunt in his *Diaries*, "is united in its religious horror at the crime, forgetting how it applauded exactly such crimes in Italy fifty years ago and in Russia the other day. . . . If ever people had excuse for means of this kind, it is the people of India." Of the trial Blunt wrote that "no Christian martyr ever faced his judges more fearlessly or with greater dignity."

Blunt also recorded a conversation with Winston Churchill, who said there had been much discussion in the Cabinet regarding Dhingra. "Lloyd George had expressed to him [Churchill] his highest admiration of Dhingra's attitude as a patriot, in which he shared." The speech given here was quoted by Churchill with admiration "as the finest ever made in the name of patriotism." P. 188.

### DIMITROV, GEORGI

The Reichstag Fire Trial in 1933 will always be remembered as one of the most spectacular events in an age of political "sensations." Of the five accused, four, including Dimitrov, were acquitted by the Court of the charge that they had set fire to the Reichstag. Dimitrov's bearing during the trial centred upon him the attention and admiration of people all over the world. P. 178.

### DOSTOIEVSKY, FYODOR

Fyodor Dostoevsky was one of a group of Russian writers of "advanced" opinions who were condemned to death as "con-

spirators" in 1849 and lined up to be shot. It had been previously arranged that they should be deported, but this was not made known to the condemned men until the moment when they expected the firing squad to be given the signal. This incident had a permanent effect on Dostoevsky's health.

For four years he was a prisoner in the penal settlement at Omsk. The story quoted here was scratched by him on the wall of his cell. P. 75.

### DREYFUS, ALFRED

Captain Dreyfus was convicted of high treason by a Court which met in secret in 1894. He was sentenced to imprisonment for life. He remained a prisoner on "Devil's Island" until 1899, when he was "pardoned," but not until 1906 did persistent agitation cause a re-investigation by the Court of Appeal, which decided that he was innocent and had been convicted on forged evidence. P. 210.

### ELIOT, SIR JOHN

In the Parliament of 1628 Sir John Eliot was one of the fiercest champions of parliamentary privilege. On 2 March 1629 there was a turbulent scene in which the Speaker was held down in his chair by force while Eliot read three resolutions against the King. He was sent to the Tower after this, where he remained till his death in 1632. His real offence, however, was not so much the conspiracy to assault the Speaker with which he was charged, as the part which he had previously played in the impeachment of Buckingham. P. 238.

### EMMETT, ROBERT

In 1803, at the age of twenty-one, Robert Emmett led an armed rising in the hope of liberating Ireland. He had organized his forces himself and financed them with his whole fortune, though, like Wolfe Tone, he had some hope of help from France. The enterprise failed, and Emmett, who refused to leave Dublin till he had made an attempt to say good-bye to the woman he loved, was captured, tried, and executed. P. 181.

### GANDHI, MOHANDAS KARAMCHAND

Mahatma Gandhi's numerous imprisonments are not unknown even to the British public. The speech from which we publish the peroration was a written statement read at Gandhi's trial in 1922, and itself explains the cause of his subsequent imprisonment. This statement was prepared while awaiting trial in gaol. The letter which we have selected was written in 1930 while Gandhi was lying in prison "during His Majesty's pleasure," having been imprisoned on this occasion without the formality of a trial. P. 194, 207.

### GERMAN WOMAN, A

This writer's name cannot be given because at the time of writing

she is serving a sentence of five years' hard labour in a German Nazi prison. P. 49.

### GIOVANITTI, ARTURO

Giovanitti was an Italian priest living in America who left the Church and interested himself in the Labour Movement. In 1912 he was arrested during a strike at Lawrence (Mass.) and charged with "Constructive Murder." His speech was made at the Salem Court House on 23 November 1912. While awaiting trial he wrote *The Walker and The Cage*. His trial resulted in his acquittal by the jury. Pp. 46, 190.

### HEEMROTH, J.

Heemroth was a member of a Dutch proletarian sect of religious communists, whose adherents were in the early nineteenth century condemned to forced labour because they refused military service. The letter quoted is to be found in the Royal Library at The Hague (H.S. 129 D 25). P. 199.

### "HENRY, O."

"O. Henry," whose real name was William Sydney Porter, was sentenced in 1898 to five years' imprisonment in the Ohio Penitentiary for an alleged embezzlement while he was teller in the First National Bank of Austin. During his imprisonment he settled seriously to story-writing and adopted the *nom de plume* by which the public has since known him. Among the stories which he wrote in gaol are *An Afternoon Miracle*, *Rouge et Noir*, and *The Duplicity of Hargraves*. P. 147.

### HOWARD, HENRY

Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, the last of the old feudal nobility of England, suffered three imprisonments. The first was in Windsor Castle, where he had spent the happiest years of his boyhood as companion to Henry VIII's illegitimate son, the Earl of Richmond. His offence was that in the Royal Palace of Hampton Court he had struck a courtier who was spreading rumours against him. The second was in the Fleet, where he was sent for roaming the London streets at night and breaking the windows of honest citizens with a crossbow; an exploit which he explained by saying that he wanted to remind them of the Day of Judgment. The last was in the Tower, on a charge of high treason, for which he was condemned and executed in January 1547. He was then thirty years old.

He was an accomplished poet whose work, following on that of Sir Thomas Wyatt (q.v.), did much to give English verse its modern form. Pp. 249, 250, 251.

### HUNT, LEIGH

In 1812 the guests at a political dinner omitted the customary toast of the Prince Regent. The *Morning Post* replied to this slight

by publishing some verses in which the Prince was hailed as an "Adonis of Loveliness, attended by Pleasure, Honour, Virtue and Truth."

The *Examiner*, edited by Leigh Hunt, remarked of this article that "this Adonis in loveliness was a corpulent man of fifty . . . a violator of his word, a libertine over head and ears in disgrace . . . a man who had just closed over half a century without one single claim on the gratitude of his country or the respect of posterity."

For this article Leigh Hunt and his brother were prosecuted and each sentenced to two years' imprisonment plus a heavy fine. They rejected an offer of remission of sentence, conditional on their promise to abstain from future attacks on the Prince Regent. During this imprisonment Leigh Hunt wrote *The Descent of Liberty* and the greater part of *The Story of Rimini*. P. 257.

### HUTCHINSON, LESTER

The Meerut Case has been compared to that of the "Tolpuddle Martyrs" (see Loveless). Lester Hutchinson was one of the thirty-one prisoners (three of them English) who were charged in 1928 with "Conspiring to deprive the King of his sovereignty over British India." This trial lasted nearly four and a half years, beginning during the Conservative administration, continuing throughout the length of the second Labour Government, and terminating under the National Government. Hutchinson, though found "not guilty" by all the five "assessors" (roughly equivalent to an English jury, but with advisory powers only), was sentenced to two years' Rigorous Imprisonment, in addition to the years he had spent as an under-trial prisoner. The case caused so much scandal that the sentences were soon afterwards quashed or drastically reduced by the High Court at Allahabad. P. 192.

### JACOB, ALEXANDRE

The French anarchist, Alexandre Jacob, applied the principles of Robin Hood to the present century. He led a gang of some forty men in a series of daring raids, especially directed against churches and châteaux, during the years 1900 to 1904. Jacob was found guilty in 1905 of no less than 150 acts of brigandage, and was sentenced to imprisonment for life, with hard labour. In the penal settlement to which he was sent he continued to make himself interesting. He was liberated in 1929.

In his "Speech for the Defence" he explains his principles and justifies his actions. P. 189.

### JAMES I OF SCOTLAND

James I of Scotland was captured by the English in 1404 and kept a prisoner for nineteen years. *The King's Quair* was written while James was at Windsor, and describes his love for the lady who afterwards

became his wife. His right to be included in this series lies in the fact that he was much more a political prisoner than a prisoner of war. P. 155.

### JEREMIAH

This Hebrew prophet was imprisoned during the siege of Jerusalem by the Chaldeans in the seventh century B.C. His offence was the advocacy of surrender on the ground that the struggle was hopeless and could only result in unnecessary bloodshed. P. 171.

### JONES, ERNEST CHARLES

Ernest Jones, the son of the Duke of Cumberland's equerry, was brought up at the Court of Hanover. He threw up a promising society career to become a leader of the "physical force" Chartists, and in 1848 was given two years' imprisonment for a seditious speech. In prison he was refused the use of writing materials, and wrote his poems surreptitiously. His pens were crows' feathers picked up in the prison yard, and for ink he either used his own blood, or secreted in a hollowed-out piece of soap what he could take from the bottle lent to him for a half-yearly letter home. P. 82.

### KOBES, ALBIN

Albin Kōbes was a sailor on the *Prince Regent Luitpold* during the War. Together with Max Reichpietsch he was one of the leading brains in the sailors' revolt of autumn 1917, an upheaval which was cruelly suppressed. Kōbes and Reichpietsch were sentenced to death and shot. The other accused were given four hundred years of gaol between them. The letter quoted was written on the day before his execution on 12 September 1917. P. 218.

### KOESTLER, ARTHUR

In his *Spanish Testament* Koestler tells of his imprisonment by the Spanish insurgents when visiting Spain as representative of the *News Chronicle*. The short extract which we re-publish is from Koestler's diary in prison, and includes a memorized note written by three anonymous prisoners. A Hungarian by birth, Koestler has lived and travelled in many countries of Europe. P. 128.

### LEVINÉ, EUGENE

Leviné was a German Socialist who, in his student days, took part in the Russian Revolution of 1905. Sent to the lead mines in Siberia, he escaped and returned to Europe. In 1918 he joined the German Spartacists and took a leading part in the Munich Republic. He was sentenced to death and shot in Munich in May 1919. P. 129.

### LI SSŪ 李其斯

Li Ssū died in 208 B.C. He was the counsellor and Prime Minister of



Shih Huang-ti, the founder of the Ch'in dynasty, who is alleged to have taken some extraordinary measures by his advice in 213 B.C. Li Ssü advocated a complete rupture with the feudal past in his endeavour to create a united empire. Since the scholars were showing obstinate adherence to ancient precedents he recommended the burning of all books except those relating to medicine, divination and agriculture.

On the death of his imperial master in 210 B.C. he became partner in the conspiracy which placed the unworthy Hu Huai upon the throne as Erh Shih Huang-ti. The intrigues of an ambitious eunuch resulted in his downfall. Deprived of his position of chief minister, he was imprisoned and finally put to death in public with frightful barbarity.

The letter which we publish was specially translated into English (we believe for the first time) by Mrs. Geraldine Young and Mr. Chao Tê-chieh. P. 257.

### LIEBKNECHT, KARL

Karl Liebknecht was born in 1871, the son of Wilhelm Liebknecht (q.v.). He was a solicitor and a Social Democratic delegate in the Reichstag and the Landtag. In 1907 he was sentenced to two years' imprisonment for his booklet on militarism. Leader of the Spartacists during the War, he was taken prisoner on 1 May 1916 during a demonstration on the Potsdamer Platz. He was sentenced to two and a half years' imprisonment, pardoned just before the November Revolution, and murdered in January 1919. P. 200.

### LIEBKNECHT, WILHELM

Wilhelm Liebknecht, the father of Karl Liebknecht, was one of the pioneers of German Socialism. The trial at which this speech was delivered resulted in his imprisonment for two years in the fortress of Hubertusburg. P. 176.

### LILBURNE, JOHN

1618-1657. Leader of the Levellers, the group who formed the left wing of the supporters of Parliament in the Civil War struggles. In the name of Liberty, Lilburne opposed successively the King and the Bishops, the House of Lords, the House of Commons, and Army rule, postulating, finally, sovereignty of the people and demanding manhood suffrage. This brought him in opposition to Cromwell, who twice had Lilburne brought to trial without being able to secure a conviction. Lilburne, however, spent a large part of his adult life in prison or exile, on the orders of the Long Parliament or of Cromwell, whence, eluding the vigilance of his keepers, he sent a constant stream of pamphlets, petitions, and manifestoes to the world. Pp. 77, 171.

### LOVELACE, RICHARD

This cavalier poet was twice imprisoned. "To Althea" was written at the Westminster Gatchouse, where he was committed by Parlia-

ment in 1642 for presenting a petition on behalf of the King. During his second imprisonment in 1648 he was apparently engaged in editing his works. P. 160.

### LOVELESS, GEORGE

One of the six Dorchester labourers who were sentenced in 1834 to seven years' transportation for organizing a trade union. Agricultural wages had fallen locally to 6s. a week, and they had hoped through the union to raise them to subsistence level. P. 160.

### LOVETT, WILLIAM

Secretary to the Chartist Convention in 1839 and leader of the "moral force" Chartists. When the police broke up a Birmingham demonstration by violence he wrote, and John Collins (q.v.) distributed a manifesto of protest, for which crime they were given two years' imprisonment in Warwick Gaol. *Chartism*, which they wrote jointly in prison, outlines a scheme for popular education under popular control. Pp. 80, 164.

### L'OUVERTURE, TOUSSAINT

At the time when the doctrines of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity were first proclaimed in France, an insurrection was taking place in the French colony of Haiti which promised to give more reality to the words than Europeans had ever contemplated. From this Haitian revolt emerged the first great Negro leader—Toussaint L'Ouverture. The story of his struggles against French, Spanish, and English, and of his eventual defeat and capture, is one of the great epics of history. As his letters show, Toussaint still clung to his belief in the perjured declarations of the French Republicans even after Bonaparte had crushed both the Haitian revolt and the revolutionaries of France. P. 247.

### LUXEBURG, ROSA

From February 1915 to February 1916 Rosa Luxemburg was imprisoned in Berlin for a speech attacking military abuses. After her release she was again arrested (in July 1916) and held in "preventive detention" till November 1918. During part of her imprisonment she had unusual privileges and a good deal of liberty. In 1919 she was one of the "Spartacist" leaders; and while under arrest was brutally assassinated by some Prussian officers.

Regarding her war-time letters, C. H. Herford wrote in *The Post-War Mind of Germany*: "The letters which she wrote during her enforced leisure reflect the rich gifts of cultured interest, of delicate and eager insight into art and nature underlying the white-hot passion of the revolutionary leader." Pp. 113, 123, 263, 264, 265, 266.

### LYTTON, LADY CONSTANCE

Several times imprisoned as an active suffragette, Lady Constance Lytton did unusual service to her cause by allowing herself on one

occasion to be arrested as "Jane Warton," a name assumed in order that she might experience, and subsequently expose, the different treatment received by herself as a titled personage and as a "nobody." She drafted the letter which we quote while awaiting trial with the other signatories at Newcastle Central Police Station in 1909. This was followed by her second imprisonment (her third being at Walton Gaol as "Jane Warton"). P. 166.

#### MACSWINEY, TERENCE

Irish Republican. Unanimously elected Lord Mayor of Cork in 1920, after the murder of his predecessor, Thomas Curtin, by masked men who were known to be policemen. On 12 August 1920 the British authorities arrested him; later that evening they searched his private desk to find papers on which to base a charge. He was court-martialled and sentenced to two years' imprisonment. He took no food from the moment of his arrest, and died in Brixton Prison after seventy-three days' hunger strike. P. 167.

#### MARKIEVICZ, CONSTANCE

The Countess Markiewicz was imprisoned successively in Mountjoy Prison (Dublin), Aylesbury, Holloway, Cork, and finally Mountjoy again. Her crime was her activity in the Irish Rebellion. Her imprisonments covered most of the period from 1916-1922. Pp. 43, 90, 92, 93, 223.

#### MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

After years of imprisonment Mary was executed in 1586. During imprisonment she wrote, in addition to many letters (of which the last is cited here), some verses of indifferent merit. P. 208.

#### MICHEL, LOUISE

This famous revolutionary was sentenced to deportation after the fall of the Paris Commune in 1871. It is unfortunate that her poems, written while awaiting trial and on the convict ship that took her to New Caledonia, completely lose their colour in translation. P. 175.

#### MITCHEL, JOHN

John Mitchel, editor of the *United Irishman*, was in 1848 the chief advocate of rebellion by violence as against O'Connell's "moral force" policy for Irish nationalism. For inciting the people to insurrection by his articles he was sentenced to fourteen years' transportation. He was sent first to the Bermudas on a convict ship, later to Van Diemen's Land, and kept his "Jail Journal" intermittently until his dramatic escape in 1853. Pp. 43, 58, 87, 88, 90, 129.

#### MONTGOMERY, JAMES

James Montgomery was twice imprisoned for criminal libel. On the second occasion, in 1796, he was sentenced to six months at York

Castle plus a fine of £30 for an unfortunate comment on the methods used by a local magistrate in quelling a riot. P. 39.

### MOONEY, THOMAS J.

In 1916 Thomas Mooney (an organiser in the Trade Union Movement) and Warren Billings were arrested for alleged complicity in a bomb outrage that took place in San Francisco. Mooney was condemned to death, but pending an appeal such clear evidence of perjury on the part of prosecution witnesses was produced that the judge who condemned Mooney associated himself vigorously with the demand for a re-trial, and President Wilson meanwhile persuaded the Governor of California to commute the sentence to life imprisonment. Since that time further proof of Mooney's innocence and of perjury in the evidence has continued to accumulate, but the case has become a matter of political controversy involving the prestige of the ruling class and its public officials. Mooney remains in prison, refused either a free "pardon" or a fresh hearing. He has refused to be liberated on "parole," a proceeding which would imply an admission of guilt. P. 68.

### MORE, SIR THOMAS

More was found guilty of high treason, for which he was executed on Tower Hill in 1535. His letters were written at the Tower, under sentence of death. Pp. 214, 215.

### MÜHSAM, ERICH

Erich Mühsam, German revolutionary poet, was first imprisoned in 1909 in Berlin, on a charge of inciting to class hatred—i.e. he organized a demonstration at Munich after the murder of Francisco Ferrer, the Spanish Anarchist leader, which led to the demolition of the Spanish Consulate. "Prison" was written at this time. During the War he was exiled. In 1918 he took part in the Bavarian Revolution, and was sentenced to fifteen years. He served four years of the sentence, for part of which time he was with Ernst Toller (q.v.) at Niederschönenfeld, and was set free in 1924. In 1934 he was murdered by Nazis at the Oranienburg concentration camp.

For the very fine translations of his poems quoted here we are indebted to Elizabeth Bayliss. Pp. 68, 80, 252.

### MYNSHUL, GEFFRAY

Very little is known of this writer, whose work appears to have been overlooked by most literary critics. His book, *Certain Characters and Essays of Prison and Prisoners*, was dedicated "To his most kind and ever respectful Kind Uncle, M. Matthew Mainwaring." This dedication is dated 27 January 1617, "From the Kings-bench Prison in Southwarke." He was probably "in for debt," as he says that one reason for publishing this book was "in respect some obdurate creditors may

reade it & by reading mollifie their strong hartes." He reminds his uncle, probably in this connection, that "you have alwaies bin my anchor when I have bin Ship-wrackt." P. 41.

### NEHRU, JAWAHARLAL

Several times imprisoned, this great Indian Socialist (who has been twice President of the All-India National Congress) beguiled his enforced leisure by producing an astonishing quantity of excellent literature. This includes his autobiography, his *Glimpses of World History*, and several essays, from one of which we have selected our extract. This essay was written in 1935. P. 53.

### NORMAN, C. H.

One of the "Conscientious Objectors" imprisoned during the War for refusal to comply with the Conscription Act of 1916. Mr. Norman's booklet, *The Revolutionary Spirit in Modern Literature and Drama*, was based upon notes made at this time. Pp. 86, 229.

### PAINE, TOM

In 1794 Tom Paine, lying in the Luxembourg prison, wrote the second part of *The Age of Reason*, from which our short extract is taken. He had served the cause of liberty as soldier, writer, and statesman in America, England, and France. Having fallen a victim to the Terror (Robespierre certainly intended his death, but met his own before fulfilling this intention), Paine was now occupied in fighting those superstitions which he saw were intimately related to despotism and slavery. No man of his time possessed a clearer political mind, and no man that ever lived has shown greater integrity, nobler convictions, or a more forceful style in expressing them. For a more adverse estimate of his character see Madame Roland's sketch, which we include in this book. Unfortunately his prison writings are by no means his best. P. 117.

### PAUL, SAINT

Towards the end of his life the Christian apostle was imprisoned in Rome, where he is said to have been chained day and night to a Prætorian soldier. The letter quoted here is among those of which the authenticity is well established. P. 207.

### PELLICO, SYLVIO

This Italian poet and patriot was an admirer of Lord Byron, some of whose works he translated. He was arrested in 1820 as a member of the Carbonari, and imprisoned at Venice. Two years later he was taken from prison to be tried and sentenced to death, but the sentence was commuted to fifteen years' underground imprisonment. He was released in 1830.

In prison he wrote several poems and plays. In his memoirs he tells how, when denied the use of writing materials, he committed his compositions to memory to be written down after his release. P. 147.

#### PEROVSKAIA, SOPHIA

Sophia Perovskaia was one of the pioneers of terrorism in Russia. In 1881, after the failure of the Nihilists to blow up the Imperial train, she and her colleagues in this enterprise were arrested and condemned to death. The letter which we publish was written while awaiting trial. P. 213.

#### PERPETUA, SAINT

The account (probably by Tertullian) of the martyrdom of St. Perpetua and others in A.D. 203 contains several chapters in the first person which the author claims to have been written in prison by Perpetua and another martyr (Saturus). There seems to be no reason for doubting this statement. The translation used here is borrowed from Mr. E. C. E. Owen's *Acts of the Early Martyrs*. P. 266.

#### POLO, MARCO

After his return from the Far East Marco Polo settled in his native Venice. In 1298 he took part in a sea fight against the Genoese and was taken prisoner of war. In prison he dictated an account of his travels to a fellow-prisoner, Rusticiano of Pisa, from whose book all existing versions are ultimately derived. P. 260.

#### QUIRK, PADDY

The writer is the son of a tinker, who travelled the roads before he was ten and was left to fend for himself before he was thirteen. The State, which has given him neither literacy nor livelihood in freedom, at irregular intervals takes him into custody and presents him with both, by methods which make his prospects of return less uncertain after each discharge. At such times he finds his chief pastime in writing letters, which the prison censor sometimes allows to reach his friends; and from one of these we take the extract given here. P. 60.

#### RALEIGH, SIR WALTER

Imprisoned in the Tower and sentenced to death for "compassing the King's death," Sir Walter Raleigh obtained a unique reprieve whereby he was permitted to sail with a squadron of ships to the Orinoco in search of the mythical El Dorado. Returning unsuccessful from this expedition, Raleigh was executed in 1618 on the original sentence passed fifteen years before. Pp. 159, 208, 235, 259.

#### ROLAND, MANON JEANNE

Known to posterity principally by her often misquoted words upon the scaffold ("O Liberté, comme on t'a jouée!"), Madame

Roland was a moving spirit in the Gironde, the right wing of the French revolutionary movement. She suffered the fate of all the leaders of that party. P. 79.

### RUSSELL, BERTRAND

Bertrand Russell was imprisoned during the European War for an infringement of the Defence of the Realm Act. P. 240.

### SACCO, NICOLA

In May 1920 Sacco was arrested on a charge of murder. He was an Italian who had come to the States twelve years earlier (at the age of seventeen). After seven years of legal torture he was executed with Vanzetti (q.v.) for a crime to which another man had actually confessed, explicitly stating that neither Sacco nor Vanzetti had any hand in it. Both men, however, had been "framed" as anarchists.

Sacco never progressed very far in his mastery of the English language, but the broken sentences in which he writes seem rather to add to the pathos of his letters than to detract in any way from their value. Pp. 218, 219, 220.

### SAZONOV, YEGOR

Having been exiled in Siberia as an active member of the Social Revolutionary Party, Sazonov escaped abroad, but returned with the determination to assassinate Plehve, who was the chief minister of Czarist repression in 1904, and reputed to have been the most hated man of his time in Russia.

That year Sazonov successfully bombed Plehve in the streets of St. Petersburg; and such was the unconcealed joy at this deed that the Government dared not sentence the assassin to death. A celebrated Liberal lawyer who defended Sazonov declared that his bomb had been loaded "with the tears and suffering of the people." Condemned to life imprisonment, he took poison in January 1911, having decided to make this drastic protest against the inhuman treatment of several fellow prisoners at the Katorga Prison of Nerchinsk. Pp. 136, 138, 139, 141.

### SCHWARTZ, KURT

This writer is one of the many Germans, known and unknown, who have resisted the Nazi régime and paid for their intractability with many years in prison and concentration camp. Pp. 44, 141.

### SIDNEY, ALGERNON

Algernon Sidney was an advocate of Republicanism who was among the most prominent statesmen of his time. He was a leader of the Whig opposition to the later Stuarts, and eventually lost his head in 1683 on an obviously "framed" charge of treason. His enemy, the

Duke of York (afterwards James II), admitted that he died "very resolutely, and like a true rebel and republican." P. 172.

### SINCLAIR, UPTON

Upton Sinclair with some others was imprisoned at Los Angeles for attempting to read to a crowd the American "Declaration of Independence" after he had been refused a permit for a sidewalk meeting. The lines which we quote were composed on this occasion. P. 45.

### SPIRIDONOVA, MARIA\*

Spiridonova belonged to the Russian Social Revolutionary Party. In 1906, when she was a girl of twenty, she shot Luzhenovsky, Chief District Police Inspector of Borissoglebsk and organizer of the "Black Hundred" (which would to-day be described as a "fascist" organization) in Tambov. Luzhenovsky had been condemned to death by the Tambov Committee of the Social Revolutionary Party on account of his cruelty in suppressing political and agricultural "unrest."

Maria Spiridonova was arrested, and after being tortured and indecently assaulted by Cossacks in an unsuccessful attempt to extort the names of her "accomplices," she was brought to trial before a court-martial. Sentence of death was passed, but commuted to penal servitude for life, and she remained in prison until March 1917, when all political prisoners were released by decree of Kerensky's provisional government.

When the "Left Wing" of the Social Revolutionaries broke away and supported the Bolsheviks in the October Revolution Spiridonova was among those who took the revolutionary line. Later, when the split came between the "Left Social Revolutionaries" and the party of Lenin, Maria Spiridonova was fearless in her denunciation of Bolshevik policy. Four times imprisoned under the new masters of Russia she lives to-day an exile in the Urals, too ill and too closely supervised to be a source of further danger to the established order. Pp. 113, 132, 201.

### TASKER, ROBERT JOYCE

Tasker was one of a small group of men (including Ernest Booth, author of *Stealing through Life*) who began their literary career in the San Quentin State Prison, California. The early works of this group appeared in the *San Quentin Magazine* (published in the prison) and in the *American Mercury*. *Grimhaven*, Tasker's book from which an extract is taken, is an account of his gaol experiences during a five-year sentence for robbery. It was written in prison and published in 1927. P. 229.

### TOLLER, ERNST

The work of this German poet is well known in England through the translations published by the Bodley Head, and it is by kind permission of these publishers that we are able to include so many of Toller's interesting letters. Toller took a leading part in the Bavarian



Revolution of 1919. The letters and verses which we include were written during his subsequent imprisonment, which lasted five years. Pp. 50, 52, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 112, 142, 221.

### TONE, WOLFE

Celebrated Irish patriot and rebel. He was captured by the English in 1798 while on his way to Ireland with a small French squadron. The French ship on which Tone sailed was compelled to surrender after a desperate engagement with four English men-of-war and a frigate. P. 178, 209.

### TRENCK, BARON FREDERICK VON DER

Soldier, adventurer, and author, this "Prussian Casanova" was imprisoned twice in Prussia, once in Austria, and finally at Paris during the French Revolution. He was guillotined in 1794. The verses which we have selected are translations from those which he wrote during his incarceration at Magdeburg, and inscribed on a goblet which came into the possession of the Empress Maria Theresa. P. 252.

### TROTSKY, LEON

Revolutionary statesman and writer. His career has been made the subject of much interesting fiction. P. 126.

### VAILLANT, AUGUSTE

French anarchist, on 9 December 1893 flung a bomb in the Chamber of Deputies, which exploded in the air without killing anyone. He claimed that he had intended to strike terror and not to kill anyone, but was sentenced to the guillotine. He appealed on the ground that the crime was a political one and therefore could not legally be awarded the death sentence, but the appeal was disallowed, and the sentence carried out. P. 189.

### VANZETTI, BARTOLOMEO

Vanzetti was executed in 1927 with his friend and fellow-anarchist, Nicola Sacco (q.v.). An excellent account of the case will be found in *The Letters of Sacco and Vanzetti* (Constable, 1929), from which these letters of the two Italians have been selected, with the kind permission of the publishers. It is impossible to study the history of the case without realizing that there was not a shred of reliable evidence against either man, that substantial alibis were completely disregarded by the Court, that the judges openly showed their prejudice against the defendants on political grounds, and that a judicial murder was committed against two innocent men.

Vanzetti died quietly reaffirming his innocence and adding the significant words (so characteristic of his scrupulous accuracy): "I wish to forgive *some* people for what they are now doing to me." Pp. 98, 100, 102, 103, 104, 192, 224.

## VERLAINE, PAUL

Character : weak. Reform : probable. Trade learned : none.

Such was the prison record of Verlaine at Mons, where he served a sentence for the attempted murder of his friend, Rimbaud. The poet's own account of this and other imprisonments is given in *Mes Prisons*. For further details regarding "the last of the great Bohemians" the reader is recommended to read Mr. Bechhofer Roberts' biography, *Paul Verlaine*. The verses which we have selected were written during Verlaine's imprisonment in Belgium, first in Brussels and later at Mons, between 1873 and 1875. They are dated "Brussels, July 1873, Prison des Petits-Carmes." Pp. 70, 247.

## VILLON, FRANÇOIS

Little is known of the life of this fifteenth-century poet and vagabond. He was at least three times prosecuted, being condemned on one occasion to a whipping, which he undoubtedly received, and on another occasion to death. While awaiting the execution of the latter sentence he wrote the two ballads quoted here. It is not known for what crime he was sentenced to be hanged ; but the commutation of the sentence to one of banishment was probably due to the intercession of Charles of Orleans, and Villon lived to be imprisoned a third time.

The translations used here are by Swinburne and are quoted from his *Collected Works*. Pp. 203, 248.

## VOLTAIRE, FRANÇOIS MARIE AROUET

In 1717 Voltaire was sent to the Bastille on suspicion of having been concerned in composing two libels. During his sojourn in prison he wrote the early part of the *Henriade*, probably including the few lines which we have selected, though this is not absolutely certain. P. 78.

## WAKEFIELD, EDWARD GIBBON

This many-sided individual was a Quaker who made a happy marriage by eloping with a lady of fortune. After her death he tried again with less success, and was given three years' imprisonment for carrying off a sixteen-year-old heiress from a young ladies' boarding school in Liverpool and marrying her at Gretna Green. In prison, to pass the time, he evolved schemes for the colonization of Australia and New Zealand (which have become the foundation of those countries' economic life), as well as making some trenchant criticisms of the prison system. The extract quoted may have been written either during or just after his imprisonment, but seems to the editors to bear traces of being written "on the spot." Pp. 42, 230.

## WALLER, EDMUND

Waller was a poet and political weathercock of the seventeenth century, who used his gifts to flatter in turn the Stuart kings, the Parliament, and Cromwell. Having taken steps in 1643 to keep in with both parties, he found himself arrested by the officers of Parlia-

ment in London and charged with complicity in a plot. In the speech which he was allowed to make at the Bar of the House of Commons he ably and successfully pleaded against his trial by a military court, on grounds that proved to be prophetic. P. 174.

#### WENTWORTH, THOMAS, EARL OF STRAFFORD

Strafford was condemned to death by a Bill of Attainder. His letter to his son from the Tower is chiefly curious for its complete absence of any personal sentiment. P. 216.

#### WILDE, OSCAR

The famous Wilde case is sufficiently well known to require no further comment. Wilde was in prison from 1895 to 1897, having been convicted of "gross private immorality." *De Profundis* was published five years after the death of its author, and consists of extracts from a long letter which Wilde wrote while in prison. P. 64.

#### WILKES, JOHN

In the course of his stormy career John Wilkes was, in 1768, imprisoned for blasphemy and obscenity. From his prison in St. George's Fields he continued to encourage his numerous supporters by the issue of such literature as the *Letter on the Public Conduct of Mr. Wilkes*. P. 259.

#### WITHER, GEORGE

"He fagotted his notions as they fell,  
And if they rhymed and rattled, all was well."

This verdict on Wither by Dryden is nowadays considered to be indiscriminating.

Wither took the Parliament side in the Civil War, but was more than once in trouble and in prison for his critical attitude. In 1660 an unfinished poem called "Vox Vulgi," reflecting on the reactionary temper of the House of Commons, was found in his rooms and made the excuse to send him to Newgate, where he wrote the extracts quoted. He was then over seventy years old. He was released in 1663 on a promise of good behaviour. Pp. 39, 40.

#### WYATT, SIR THOMAS

Sir Thomas Wyatt, said to have been the early lover of Anne Boleyn, was the first poet who can definitely be said to write in modern English. Like his fellow-poet, the Earl of Surrey, he went to prison three times: once for a brawl between his men and some London citizens, again in May 1536 for striking the Earl of Suffolk, and lastly in May 1541 after the fall of his patron, Cromwell. This time he was imprisoned for high treason, but apparently managed to prove his innocence. P. 245.

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